NEW LOW PRICE

Frigidaire

WATER COOLER

15¢ A DAY BUYS IT as little as 2¢ A DAY RUNS IT!

Have cool, refreshing water in your office . . . conveniently near, and always just the right temperature—for health and satisfaction.

● Frigidaire's new water cooler provides an abundance of cool, sparkling water at an amazingly low cost. Actually less than ice. 15c a day buys it . . . as little as 2c a day runs it. Just the price of a pack of cigarettes and a postage stamp.

It offers revolutionary features of design, operation and economy never before available at such low cost . . . Unusual sanitary provisions, outstanding advantages of convenience and construction, and low-cost cooling by the famous Meter-Miser cold-making unit. . . . Made for bottled water or city pressure connection.

Costs less than ice!

It will pay to learn more about this cooler. For details and descriptive folder, see your local Frigidaire dealer or write Frigidaire Corporation, Dept. 3-61, Dayton, Ohio.

Drink more Water! FOR BETTER HEALTH • GREATER EFFICIENCY

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MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

The Literary Digest
FOR JUNE 6, 1936

Volume 121 • Number 23 • Whole No. 2407
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Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semi-annual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Lost Generation

Sir:—In a recent issue of THE DIGEST an article, "Jobs For Youth?" asked whether a "Lost Generation" exists. I can emphatically answer by pointing to those students who graduated in the late twenties and the early thirties, from high school. Practically all are unemployed to-day.

Those who had jobs were the first to be laid off when the depression set in. Graduating students could not find employment. Many students had to leave college due to financial conditions.

All in all, these poor unfortunates form your "Lost Generation." I know, for I am one of them. When we apply for work we find ourselves competing with younger men who have as good or better qualifications.

The members of our "Lost Generation" have seven long years of idleness to explain to a prospective employer. A dubious employer will not hire one of us even as an office boy because he fears the average twenty-five-year-old will not be satisfied with a small salary with which a seventeen-year-old applicant would be delighted. MARTIN V. HOFFMAN.
Guttenberg, New Jersey.

Puerto Ricans

Sir:—The author of the article, "Tender of Liberty: Puerto Ricans Offered Chance to Vote on Becoming Independent," in a recent issue seems to be either ignorant of or unfriendly to Puerto Ricans.

When he refers to Puerto Ricans as "Rebellious Little Brown Brothers" he is not backed by statistics. For his better information I wish to refer him to paragraph 2, page 8, of the book, "Porto Rico and Its Problems," written by Victor S. Clark and Associates, and published in the year 1930 at Washington, D. C.:

> ". . . A pure Negro type is encountered in the port towns and the former slave plantation districts on the coast, while peasants AS FAIR AS NORTH EUROPEANS are not infrequently met upon the mountain trails of the interior.
>
> ". . . According to the census, in 1920 approximately 73 per cent of the population was white and 27 per cent colored."

Personally I do not believe that any country should be humiliated or discriminated against just because part of its population be colored.

M. MORALES-MUNOZ, A.B., M.D.
Santurce, Puerto Rico.

A Slip

Sir:—In a recent issue you speak of the Pennsylvania Railroad's time between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh as 6½ hours; this is not correct.

The fastest time is six hours and fifty-nine minutes.

W. E. BOSTWICK.
Philadelphia.

[Mr. Bostwick's figures are correct. THE LITERARY DIGEST regrets the inaccuracy.—*Editor.*]

Poetry

Sir:—I have been watching the poetry page of THE LITERARY DIGEST with a great deal of interest. It seems to have taken on a new lease of life. I do not think I am alone in voicing the opinion that it is the outstanding feature of the magazine. I turn to it immediately as soon as I purchase my copy.

ERNEST SIMMONS.
Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Jehovah's Witnesses

Sir:—I read "Breeding Peace Martyrs in Cradle," with considerable interest, not merely for the information which it professed to convey concerning Jehovah's Witnesses, but also as manifesting the attitude of THE DIGEST toward this group of sincere and earnest worshipers of God.

May I suggest that the article was not wholly without bias? It seems that the writer, presumably a member of the editorial staff, wished to prejudice his hearers or readers at the very outset by referring to the (supposed) 20,000 members of this group as "fanatical," and later as "zealots."

It would seem that such adjectives are out of place in a magazine which seeks to give its readers a factual presentation of the news and does not seek to color the facts. If definite evidence of fanaticism were presented, the reader could be trusted to draw his own conclusions.

You may advance the explanation that you presented the news simply as it came to you through the press, but in that event, it would seem to me, it would be more in harmony with a just policy to state that such and such a periodical or newspaper stated so and so; tho even that hardly takes the place of honestly-ascertained information. S. M. VAN SIPMA.
Brooklyn, New York.

[Bias is defined in Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary as "influencing unduly." The same source says fanatical means "actuated by intemperate zeal" and zealots "those filled with ardor for a cause." THE LITERARY DIGEST reported, and still reports, that refusing to allow one's children to salute the flag is fanatical, that those who do so in the name of religion are zealots. However, the tone of the story, we believe, was impersonal, and would not "unduly influence" any one who might be in sympathy with or opposed to these views.—*Editor.*]

HEALTH WANTED

the intestinal muscles strong and active.

BUSINESS GIRL, 29, with little time for exercise, is looking for safe, non-habit-forming way to overcome constipation. No harsh cathartics need apply.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 38, fond of rich, "over-refined" foods, finds that constipation has become chronic. Wishes to regain youthful regularity.

HOUSEWIFE, 47, has suffered for many years from habitual constipation. Looking for a laxative that comes as close as possible to inducing natural action.

If you want health, let Saráka strengthen your intestinal muscles

OF COURSE, those Health Wanted ads are imaginary. But doesn't one of them come close to describing your own *constipation problem?*

Take the business girl *with little time for exercise.* Lots of us have constipation partly because we can't—or won't—get the right exercise. Our intestinal muscles become weak and flabby.

Saráka* helps correct that condition. Saráka gives intestinal muscles the kind of exercise they need most—*internal exercise.*

The principal ingredient in Saráka is bassorit, sap of an East Indian tree, in the form of tiny granules. Inside the intestine, these granules (you will find them easy and pleasant to take) absorb water. Gradually they expand to many times their original size. They turn into soft, smooth BULK.

*Bulk Plus Motility**

You know the value of bulk. It exercises your intestinal muscles—just as swimming or golf exercises your body. It encourages those muscles to do their appointed task *thoroughly.* The results of this "exercising action" are natural and unforced. Most people recall their healthy youth when constipation was a thing never thought of.

Now consider the other Health Wanted ads—two cases of habitual constipation. Here something more than bulk is usually necessary. Saráka therefore contains a specially prepared frangula which mildly stimulates the intestines to healthy activity. So you have Bulk Plus Motility—a combination not found in ordinary laxatives.

Forget Constipation

Actually, laxative is the wrong word for Saráka. Most users say: "Saráka never reminds you that you have taken a laxative." Results are exactly like healthy natural action. You forget all about constipation.

Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit forming. Get a package of Saráka from your druggist. Or mail the coupon today.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 205, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd., P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

Let me try this new way to combat constipation. Enclosed is ten cents for the special trial-size tin of Saráka.

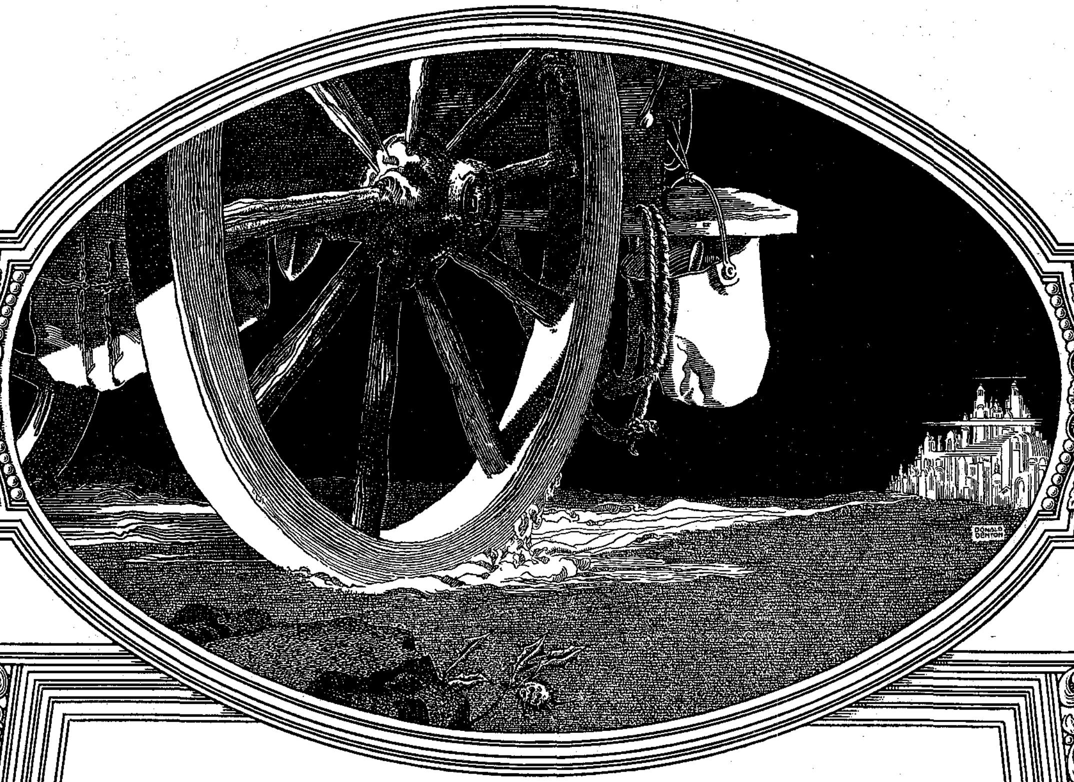
NAME...

ADDRESS...

....

SARÁKA

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1936, Schering Corp.



PATHFINDERS OF TOMORROW

When the old pioneers were still trekking into the hinterlands, the Mimeograph came as new help to young American industry. For more than fifty years this company has led the way in the betterment of stencil duplication—and we are constantly exploring the field of science to make the process even more efficient and resultful. Today business needs the urge of the pioneering spirit; it needs new roads to greater opportunity. For you, the Mimeograph Process may mean a new world of possibilities. Quickly, easily, privately, and at low cost, this modern tool of business and education turns out perfect copies of text matter, illustrations, maps, graphs, etc., in quantities unlimited. For latest particulars of fine accomplishment in your field write today to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see your classified telephone directory for local address.

MIMEOGRAPH

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MIMEOGRAPH
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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JUNE 6, 1936

Topics of the day

BLACK LEGION: SINISTER IMPLICATIONS

Warnings to Nation Given in Press; Wide Inquiries Begun

"Let's take him out and string him up!"

"Let's kill him!"

Angry shouts rising from the crowd of men died out as the leader called for volunteers. An hour later two cars drew to a stop on a dark and lonely road. In the cars were the victim and his seven captors.

"All out, everybody, and let's have a drink first."

The drink finished, the leader walked up to the captive and said:

"You've beaten up your wife for the last time."

Instantly, one of the other men drew two revolvers. There were eight flashes of flame and eight sharp reports in quick succession. The victim crumpled, pitched on his face, rolled in the dirt, lay still.

"Let's go home," said the leader.

They all went home.

But the bullet-riddled body that was found in a roadside ditch next morning led to revelations that shocked and horrified the nation. Out of this killing of an obscure WPA worker in Detroit—Charles A. Poole, thirty-two years old—came charges that he had been slain in a "ritual murder" by a secret and allegedly terroristic organization of night-riders called variously the Black Legion, the Bullet Club, the United Brotherhood of America.

Wide-Spread Inquiry—With thirteen men held on murder charges and twelve others sought for the same crime, Detroit and Michigan authorities last week began tracing the multitudinous ramifications of a fantastic, bewildering story pieced together by confessions, charges, denials, rumors. How much of it was true they did not know. As their main objectives they were concentrating on finding out—

Whether Poole was killed because he "knew too much" about the secret order.

Whether the Black Legion is a far-flung empire with 6,000,000 members hostile to Catholics, Jews and Negroes, wearing black robes and skull-and-cross-bones hoods, bound together by a blood oath, pledged to kill if ordered to do so by their leaders, and with the ultimate purpose of setting up a dictatorship of white Protestants in the United States.

Whether other killings, "suicides" and floggings in Michigan can be traced to the Black Legion.

Whether the police and other departments of Detroit and other Michigan cities, as well as those of the State, are honeycombed by the Legion.

Facts Disclosed—Developments in several cities included the following:

In Detroit, Prosecutor Duncan C. McCrea, stout and jovial, lost his joviality at the astounding disclosures made by his investigators. One of these was that his own name was signed to a Legion membership card. Police raids on Black Legion headquarters, he said, had netted not only firearms, daggers, whips, hoods and robes, but literature revealing that the Legion had a women's auxiliary and branches in fifteen States. He asked Federal action.

In Lansing, Michigan, Attorney General David H. Crowley, tall, slender, wealthy, promptly ordered every Prosecutor in the State to investigate Black Legion activities.

In Jackson, Michigan, five alleged members of the Black Legion, one a county employee, a second a guard at Jackson State Prison, were arrested on charges of flogging a man who had refused to join the organization.

In Washington, moves were begun in both Senate and House looking toward a Congressional investigation of the secret order. Attorney General Homer S. Cummings said the Department of Justice would act if there was any evidence that a Federal law had been violated.

Talkative Explainer—In Lima, Ohio, V. F. Effinger, an electrical contractor, reputedly "Western Division" leader of the Legion, sat his square figure in a swivel chair, pushed his big black hat back on a bald head, and told a reporter to ask any questions he wanted to, and he would answer any he wanted to. Without admitting membership in the order, he asserted that the Black Legion does not plan to take over the Government, that it is opposed to all isms except Americanism, that it has 3,000,000 members, but that no violence of any kind is ever countenanced.

On the wall of Effinger's basement office are pictures of George Washington and Paul Revere, near-by a plaster statuette of a hooded klansman. He talked in an even tone for the most part but sometimes his voice rose to a roar as he defended the "high principles" of the Black Legion.

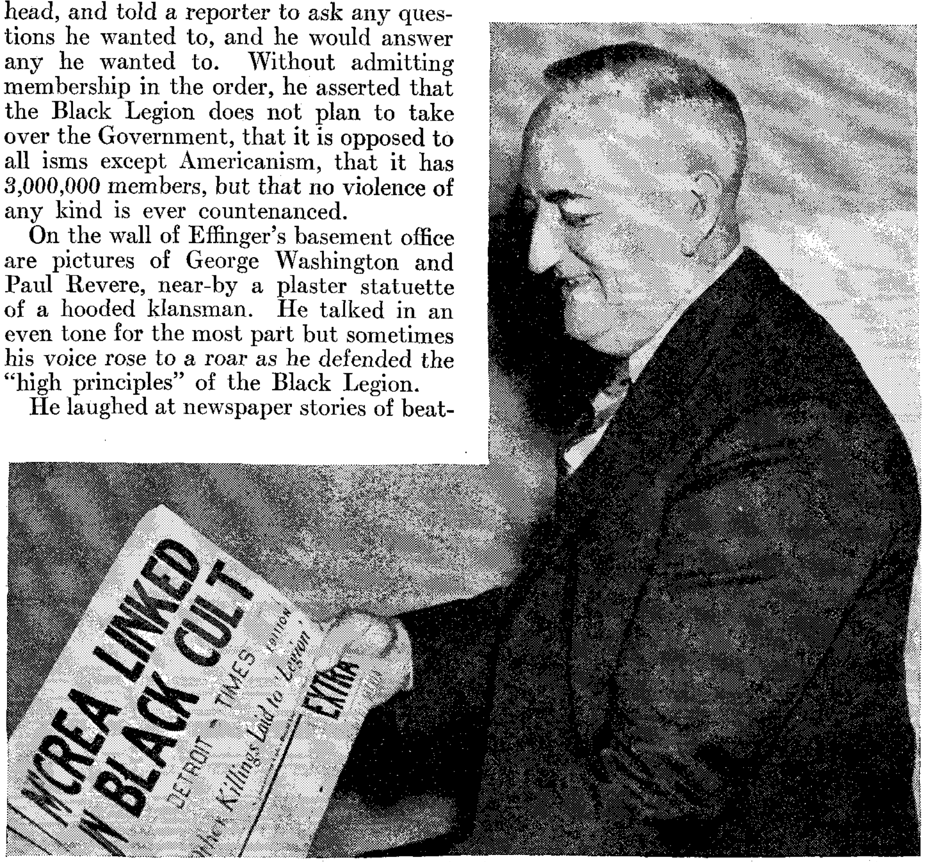
He laughed at newspaper stories of beatings and intimidation attributed to the Black Legion, and his "parting shot" was that regardless of publicity, the Legion was going right ahead with its program. What that program is he did not explain.

From the stories told by some of the men under indictment for Poole's death, and by others, the Michigan authorities draw a picture of a terroristic organization that carried out its purposes under cover of darkness. Many men have been inducted into it, against their will, according to Prosecutor McCrea, forced to take a blood-curdling oath at gun-point while kneeling, and held in line afterward by fear of death if they reveal the order's secrets.

Admission Reported—In the Poole killing, Dayton Dean, a stocky, heavy-set man, an employee of the Detroit Lighting Company, is said to have confessed firing the shots because he considered it his "duty" to do so. The original plan, the Prosecutor said, was to hang Poole, but other members of the lynching party who had the rope, lost their way.

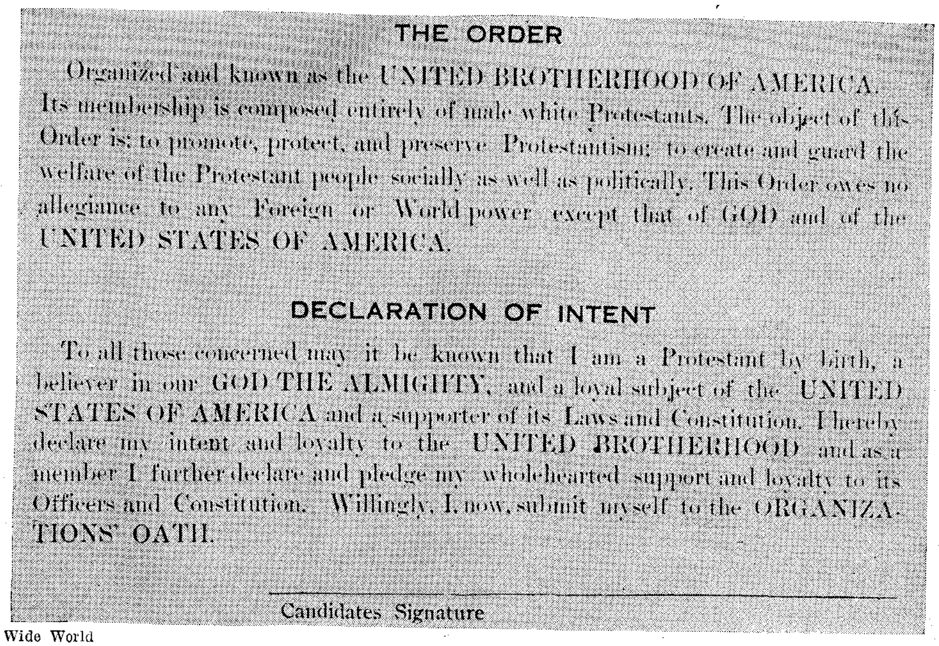
Whether or not the Black Legion is related to the second Ku Klux Klan, some editors view it as a twin brother with one difference: the Klan used to charge $10 for hood and robe, whereas the Legion's price is said to be $7.

Originally organized in 1866 in Tennessee as a fraternal body of young men, the first Klan flourished during the years after the


McCREA LINKED IN BLACK CULT
DETROIT TIMES
Black Killings Laid to Legion
EXTRA

Wide World

Prosecutor Duncan McCrea, of Wayne County, Michigan, amused at the erroneous report that he is linked to the Black Legion, into whose activities he is conducting a sweeping investigation



THE ORDER

Organized and known as the UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF AMERICA. Its membership is composed entirely of male white Protestants. The object of this Order is: to promote, protect, and preserve Protestantism; to create and guard the welfare of the Protestant people socially as well as politically. This Order owes no allegiance to any Foreign or World power except that of GOD and of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DECLARATION OF INTENT

To all those concerned may it be known that I am a Protestant by birth, a believer in our GOD THE ALMIGHTY, and a loyal subject of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA and a supporter of its Laws and Constitution. I hereby declare my intent and loyalty to the UNITED BROTHERHOOD and as a member I further declare and pledge my wholehearted support and loyalty to its Officers and Constitution. Willingly, I now, submit myself to the ORGANIZATIONS' OATH.

Candidates Signature

Wide World

The Black Legion oath: Some signed it "willingly," some did not

War Between the States when it fought Negro and carpetbagger domination in the South. It subsided soon after Congress passed an act in 1871 putting all Klan cases under Federal jurisdiction. In 1915 William Joseph Simmons formed an organization and called it the Ku Klux Klan.

In conjunction with Edward Young Clarke and Mrs. M. E. Tyler, he built the membership to 2,500,000. In 1922 Hiram W. Evans succeeded Simmons as Grand Wizard, but by this time the membership was beginning to decrease as a result of multiple assaults on the organization. In 1921 the old New York *World* began a campaign of exposure, which resulted in a Congressional investigation of the Klan.

For its work in exposing the Klan *The World* was awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1922. The same award for similar attacks was given to the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* in 1923 and to the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun,* headed by Julian LaRose Harris, in 1926.

Editors' Opinions—While some editors cry out in shrill alarm and denounce the Black Legion as a sinister descendant of the Klan, others feel its very exposure will bring about its undoing. Still others see possible danger to Americanism in the periodic upspringing of such organizations and urge that only through education can bigotry be combated.

"The Black Legion should be destroyed root and branch," declares the Detroit *Free Press,* in the city where Poole was murdered. "There is no place in this country for a secret terroristic organization which sets itself in judgment upon others and executes its own verdicts by flogging or murder."

"Shocking in the extreme" are the revelations to the Birmingham *News* and the Newark *Evening News* agrees that organizations dealing in "religious and racial bigotry have no place in a democracy."

As the Montgomery *Advertiser* "looks forward hopefully to the indictment and conviction of large numbers of these buzzards," the New York *Daily Mirror* remarks that "there is nothing like a dose of the electric chair or the hangman's noose to discourage this kind of cheap 'fierceness.'"

Black Legion members are dismissed by the Philadelphia *Inquirer* as "racketeers in bigotry" and by the Cleveland *News* as "100 per cent. suckers," and the Louisville *Times* thinks that if Michigan acts quickly, with the Federal Government standing by, "the Black Legion should be little more than a one-day wonder."

Further Analysis—A more serious view is taken by the New York *Post,* which reminds its readers that "in its background, the Black Legion reproduces part of the familiar pattern which led to the present German and Italian Governments. That its political program called for a dictatorship is significant of its similarity to European terror movements like the brownshirts and the Fascist street gangs."

Analyzing the situation from an economic angle, the Hartford *Courant* says:

"At bottom the Black Legion may be said to represent an extreme attempt on the part of one element to maintain by threats, by floggings and even by murder its position, social and political as well as economic. History indicates that the readiest, as well as the easiest, cure for the malady would be a returning prosperity widely-enough spread to enable all the elements . . . to enjoy material comfort, economic security and social dignity."

Altho such elements "have never got beyond control in America," the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* says "it is their persistence that is disquieting.

"They come and they go, but always they come again. Like it or not, we have in America far too many men and women who are a prey to hatreds and bigotries, to ancient ignorance and old intolerances."

Acme

Camera-shy: Two men in a Michigan court, charged with the murder of Charles Poole

TOWNSEND CITED: House Acts After Filibuster in Behalf of Pension Promoter

Speaker Joseph W. Byrns's mahogany gavel sent an apprehensive stir through the House of Representatives one day last week, and three hundred-odd spokesmen of forty-eight States shifted uneasily in their seats. Business before the House: motion of the Committee of Eight which for more than a week had been trying to investigate Dr. Francis E. Townsend's Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., to cite the gaunt Californian and two of his aids for refusing to testify. Lunch was waiting.

But eleven million voters eligible by age (sixty) for OARP's $200-a-month windfall also were waiting to see whether their Congressmen would yield to campaign-year ballot pressure or make a martyr of their white-haired Moses.

Futile Protests—For one uproarious hour, Representative Joseph P. Monaghan, Montana Democrat and ardent Townsend supporter, bellowed and filibustered, while Sam D. McReynolds of Tennessee called on the Sergeant-at-Arms to throw him out.

Was the Montanan alone? Obviously not, for the day before Representatives John H. Tolan and Samuel L. Collins, California Republicans, had voted stoutly against their colleagues on the Committee, Chairman C. Jasper Bell (Dem., Mo.); Scott W. Lucas (Dem., Ill.); Clare E. Hoffman (Rep., Mich.); Joseph A. Gavagan (Dem., N. Y.); J. William Ditter (Rep., Pa.), and John B. Hollister (Rep., Ohio).

Finally the full House vote came, and Speaker Byrns counted 271 for, a defiant 41 against the contempt citation. By nearly six to one, the House directed Leslie C. Garnett, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, to seek indictments against Doctor Townsend and Dr. Clinton Wunder and J. B. Kiefer, directors of OARP, Ltd., for refusing to answer the Committee's questions. Congressmen scurried off to lunch, wondering what the "granddaddy lobby" would say in November.

The retired physician who, just one week before, had walked out of the Committee-room in a huff, did not wait for November. Enjoying the spotlight in a gaudily-papered Baltimore hotel room, he admitted that his "indignation" was somewhat tempered by his "amusement" at the Committee's failure to recommend similar action against Sheridan Downey, OARP counsel, because it feared such action "would elect him Governor of California."

Editorial Comment—Newspapers, too, were uneasy about the consequences. "Townsend and his aids are setting the stage to appear as martyrs in the eyes of their

Wide World

Reporters questioned Representative C. Jasper Bell; the House of Representatives helped with the answers

deluded dupes," scolded the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.). "The entire racket should be squelched."

"Why take it out on old Townsend?" asked the Charleston *News and Courier* (Ind.-Dem.). Still farther south, the Miami *Herald* (Ind.-Dem.) declared that Townsend "is accused of holding the House of Representatives in contempt. He is hardly alone in that regard."

The Long Beach (Calif.) *Press-Telegram* (Ind.) suggested that "it is unfortunate that too much attention has been given by the Committee to personalities, and too little to the pension plan itself."

TARIFF TIFF: While Hull Presses Free Trade, Roosevelt Raises Duty on Japanese Textiles

A side door from his office is flung open and Secretary of State Cordell Hull enters, striding briskly and erectly, his hands folded behind his back. Thirty-odd reporters lolling in black chairs or settees with dark leather coverings rise and drape themselves around the console table.

By the time he has walked over to the big table in the center of the room, the dignified Cabinet officer stops behind a great, high-backed chair at the end of the table, takes off his black-ribboned *pince-nez*, hooking them over the thumb of his right hand, then crosses his arms over the chair.

When the reporters say "good morning," he nods, usually without smiling. When the merest flicker of a smile does fly across his lips, he inquires, in a low, clear drawl: "Any questions, gentlemen?"

The human-looking Secretary is the only Cabinet member who sees the newspaper men every day.

Not in this room but in the privacy of his sanctum at the side was Secretary Hull to be found last week.

There, he was talking to many of the diplomats of fifty-three countries represented at Washington.

Military war *versus* neutrality is being shoved aside for a topic much dearer to this American free trader from the Tennessee hills: economic war *versus* trade treaties. A gaunt, sad-eyed Wilsonian Democrat, he has steered through fourteen reciprocal commercial agreements since he began sitting in the New Deal Cabinet.

They revise the tariff system downward in exchange for concessions to American products abroad. Foreign correspondents at Washington are curious as to whether Republicans will make a clear-cut issue on this topic of the day, particularly relating to Canada. That is why some of the fifty-three envoys to the United States are "standing by" until political reactions are more apparent.

Eyes on Far East—Many of them, too, are waiting to see what happens after June 20, when President Roosevelt's action in ordering graduated tariff increases, estimated to average 42 per cent. on certain types of bleached, unbleached, and printed cotton goods goes into effect. Such textiles are imported chiefly from Japan.

On the heels of this tariff broadside aimed across the Pacific, the foreign trade situation is thickening in another Oriental land. Secretary Hull's experts are closely following the smuggling situation in North China, where wholesale importations of Japanese exports, in defiance of customs authorities, is reported.

British policy in this economic struggle is dovetailed with America's. These percentages of total imports into China from four Powers in the last three years show light on this cooperation:

	1933	1934	1935
United States	21.86	26.16	18.93
Japan	9.71	12.21	15.03
Great Britain	11.33	12.00	10.48
Germany	7.95	8.99	11.09

This apparent paradox, President Roosevelt on one side, raising the cotton-textiles tariff, and Secretary Hull, on the other, pleading for greater interflow of goods in foreign trade, puzzles editorial writers and political commentators.

Views of Press—Franklyn Waltman, of the Washington *Post*, finds "the United States is not only willing, but anxious, to sell raw cotton to Japan. The difficulty is that we are unwilling to buy Japanese cotton goods and other products. So, how can Japan buy our cotton? That is the problem, and it is not solved by boosting tariff walls."

Speaking for textile-producing New England, the Providence *Journal* rejoices in "a welcome slap at the Administration's own policy of reciprocity which Mr. Hull keeps on not merely expounding, but actually applying, seemingly on the theory that, no matter how hard certain American industries are hit by the reciprocal agreements, the brotherhood of man is advanced."

On behalf of the cotton-growing and spinning South, the Montgomery *Advertiser* weighs profit and loss with:

"It is true that by moving to cut down our purchases of Japanese textiles, we will lose some of our present market for raw cotton. This will be offset in a measure by increased domestic consumption of raw cotton."

INKY RECORDS: Finger-Marks Are Protection in Accident, Amnesia, Kidnaping

Quickly, skilfully, the expert in the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington places each of the visitor's finger-tips upon an inked pad, then rolls it on a blank space on a large square card.

The record completed, the card is turned over to a filing-clerk, who tucks it away among more than 6,000,000 filling row after row of steel filing-cabinets. In the large, sunny wing of the Department of Justice Building where these prints are kept, 150 clerks are constantly busy analyzing, classifying, and filing finger-prints sent in by police, or voluntarily submitted by citizens.

Scout Prints—Now, their job is being made even harder as a result of the recent decision by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America to ask each of the 1,000,000 Scouts to send his finger-prints to the Bureau. But J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, welcomed the decision as a big step toward realization of his hope that, eventually, everybody will be recorded for protection against accident, loss of memory, kidnaping, or mistaken identity.

But the movement for universal finger-printing does not meet with universal approval. The argument that it would help identify missing persons and unknown dead is attacked by Roger Baldwin, Director of the American Civil Liberties League, on the ground that "at best it would affect only a tiny fraction of the population a year" and "is unworthy of consideration as justification for so sweeping a measure."

In Mr. Baldwin's opinion "voluntary finger-printing . . . is usually done under the compulsion of employers," and it "serves no useful purpose except to build up a practise which may afford a basis for compulsory regulation."

In spite of such opinions, the FBI chief goes ahead giving talks on finger-printing, its history and value. He said in a recent speech:

"Physiologists are not in agreement why nature provided these distinctive formations of ridges and depressions on the finger-tips.

"Some authorities submit that the ridges offset and lessen wear, while others contend that they assist the sense of touch; create a 'friction' surface to the skin, enabling an object to be grasped more readily than would be the case were the finger-tips smooth; and elevate the pores, enabling the ducts to discharge perspiration more freely.

"Regardless of the reason for their existence, the fact remains that these ridge-formations, permanently a part of the body, discernible as a rule about three months before birth, remain unchanged during the life of an individual, and until putrefaction sets in after death, and that no two fingers have ever been found whereon the patterns are identical."

First Uses—The first authentic record of the use of finger-prints in the United States, according to Mr. Hoover, "reveals that Mr. Gilbert Thompson, of the United States Geological Survey, utilized his thumb-impression to prevent the forgery of commissary orders during his supervision of a survey in New Mexico in 1882."

First practical use of finger-prints for criminal identification in the United States is claimed for Sing Sing Prison, which adopted the system in 1903.

SOCIALIST RIFT: Norman Thomas Named for President as Old Guard Bolts

Raising a slim hand in a ministerial gesture for silence, Norman Thomas stood at ease before the 250 ardent delegates to the National Socialist Convention in the ballroom of the Cleveland Public Auditorium last week. With proud eyes, he surveyed his supporters, the gallery of 600 spectators and the band of 100 young men and women dressed in the blue shirts and red ties of the Young People's Socialist League.

For a moment, he stared at the great red banner with the slogan: "We Will Fight Fascism to the Death." Then, with a glance at the large oil painting of Karl Marx, founder of International Socialism, he tensed his lean figure and shouted the words:

"I can testify before all the courts of the world that this nomination has not cost me one cent. It has cost me no secret pledges to any man. . . ."

The speech of acceptance concluded, jubilant delegates swept up onto the platform and raised the white-haired ex-minister to their shoulders. Singing the "Internationale" and "Solidarity Forever," and whooping their glee as they passed Mrs. Thomas, who was smiling over her knitting, they carried their leader about the hall.

Only a small group of delegates huddled together in a far section of the hall took no part in the celebration. When a unanimous vote on the nomination of the man who had led their Party in 1928 and 1932 had been called for, this group had shouted a defiant "No!"

In 1934, the Left-wing socialists had dominated the Detroit Convention. They had jammed through a "Declaration of Principles" urging "mass-resistance" to war by a general strike. The New York delegation, led by Louis Waldman, attorney for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, refused to support the declaration. Backing them were James Oneal, Editor of the *New Leader* and a member of the National Executive Committee of the Party, and Algernon Lee, Director of the Rand School of Social Science in New York, followed by leaders from Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maryland, and Connecticut.

Backed by Extremists—The more radical Thomas group was backed by Maynard C. Krueger, University of Chicago instructor, and a host of other Socialist extremists of varying shades.

The split caused by the dissension of the New York Old Guard grew wider during the two years that followed and culminated in the expulsion of the Waldman group from the New York State Committee last January. Two months later, in the primary elections, New York Socialists named a Left-wing slate to represent them at the National Convention. The Old Guard elected its own delegates.

Faction Excluded—Last week, as the Waldman delegates walked into the Cleveland Convention to claim their seats, they found themselves blocked by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The gap could no longer be bridged. The Old Guard insisted that the Declaration of Principles of 1934 committed the Party to the possible favoring of acts of violence. The Left-wingers maintained that the Declaration merely proposed more militant measures for achieving good Socialist ends.

For fifteen hours the Convention bickered over which of the two New York delegations should be seated. The management of the Auditorium then threatened to turn out the lights unless spot cash was paid for overtime electricity. A hat went the rounds while the wrangling continued.

When it was finally decided to seat the Left-wingers, the thread of unity that had held American Socialism together for thirty-five years snapped. The Old Guard assembled its supporters, broke from the Party and formed a new organization under the name of the Social Democratic Federation of the United States. James H. Maurer, once a close friend of Norman Thomas and twice (in 1928 and 1932) the Socialist Party's nominee for Vice-President of the United States, became Chairman.

But this second major upheaval in the Party (there had been one in 1919 on the question of affiliation with the Third Internationale) did not end with the defection of what might amount to some 3,000 of the 19,121 total registered membership. For as the Convention drew to a turbulent close, a platform was drawn up calling for a constitutional amendment to curb the power of the Supreme Court, more generous and comprehensive unemployment relief, sharp increases in income and inheritance taxes and for a thirty-hour week in industry.

Only a motion for adjournment and a promise to submit the question of whether the Party should unite with the Communists during the coming Presidential campaign ended a new outbreak of quarreling.

Editorial Views—The press was pointed in its comment on the most recent split in the Socialist Party. "In all probability, democracy will be saved by other forces than the Marxists of whatever shade," said the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.), "and the new division would seem likely to result only in further reducing the vote of the Socialist Party which, even in 1932, won fewer than 1,000,000 adherents, despite the unity that then prevailed within the Party."

"The split may not result in the formation of a second and necessarily smaller Party," added the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.), "but it has left wounds hard and

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At the National Socialist Convention: Mrs. Norman Thomas knitted; her husband accepted the nomination for President on the Socialist ticket; then, with Mayor Daniel Webster Hoan of Milwaukee (left), he sang the "Internationale" slow to heal, and can hardly fail to cut down the regular Socialist vote in the Presidential election."

"The Socialist gathering is of general interest chiefly as revealing the difficulties of a minority group in a country where the two-party tradition is deeply rooted," the Dayton *Journal* (Ind.-Rep.) decided.

The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) said: "It looks as if the radical parties in this country exist solely for the enjoyment their members derive from disagreeing with one another."

The *Daily Worker* (Com.) makes the suggestion: "The Socialist leaders tabled the Communist proposal for united action, but they can't table the advance of the Republican-Liberty League-Hearst reaction.

"We urge the Socialist Party once more to take up the Communist proposals which are designed to further the same type of common action."

COURT BALANCE: Ways of Possible Change Debated; New Deal Loses Again

Last week, while the nation debated the Supreme Court's ninth rebuff to the New Deal, a scholarly, snowy-haired little man who had voted, as usual, with the minority, spiritedly discussed trout fishing and David architecture over coffee-cups with a few close friends. They had come, not to talk about the Municipal Bankruptcy Act, but to congratulate Mr. Justice Benjamin Nathan Cardozo on his sixty-sixth birthday.

Editorial writers, thinking of Supreme Court birthdays in terms of death and the normal retirement age of seventy, saw a chance to speculate on the possibility of two "conservative" Justices returning to private life. There had been persistent rumors that James Clark McReynolds and Willis Van Devanter, next to Louis Dembitz Brandeis eldest of the "nine old men," would step down soon, giving President Roosevelt an opportunity to appoint two "liberals" to swing the majority his way.

There are three ways in which the President could hurdle the Constitutional barrier to much of his legislative program: Death or voluntary retirement could create vacancies for him to fill; Congress and the States could, by Constitutional amendment, enlarge the Court's membership; or the Constitution itself could be made more flexible. The majority of editors felt that the President would prefer the first means, since it would spare him the necessity of taking the issue to the polls.

Ages of Members—But Supreme Court Justices do not die often or retire easily. Six of the present nine already are over the retirement age. Mr. Justice Van Devanter, at seventy-seven, has served for twenty-five years, but is under no obligation to quit. Four of the seventy-nine men who have sat on the Supreme Bench since 1789 held onto their positions for thirty-four years.

Mr. Justice Brandeis, at eighty, apparently has no notion of retiring, and it would be understandable if the Administration urged him not to, since he is one of the three consistent "liberals." Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes is seventy-four, but vigorous; and Justices McReynolds and Sutherland are the same age. Mr. Justice Pierce Butler is seventy; Mr. Justice Harlan F. Stone sixty-four, and Mr. Justice Owen J. Roberts sixty-one.

Mr. Roosevelt first showed his impatience with the judiciary after the decision invalidating the NRA, when he complained to reporters that it was useless to try to draw up progressive legislation under a Constitution that had been written during the "horse and buggy" era. When eight adverse rulings followed, he restricted himself to emphasizing the different interpretations placed on the Constitution by the various Justices themselves. Yet he must have ruminated on what might have happened had two "liberals" sat in the places of Van Devanter and McReynolds.

NRA, the Rice Millers Act, and the Farm Mortgage Moratorium would not have been saved, for the adverse vote on them was unanimous; nor the Hot Oil Act, which was defeated eight to one. But the switching of two votes would have upheld the Railroad Pensions Act, the Guffey Coal Act, the Securities Act of 1933, the AAA, and the Municipal Bankruptcy Act.

In overthrowing the latter last week, Mr. Justice McReynolds, speaking for a majority which included Justices Sutherland, Van Devanter, Butler and Roberts, said: "If obligations of States or their subdivisions may be subjected to the interference here attempted, they are no longer free to manage their own affairs."

Newspaper Comment—This, the Salt Lake *Telegram* (Ind.) points out, is the legal view. "There are economic and moral grounds for condemnation quite as valid. To set up a law providing an easy way for repudiation of municipal debts has dishonesty woven through its whole fabric."

But the Washington *Daily News* (Ind.) notes regretfully: "The high Court's decision will delay the return of solvency to many localities that overborrowed and overbuilt in the care-free Harding-Coolidge era. And it will pile more burdens on the Federal Government's back."

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Justice James C. McReynolds . . . brought his stick down on the Municipal Bankruptcy Act

MIRTH HEAD-LINED: The Zionchecks Complete Their Joyous Wedding-Trip

Piling their luggage into the battered but now-famous twelve-cylinder car, with the missus at the wheel, the Zionchecks set out from New York last week to end their wedding-trip, returning to Washington tired and, no doubt, happy.

The recorded adventures of Marion A. Zioncheck, born Zajaczek, began with his arrival in the United States when he was three years old, going to work sometime thereafter as a rat catcher (ten cents a head), then as a cattle herder, fish merchant and logger.

A campus radical at Washington State College, he received an invitation to the ducking-pond to quench his ardor. He practised law for two years, ran for Congress from the State of Washington, bucking the Democratic candidate and beating him.

At thirty-two, the "Kid Congressman" entered the House as a wisecracking young liberal. Husky and belligerent, he drew from the less athletic members a certain respect.

Publicity Begins—Last New Year's Eve, Mr. Zioncheck began his head-line career when he lumbered into the lobby of an exclusive Washington, D. C., apartment-house and, at three o'clock in the morning, plugged in all the numbers on the telephone switch-board to wish the occupants a happy New Year.

"The Police Department is lousy," he remarked when he found himself under arrest.

Brought into court on a charge of speeding through Washington streets at seventy miles an hour in his battered twelve-cylinder car, he explained: "It couldn't have been me. I would have been doing eighty-five."

He borrowed the money to pay his fine.

In a few days he eloped to Annapolis with a WPA typist, Rubye Louise Nix, from Texas. Out of money again, he borrowed the $2 marriage-license fee from a court clerk. Back in his Washington apartment, in an Indian outfit with bow and arrow included, he posed for photographers. Mrs. Zioncheck giggled, shyly explaining that she hoped to reform him.

Then came the honeymoon—with brief encounters with traffic officers along the road to Miami where Mrs. Zioncheck set about her task of buying her husband a kiddie car and taking over herself the driving of their automobile.

Island Adventures—But in San Juan, Puerto Rico, Mr. Zioncheck borrowed a car and crashed it into a truck, drove through a locked gate, wriggled out of a duel, became involved in "a riot for independence," called out the Marines and threw coconuts from his hotel window into the open-air dance-floor below.

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, reported him biting the neck of a chauffeur, lapping soup from his plate at a dinner and borrowing a stranger's automobile for a joy-ride.

In New York, with Mrs. Zioncheck apparently deterred from her policy of reform, the Zionchecks went wading in the pool of the Rockefeller Center gardens, judged a night-club beauty contest, performed an exhibition rhumba, engaged in a scuffle with other guests and filled in their idle hours sightseeing.

Back in Washington again, the Representative landed in a police station on a disorderly conduct charge. His landlady, Mrs. Benjamin Scott Young, had sought to eject him. Instead, she was ejected. She went to a hospital. He posted $25 bond, went back to the apartment.

LABOR SPLIT: Soft-Spoken Green vs. Sharp-Tongued Lewis and Craft vs. Industrial Unionism

William Green's carefully brushed gray hair lies flat on his well-shaped round head. John Llewellyn Lewis's reddish-brown, gray-shot shock bristles manelike on an extraordinarily big head.

Just as antithetically the neatly pressed store-clothes of the soft-spoken President of the American Federation of Labor are in distinct contrast to the rumpled and creased attire of the fiery-tongued President of the United Mine Workers of America.

Like some self-educated men, the A. F. of L. chieftain chooses each word carefully, using calm, but persuasive, phrases, while the leader of 400,000 miners blurts out each point with rousing epigram.

Piercing Look—Some traits they have in common: they both transfix their listeners with steady, intent gaze. Green's eyes, deep brown, not small, but piercing, are emphasized sharply by two small, vertical ridges in mid-forehead. Lewis's piercing gray eyes, embedded in two deep sockets, are accented by beetling brows.

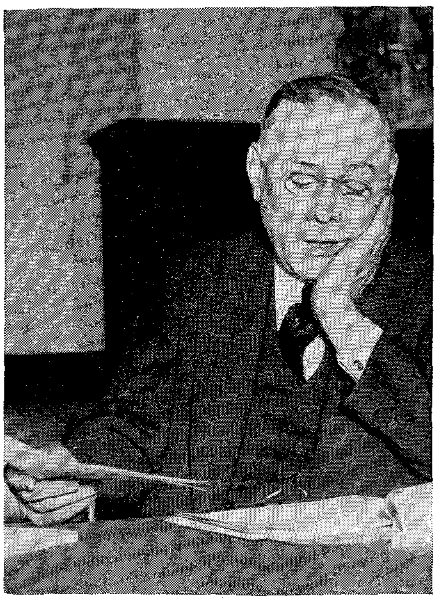
Both these bulky, broad-shouldered men, each just under six feet, are not easy to know well, but harder to forget. Both have strong wills, determination, and courage. Both gesticulate when speaking with short, pudgy fingers outstretched as if about to wrap themselves around the miner's pick-handle they once wielded in the sooty pits.

To-day, they differ on the basic premise of labor-union philosophy. Green hews to the line chalked by Samuel Gompers, bluff, florid founder of the Federation—that labor must be organized horizontally, that is, on a craft basis. Lewis would jettison this old-line policy for vertical organization, that is, all workers in a given industry, say automobile manufacture, must be in one big union, no matter what job they perform in a factory, or whether their labor is skilled or unskilled.

Gompers Backers—Older trade-unions, composed, as they are, of skilled artizans, back the traditional Gompers-Green system.

These "bread and butter" unions embrace skilled trades, where, because of specialized training and limited numbers, they win higher wages than less capable unskilled workers. Admit these less fortunate workers, they say, and the wages in the higher brackets would be affected.

Old-timers look backward to the days when the American worker came up from the apprentice ranks, was distinctly an individualist, standing on his own two feet, and, in many instances, rose to high executive rank in his own company, or branched out into his own business. That is American labor's tradition, completely at odds with what still is considered the typically European outlook.



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William Green: hews to the Gompers line

Industrial unionism, fostered by the battle-scarred Lewis, stems from the French syndicalism of Georges Sorel which completely tied France in knots in the 'nineties, then permeated the salons and roadside jungles of America. From this plan flowed the Industrial Workers of the World, whose "wobblies" spouted "one big union" philosophies from countless soap-boxes a couple of decades ago.

In "The American Labor Yearbook" for 1917-'18, when he was an official of the United Mine Workers, William Green wrote: "When men are organized by industry they can concentrate their economic power more advantageously than when organized into craft unions." Now, he apparently has backslid on such philosophy.

Last week, he called on the belligerent Lewis to disband his revolting Committee for Industrial Organization embracing eight powerful unions representing needle trades, textiles, typographical and oil workers, as well as his own miners. Steel workers, too, have voted to join the Lewis bloc.

To this ultimatum, the outspoken veteran of many a fight on the same issue splitting labor's ranks replied:

"I don't believe the threats of the Federation should be taken any more seriously than its promises."

Two Analyses—Students of labor affairs differ in analyzing the effects of the growing cleavage in A. F. of L. organization:

"A strongly individual and an inherently effective method of union organization have run head-on into an organizational machine which shows unmistakable signs of obsolescence. The result, unless the Federation Old Guard surrenders, is almost certain to be a new labor army.

"The workers who offer an obvious field for organizing activities—those employed in such industries as steel, automobiles, textiles—demand vertical unions as the only sort capable of confronting the modern vertical corporation and the industrial association."—*The Christian Century.*

"The extreme bitterness of the current labor quarrel should not make us jump to the conclusion that the American labor movement is threatened by any permanent, weakening split.

"The struggle has merely reached one of its spectacular and recurrent crises. The clash will not affect such craft unions as those in building or printing, but it is more than likely to advance the cause of vertical unionism in such continuous production industries as automobile and steel manufacturing."—Raymond Moley, Editor of *Today.*

CONGRESS SPURT: Finale Urged Because of Roosevelt Trip, Political Conventions

Vice President John Nance Garner tapped a finger on the desk of his private office late last week. He shot a glance at a calendar, turned his blue eyes upon Senators Tom Connally of Texas and Josiah William Bailey of North Carolina, facing him. The Senate Finance Committee, he informed them emphatically, must stop dawdling and get down to work on the tax bill.

With President Roosevelt anxious to leave on a good-will swing through the Southwest on June 8 and the Republican National Convention opening in Cleveland the next day, and the Democratic National Convention two weeks later, the Vice President, like many another legislator, was desirous of adjourning Congress.

Nevertheless, as this week opened, neither the $1,425,000,000 relief bill nor the compromise tax bill had been passed by the Upper House, and indications were that a series of recesses rather than adjournment would be declared.

The relief bill already had been reported to the floor, with opposition centering only on details. In connection with it, funds were voted for a survey looking toward continuance of the Florida ship-canal, but not for the Passamaquoddy tidal project.

The tax bill, however, presented the real stumbling block to adjournment. The President favored a heavy tax on undivided corporation profits, while the Senate compromise measure called instead for a rise in present corporation income taxes.

Roosevelt Journey—The expectation of a bitter protracted conference fight over the bill did not deter the President from plans for his speaking tour, which is in response to an invitation from Texas Centennial Exposition officials.

Extending the trip to include other points, Mr. Roosevelt will go directly to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he speaks on the night of June 10. Regarded as almost certain to be on the same platform is Senator Joseph T. Robinson, New Deal warrior, who faces a fight for reelection.

The President also will speak at Dallas on June 12 and at Vincennes, Indiana, on June 14. To allay feelings he was trying to take radio time from the Republican National Convention, Mr. Roosevelt informed the networks that he hoped his speeches would not compete or conflict with the Cleveland broadcasts.

Newspapers closely watched the last-minute activities of Congress. The Washington *Evening Star* (Ind.) commented that "the taxpayers of America, doubtless, are coming to a realization that what is one man's taxes is another man's relief." And, noted the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.) "it is understood by the country that Congress is not trying to write a fair tax bill, but is carrying out a party decision to quiet the fears of millions of voters who believed that the bill would soak every one instead of just the corporations."

"DIGEST" POLL OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Marked Shift From Roosevelt Is Revealed in First 1936 Test

Who would be elected President if an election were held to-day? Now—before the Conventions—who is the favored Republican nominee? The favored Democratic nominee?

It is too early to discover a definite answer to these questions. But it is not too early to make interesting tests on how the breeze is blowing.

1936 Pre-Convention and Pre-Election Presidential Poll of Complete Registration List of 27,397 Voters in Binghamton, N. Y.

	VOTE NOW	HOW THE SAME VOTERS VOTED IN 1932 ELECTION				
		HOOVER	ROOSEVELT	THOMAS	Did Not Vote in 1932 or Not indicated	UNDER AGE IN 1932
DEMOCRATIC						
ROOSEVELT	1,287	136	940	10	161	40
OTHERS	20	1	14	0	5	0
TOTAL DEM. = 36.04%	1,307	137	954	10	166	40
REPUBLICAN						
BORAH	235	113	71	3	40	8
DICKINSON	10	2	4	0	3	1
HOOVER	110	99	4	0	7	0
KNOX	38	26	8	0	3	1
LANDON	1,721	1,277	270	12	133	29
VANDENBERG	75	49	17	0	9	0
OTHERS	19	10	6	0	2	1
TOTAL REP. = 60.88%	2,208	1,576	380	15	197	40
SOCIALIST						
THOMAS	56	11	15	24	6	0
OTHERS	1	1	0	0	0	0
TOTAL SOC. = 1.57%	57	12	15	24	6	0
OTHER PARTIES = 1.51%	55	16	23	6	9	1
GRAND TOTALS	3,627	1,741	1,372	55	378	81

The Literary Digest oiled its famous poll machinery to seek a clue. With the regularity of a postman bringing bills the first of the month this machine of augury has accurately forecast the winner of the quadrennial Presidential elections since the World War.

The Harding landslide was foreshadowed in 1920. The Coolidge walkaway in 1924. The first crack-up of the "Solid South" in 1928 for the first time since the War Between the States, contrary to the predictions of many leading political dopesters and commentators who presaged otherwise. Then the popular vote in the Roosevelt-Hoover campaign four years ago was forecast with over 99 per cent. accuracy.

1936 PLATFORM PROMISES
DEM.
PUBLIC

AT LEAST ONE LAUGH DUE IN THE CAMPAIGN

—Jensen in the Chicago Daily News

Poll Innovation—Normally The Literary Digest engine of prophesy has not been thrown into gear until after the nominees of the various parties have been selected. This year the poll managers decided that a possible political trend might be ascertained prior to the conventions.

The City of Binghamton, New York, was selected for the poll test because: 1—the entire 1936 registered voters' list was readily available; 2—New York, containing the largest unit of electoral votes, has been widely considered as a doubtful State since Governor Lehman's published decision not to run for election again; 3—Binghamton is a typical upstate city; 4—The Literary Digest poll was notably accurate in forecasting a close election there in 1932; and 5—poll and official returns of prior votings were available.

The 1932 Presidential poll showed that the Roosevelt-Hoover vote in Binghamton would be split 51.9 per cent. for Roosevelt and 48.1 per cent. for Hoover. Roosevelt received 50.2 per cent. of the official vote and Hoover 49.8 per cent., revealing a slight underestimate of Republican strength in the poll forecast.

In the late spring of 1934, when the President had been in office for more than a year a poll upon the popularity of his New Deal was conducted. In answer to the question: "Do you approve on the whole the acts and policies of Roosevelt's first year?" 55.5 per cent. of the voters in Binghamton answered yes and 44.5 per cent. voted no.

FROM LANDON
NEW DEAL CRITICISM
FROM BORAH
FROM TALMADGE
FROM AL SMITH
ROOSEVELT'S PERSONAL POPULARITY
PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS
ROOSEVELT

THE PRESIDENT WORKS ON

—Seibel in the Richmond Times-Dispatch

Some eighteen months later, in the winter of 1935, the same lists of voters were asked, "Do you now approve the acts and policies of the Roosevelt New Deal to date?" The response was 23.1 per cent. affirmative and 76.9 per cent. negative.

Questions in Poll—Within the past fortnight all of the registered voters in Binghamton were sent Literary Digest secret ballots asking them to signify for which Party and for what candidate they would vote. They were also asked to identify how they voted in 1932 so that deductions could be made for any possible party shifts or election trends in one typical American city in a doubtful State.

The 3,627 returns, detailed in the accompanying table, show a combined Republican vote, scattered chiefly among three leading contenders, of 60.9 per cent. The combined Democratic vote, mainly registered for President Roosevelt, is 36.0 per cent. of the total. Thomas, who is the chosen Socialist nominee, gets 1.6 per cent. and the balance of 1.5 per cent. is spread among several minor Presidential prospects.

Landon leads as Republican choice for candidate with 77.9 per cent of the total ballots sent in by his party adherents. Borah is second with 10.6 per cent.; Hoover third with 5.0 per cent.; and 6.5 per cent of the Republican vote was cast for miscellaneous others. The poll managers state that in the light of their past experiences the returns from Binghamton are about three-quarters complete.

No Deductions—The Literary Digest, as usual, presents its poll findings without comment, without interpretation. Exact statistics from one typical city should afford poll analysts a preconvention opportunity to sharpen their pencils and deduce possible nominating and election outcomes.

1932 Vote for President in Binghamton, N. Y.

Literary Digest Poll of 10,000 Voters			Official Election Returns		
Hoover	1,009	48.1%	Hoover	13,854	49.8%
Roosevelt	1,088	51.9%	Roosevelt	13,977	50.2%

Returns from the same list of 10,000 Voters in two polls in Binghamton, N. Y., on the popularity of Roosevelt's New Deal

1934 Literary Digest Poll			1935 Literary Digest Poll		
Voted "Yes" in Support of Roosevelt's Policies	786	55.5%	Voted "Yes" in Support of Roosevelt's Policies	493	23.1%
Voted "No" Against Roosevelt's Policies	630	44.5%	Voted "No" Against Roosevelt's Policies	1,639	76.9%
	1,416			2,132	

Foreign Comment

NEAR EAST RIOTS SPREAD, VEX BRITAIN

Arabs Fight Jews in Palestine; Hand of Italy Seen, as in Egypt

Globe

Egyptian police would be spared this, say the British, if riots had not been instigated by Italian propaganda

A panic-stricken mob of Arabs rushed through the narrow, winding streets of Jaffa, Jerusalem's seaport, last Sunday, dragging one dead and two bleeding bodies, mowed down by police fire from a Jewish truck, which they had stoned as it rolled over King George Avenue.

Crying "Allah slay them!" they wreaked their vengeance by burning Jewish stores and turned back only when British motorized troops from nearby Tel-Aviv, the all-Jewish city, opened fire on them.

For six weeks Palestine's Arabs have been attacking Jews and pillaging their property. Braving British machine-guns and scout-planes, Nationalists want Jewish immigration stopped and a native Government established. To achieve their aim, their leaders declared a general strike, ordered tax payments suspended and forbade sales of land to Jews.

Immediate cause of Arab discontent was the recent announcement by Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, Britain's bachelor High Commissioner, that 12,000 Jewish immigrants would be allowed in Palestine in the next six months.

Incensed, Arab leaders protested, pointing out that since Lord Balfour pledged England to maintain a Jewish National Home in Palestine in 1917, the number of Jews rose from 83,000 to 375,000. Quickly the Nationalist press took alarm, denounced Britain and preached a war against the Jews.

Examples Watched—For months Palestine Arabs have been watching the struggle of Egyptian Wafdists, who took advantage of England's tussle with Mussolini over Ethiopia and succeeded in establishing a Nationalist Government. To the north, Syrians staged riots against their French rulers and gained sizable concessions.

Mussolini's hand behind Nationalist risings in Britain's Near Eastern zones was brought into the light when Premier Stanley Baldwin warned Italy recently that Britain would consider any interference in the affairs of Egypt an act of aggression. Last week, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden told the House of Commons that he was investigating anti-British propaganda in Palestine, Egypt and India from Italian broadcasting stations.

Wireless Activity—Eden's charge brought out reports that the radio station at Bari, on the Adriatic shore of Italy, fanned Nationalist dissatisfaction against British rule by broadcasting such "canards" as:

A report from Nairobi (Africa): "The Governor of Kenya (British Colony south of Ethiopia) proclaimed martial law in a colony-wide order to suppress a revolt against British domination."

That *"Popolo D'Italia* (Mussolini's own newspaper) reports revolt in Aden has assumed alarming proportions . . . 200 killed and many wounded. The Governor took severest measures to quell it."

A report from Cairo: "All Egyptians participated in the revolt. The Bari wireless station hopes the wounded will recover from their fight for independence."

Also that "All the world knows that Islam is suffering under the British rule. We will open the eyes of all Moslems the world over to the false, egotistical, cowardly and imperialistic British policy which holds over three-fourths of the Moslem world in submission."

Keeping in close touch with the British Colonial Office, Sir Arthur saw danger in the spreading revolt and set his four battalions and scout-planes to end the sniping and rioting which resulted in the loss of more than fifty lives.

Inquiry Offered—While firmly refusing to yield to "mob intimidations," he called Arab Mayors to his hilltop residence in Jerusalem and warned them to stop bloodshed. Especially anxious to see the general strike ended, he promised a Royal Commission to investigate Arab claims when quiet is restored.

Arabs refused to yield unless, they said, Jewish immigration was immediately stopped. Shrewdly, they reminded him that the revolt was inspired mostly by Palestine's youth under the leadership of Ibrahim El Shanti, fiery editor of *Al Difaa*, patriotic Arabic newspaper.

Aware of their strength, Sir Arthur asked for time to consult the Colonial Office, while scanning a message from Transjordan that told of Bedouins arming to aid their brothers across the border in Palestine.

Meanwhile, his motorized troops meted out "collective punishment" to villages harboring snipers or shielding them. They forced the *mukhtars* (village chieftains) to pay heavy taxes. To enforce night safety, he ordered curfew rule in riot centers of Jaffa, Gaza, Nablus, Tulkarem, and railway centers.

Outraged in their new homeland, Jews volunteered for military service in the British Army. Through their leader, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, they asked the League of Nations to let Britain use stronger means to insure their safety in the Holy Land.

Press Interpretations—Voicing Sir Arthur's alarm, the London *Times* commented that "the Arab agitation may be regarded as part of a movement affecting all Arab countries at present, to some extent no doubt due to anti-British propaganda disseminated by the Italian Government. The character of the broadcast in Arabic from the Bari station has been long notorious. . . . As far as Palestine is concerned, the only way to meet the agitation is to disabuse Arab leaders of their belief that they have only sufficient pressure to make the British Government waver in its determination to carry out its mandate."

The *Times of India* remarked: "The propaganda, besides the money distributed to the French press as well as the Ethiopian races, must cost Italy a large fortune."

Writing in *Tel-Aviv*, a Hebrew newspaper published in Cairo, Simon Haartz asserts that the "anti-British, anti-Zionist, pro-Arab Italian propaganda denotes aspirations for a Palestine mandate. Italy can benefit by outbreaks in Palestine, which is in line with the ceaseless Italian efforts to obtain world influence. Italy can not forget that it was British influence that imposed sanctions. Italy is interested in creating embarrassment to Britain when the Lake Tana problem comes up for discussion."

Youth in Saddle—In the opinion of Dr. F. I. Shatara, of Brooklyn, New York, a native of Palestine who has made a study of the situation, the "country's youth is definitely in the saddle this time. Attempts by Italy to win sympathies of the Arabs have no effect, because in the recent Italo-Ethiopian conflict they were for Ethiopia."

"While Great Britain dares not abandon her word and the Zionist community founded upon it," asserts the New York *Herald Tribune*, "she has never dared to crush Arab Nationalism in Palestine, because it is a part of the great Moslem revival stirring throughout her whole Eastern Empire."

The Manchester Guardian finds that "in a political sense, the trouble in Palestine grows steadily more threatening. . . . It does not appear that the Arab leaders even pretend to have precise grievances which the Administration could redress."

The Washington *Post* remarks: "The Arab leaders have gambled on the possibility that in its present weakness Great Britain might be forced to give way to their demands and modify its policies in line with Arab Nationalist demands. But thus far the British reply has been to increase the Jewish quota and call out additional troops to preserve order. More than a challenge to the Jews, the Arab uprising in Palestine is a challenge to the Mandatory Power. It is incumbent upon it to keep the balance between the various elements in Palestine."

TIGHTENED BELT: Italy to Control Foreign Trade as Sanctions Affect Treasury

In the ornate semicircular hall of the Senate House, in Rome's Palazzo Madama, which occupies part of the site covered by Nero's Baths, Count Paolo Thaon de Revel, baldish Italian Finance Minister, last week launched his rambling figure toward the speakers' tribune.

"Sanctions," began the pleasant-featured aristocrat, who doffed an admiral's uniform to sit in Il Duce's cabinet, "have been a lesson to nations with excesses of imports over exports. Economic self-sufficiency, hitherto considered absurd and antieconomic, becomes from to-day onward a vital political necessity.

"Italians have learned that the principal function of a gold reserve* is not to cover a deficit in the commercial balance and to balance international payments, but to form a war treasure to be relentlessly guarded for the day when the country may have need of it."

Restrictions Asked—The 456 august personages holding senatorial office for life shot lightning-like glances at each other, leaned forward:

"Therefore," Count de Revel added, "it is not yet possible for the State to permit its citizens, as in the past, to dispose freely of their reserves of foreign currencies for private purposes and personal profit. From this premise it follows logically that foreign trade in the Fascist régime must be considered a State function, regulated and controlled by the Government."

On what the Ethiopian war had cost, to what extent Italy had suffered hardships as a result of the sanctions, the tight-lipped Finance Minister was his proverbial sphinx-like self. But to Sonia Tomara, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, he noted: "Naturally, our population will have to be content with lower quality *ersatz* [substitute] goods. We are obliged to substitute hemp, or fiber, for cotton and wool, or broom fiber for jute. . . . We can bear to dress a little worse than before."

In Geneva the League of Nations published its latest sanctions report showing Italy's imports reduced 45 per cent. for the first quarter of 1936. To make up for this loss in customs revenue, Il Duce has made a fresh bid for tourists by offering them travelers' checks at 17 to the dollar, as against 12.50, the legal exchange rate.

Post-War Difficulty—Shortage of raw materials is, however, Italy's major problem growing out of the East African campaign. This the Government is solving by encouraging the manufacture of artificial substitutes. Electrification of railways and factories is replacing coal; large-scale alcohol-making cutting down gasoline needs. All of which creates new industries, new jobs. In consequence unemployment has been cut to 300,000, tho there are 1,250,000 young men in the Army.

Nevertheless, the money question casts an ever-lengthening shadow across the national Treasury. Gold and jewels donated by the public helped to the extent of between $50,000,000 and $250,000,000. Another $650,000,000 came from seized credits and investments of Italians held abroad.

But the Ethiopian War added $1,000,000,000 to the public debt, whose annual interest alone amounts to $540,000,000, and to develop the new African Empire will take another $1,000,000,000 in ten years.

"Only through an external loan can Signor Mussolini find salvation," comments the London *Spectator,* "and there is no country in the world to which he can turn for that."

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*Estimated to have fallen from $340,000,000 to $217,000,000 since October 1.

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Gold and silver from Italy's sportsmen, for Mussolini's coffers

LEAGUE REFORM: Needed, U. S. Editors Argue, Seeing No Likelihood of Adherence

Wherever statesmen gather these days one rasping subject drowns their suave tones—the future of the League.

The demand for change is universal. But the nations can not agree on the form the change must take. France—pro-League since the Leftist electoral victory—and small Continental countries generally fight for more drastic sanctions and a League strengthened by an international police force, even at the cost of some memberships.

Pictures, Inc.

Haile Selassie: Will he, or won't he be at the League of Nations Council meeting?

South Americans and Asiatics work toward a universal League with its authority so weakened that it might become a diplomatic kaffee klatsch.

London Dilemma—Britain swings between them, hopelessly split on the question. Last month Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin wistfully angled for the entry of America, and the return of Japan and the Reich.

In his book "On the Rim of the Abyss," published this week, James T. Shotwell of the Columbia University history department stepped up with some suggested reforms which might win U. S. adherence.

1. A universal League based on the Kellogg Pact.
2. Arrangements for peaceful modification of the *status quo.*
3. Limited security agreements on a geographical basis.
4. Divorce of the Covenant from the Versailles Treaty.

Editorial News—American newspapers in general considered the question of League reform favorably, without committing themselves on our entry.

The Boston *Post* (Ind.-Dem.) wanted an organization "able to meet force with overwhelming force." "Man no longer travels alone," the Birmingham *News* (Ind.-Dem.) said. "A new philosophy, a new social attitude must be born amid pain and suffering."

But the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) saw little chance of our joining the "middle-aged, broken and disillusioned" system, and the Miami *Herald* (Ind.-Dem.) contended Americans want no entanglement even if Europe puts "some nice cheese in the trap."

Yet many believed that, either after the June 16 Council meeting or next Fall, the United States might get an invitation from Geneva. Queried on his views concerning League membership, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican Presidential prospect, wired THE LITERARY DIGEST he could "contemplate no circumstances" which would change his opposition. The leader of the "little group of wilful men" who opposed our entry back in 1919, Senator William E. Borah, shot a concise statement: "My attitude will be precisely what it has always been."

FRANCE'S PILOT: Blum Commands Somewhat Motley Crew With Choppy Seas Ahead

Limousines, one after another, drew up all last week before an old mansion on historic Ile St. Louis, in the most ancient quarter of Paris. Up the steps and into a sumptuous, old-world salon, packed with art, walked some of the best-known men of France.

Léon Blum, leader of French Socialists, had invited them to his home to discuss appointments and policies of a new Cabinet. For this week, with Parliament convened for the first time since the Left landslide of the spring elections, M. Blum assumes leadership of the Government as the first French Jew and Socialist to become Premier.

Visitors like Vincent Auriol, his closest political friend, now designated as Finance Minister, find him at work in his large living-room, furnished with heavy furniture, Chinese tapestries, and Sèvres vases.

Indicative of his vast scholarship are the books cramming the house. Ranging from economics and sociology to Greek and Latin poetry, they pile up in heaps on the piano, the chairs, the window sills. In high bookcases are hoarded priceless first editions and rare tomes.

Editorial Writer—M. Blum, the visiting celebrity is told, is busy on his daily stormy, if somewhat pedantic, editorial for the Socialist *Populaire*, which he controls.

Presently he finishes and walks across the room with a youthful step, tho he is sixty-four. As he shakes hands, his *pince-nez* teeter on his thin, beak-like nose above a walrus mustache which Right cartoonists love to depict with Bolshevik wildness.

While discussing projects for public works, means of stabilizing the tottering franc, and plans to "soak the rich," M. Blum uses his delicate hands expressively. Tho he is wealthy—a fact which earns, from his enemies, the derisive epithet of "the Socialist millionaire"—he does not show it. Dressed in habitual black, with a broad-brimmed black hat, he looks more like a college professor or a literary man.

It was as a literary man that Léon Blum first came to public attention. Born in 1872, of Alsatian silk-manufacturing *émigrés*, he acquired Socialism as a boy. His schoolmates, in the most populous section of Paris, were sons of revolutionary Parisian workingmen.

At the Lycée Henry IV, one of the city's high schools, he sat at the same bench with André Gide, since recognized as France's leading critic and stylist.

Later, he edited *La Conque* ("The Shell"), publishing the early poems of Paul Valéry, now among the immortals; and submitted his precious, overintellectualized stories to Marcel Proust, greatest of recent French novelists, then an obscure editor of *Banquet*. Several books of criticism followed.

The Dreyfus case shattered this ivory-towered preoccupation with letters, art, and the collection of trinkets. Blum fell under the spell of Jean-Léon Jaurès, pre-War leader of French Socialists, who, together with Emile Zola, exposed the Dreyfus frame-up. As a result, the wealthy young sophisticate plunged into politics.

No Rabble-Rouser—Not until after the War, however, did he enter the Chamber of Deputies. He was then forty-seven. His colleagues soon learned to listen when he spoke.

For, tho no rabble-rouser, with little flame in his oratory, he knew, for all his slight voice and academic manner, how to marshal facts.

It is natural that Fascism, hostile to both Jews and Socialists, should be the pet aversion of Léon Blum. Until recently he was anti-Bolshevist, too, adhering to a policy of "socialism by evolution and education."

But, after watching swastika tactics on the other side of the Rhine, M. Blum changed his mind. The *Croix de Feu* ("Fiery Cross") and the royalist squads in his own country brought the menace of Fascism close to home. Slowly, reluctantly, he moved into a united front with the growing ranks of French Communists.

Blum Chant—This only pointed him up as an object of royalist hate. Young Fascists took to chanting on Parisian boulevards: "Blum! Blum! Blum! Your name is like the sound of bullets entering a traitor's breast. Blum! Blum! Blum!"

And Charles Maurras, royalist Editor of *L'Action Française*, cried: "I make myself personally responsible for the assassination of Blum. Unintimidated, Blum yielded no quarter to anti-Semites. "I consider myself assimilated," he said. "No element, however subtle, of French spirit, is alien to me. Yet I am a Jew."

Last February, his enemies attempted to carry out their threats. Spying Blum in an auto halted by a royalist funeral procession, Fascists knifed him and nearly cut his jugular vein.

The attack lifted the former literary recluse to heights of popularity he never had known before. In a tumult of public indignation, royalist and Fascist organizations, numbering 76,000 members, and an estimated half-million supporters, were outlawed.

To-day he is the pilot of France. He commands a somewhat motley crew, however, and whether he can weather what looks like choppy seas ahead, remains to be seen.

His Party does not control the Chamber. The Socialists merely are the largest unit in the Popular Front bloc, which combines Communists, so-called "splinter," or dissident, Communists; dissident Socialists, and Radical Socialists, for a total of 381 seats out of 618.

Red Backing—To hold his position, the new Premier will have to please the Communists, who have pledged "loyalty" to the Popular Front Government, but decline to take part in it. The Communists want to nationalize the Bank of France and the munitions industry and curb the "200 rich families that rule the Republic."

At the same time, however, M. Blum will have to please the Radical Socialists, who —despite their name—are mildly Left Republicans, mainly small merchants and landowners, who voted Left out of fear of Fascism, rather than love for Socialism.

All, however, desire to see the League of Nations reestablished in prestige; strong national defense; German and Italian Fascism restricted; and props put under the skittery franc.

London Views—"In a country like France, with its long revolutionary tradition," commented the conservative *Daily Telegraph* of London, "it means a great deal for the Socialist head of a Radical-Socialist-Communist coalition to declare that his aims can be realized 'in the existing social régime within which we intend to act.' "

The Times, another conservative London paper, finds the "position of a *Front Populaire* Government . . . not nearly so secure as might be imagined. The Communists have refused to accept office in a bourgeois Government."

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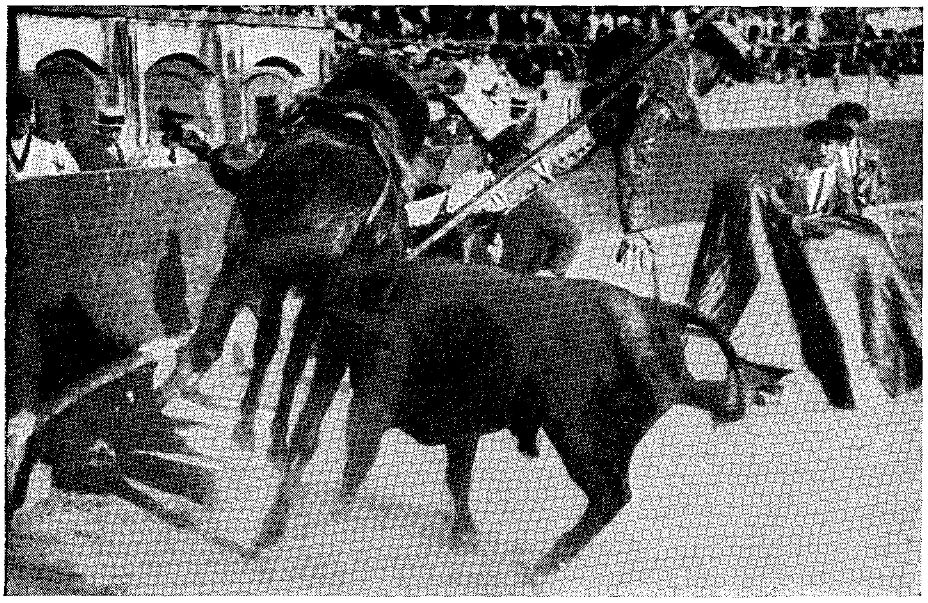
Leon Blum . . . knew how to hold his listeners

NO BULLS IN JAIL: Spanish Heroes of Arena Strike, Protesting Invasion, Are Arrested

Dressed in holiday attire, 25,000 *Madrileños* — inhabitants of Madrid — ambled down to the gigantic *plaza de toros* one day last week to witness the bull-fighting classic of the season.

With an influx of taurine fans from Malaga and Barcelona, the arena had been sold out two days in advance. Speculators at the end of trolley-lines were hawking tickets at ten times their price.

Bull-fights in Madrid begin with a blare of music and a parade of gold-braided *matadors* and their *cuadrillas* (entourages)



Acme

More than this, Spanish bull-fighters feared Armillita, Mexican ace in the "arena of blood and sand"

promptly at five o'clock—the only event in the city that ever starts on time.

But last week five o'clock came and went, and still the fans fidgeted on their seats, consuming vast quantities of cold beer, reading over and over again the pedigrees of bulls, and the criticism of fighters in the penny papers. Finally, impatient, they erupted into boos.

Fighters Strike—It was then announced that, rather than appear in the "ring of blood and sand" with Armillita, a Mexican ace, eleven Spanish bull-fighters, two of them stars, had struck. Hauled into the arena by an armed guard, they were hissed.

Backed by their Socialist Bull-fighters' Union, they stubbornly refused to yield, and were hauled off to jail. So, chuckled *The Times* (London): "Instead of bounding in sunlit space, dressed in brilliant capes, under the noses of snorting bulls, the heroes sit, dull-clad, behind rusty bars. They are exercising that most sacred right of all Spain to-day—the right to strike."

Spain's striking bull-fighters, who take their red political coloration from the general Hispanic complexion, are led by Don Marcial Lalanda, one of the most popular *espadas* ("swords," or master-killers of bulls). Two weeks ago, engaged to fight in the Madrid ring on the Feast of St. Isidore the Laborer, Patron Saint of the Capital, Lalanda maintained that he had examined Armillita's working papers, and found them not in order.

Fatal Thrust—The Chief of Police said they were. This difference of opinion landed Lalanda and his Socialist bull-fighting companions in jail, after they flatly refused to angle with their swords for the fatal spot between the bull's shoulder-blades.

The strike spread through the Provinces. To the dismay of howling fans, *corrida* after *corrida* was called off at the eleventh hour, when the bulls were sorted in the dark stalls from which they plunge, bellowing, into the sun-drenched ring.

The Bull-fighters' Union growled that the Mexican Government discriminates against them. Ergo, they see no reason why similar restrictions should not be set up in Spain against the *Mejicanos*.

Bull-fight critics, who specialize in a lingo as intricate as American baseball-slang, jeered that the home-boys were envious because the visiting *espadas* danced taurine rings around them.

Padded Horns—Bull-fighting has an ancient and turbulent history. Introduced originally as a substitute for human sacrifice, it has been banned repeatedly, only to have popular demand resurrect it. The first bull-festival in an arena is recorded in 1100. Queen Isabella, after forbidding the sport, rescinded her command, but ordered the bulls' horns to be padded.

To-day, tho somewhat damaged by politics, and the encroaching popularity of football, Spanish bull-fighting is a major industry. More than $70,000,000 is invested in bull-rings and bull-farms. Fifteen hundred bulls and 6,000 horses are killed annually in 225 arenas during the taurine season from April to September.

The average *matador* comes from the most humble of origins, and gets, for risking impalement, about $800 a fight. The celebrated ones, by finesse of movement within a hair's breadth from the fatal horns, get much more.

Armillita (his real name is Fermin Espinosa) fought seventy-five *corridas* in Spain last season at $1,480 each. This year he had ninety scheduled.

Lalanda, who asks $2,100 a fight, is less popular. Last year, in Mexico, he was engaged for only thirty fights. Manolo Bienvenida, another star arrested with Lalanda, last year earned £105,000.

Juan Belmonte, regarded by Ernest Hemingway in his bull-fighting book "Death in the Afternoon," as the greatest *matador*, is a retired millionaire.

Derisive Press—Spanish newspapers derided the imbroglio. "Rancor and intolerance, which has invaded all Spanish life, also pervaded the national fiesta," sighed the monarchist *ABC*.

"Absurd," rasped *Politico*, adding: "A *matador* is not like a metal-worker, a bricklayer, or a carpenter, and, therefore, the same civil laws should not prevail."

Mexican journals, however, openly charged the Spaniards with impotent envy.

"Men," cried *Universal*, "always use all means within reach to displace their competitors."

And *La Prensa*, tabloid, urged: "Let Mexicans return from a nation where they are feared."

NAZIS' HEROINES: Hess Puts Intellectualism Above Housewifely Virtues

In the cavernous depths of Berlin's giant Deutschland Hall one day last week, 20,000 feminine voices hummed as good cooks swapped recipes and doting mothers extolled the virtues of their model offspring. *Hausfrauen* all, they had dropped their brooms and dust-cloths in eager response to a summons of the Nazi nabobs to hear their problems discussed by an expert.

Suddenly their chatter died in mid-sentence, and a sigh of ecstasy fled from 20,000 bosoms like a gust of wind sweeping through a forest of saplings.

Every bright eye was riveted to the lithe, athletic figure mounting the rostrum; not Reichsführer Hitler, but Deputy Leader Rudolf Hess, the only man in the Realm permitted to address the Leader with the intimate German word *du* (thou).

Smiling and bowing at their applause, the No. 2 German stroked his dark mop of hair, caressing the jagged scar where a two-pound stein had found its mark in the 1923 Munich Beer Hall *putsch*. Then he proceeded to give his enraptured hearers a concise definition of the type of "women we can love."

New Ideal—"Not the *Gretchen* type," he told them, "represented abroad as a somewhat thickheaded or downright unintelligent being. But a woman who is intellectually capable of standing behind a man in his struggle for existence, and who can make his life more beautiful."

Not a few gasped their surprize. Under Wilhelm I, Frederick, and Wilhelm II they had been nurtured on the principles of *Kirche, Küche, Kinder* (Church, Kitchen, Children). When the Nazis came to power, the short-lived Republican equality of the sexes ended.

Only one girl matriculated in German universities for every nine boys. Women

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Armillita—Mexican bull-fighter (p. 14)—this is easy: *ar-mi-lee'tah.*

Josef Beck—Polish Foreign Minister (p. 16)—*Beck* is just *beck; Josef* is *yoo'sef.*

Manolo Bienvenida—Spanish bull-fighter (p. 15)—goes smoothly as *mahn'o-lo vee-en-veh-nee'dah.*

Paolo Thaon de Revel—Italy's Finance Minister (p. 13)—call him *day reh-val'.* The first names are *pah'oh-lo tah'on.*

Marcial Lalanda—head of the Bull-fighters' Union (p. 14)—the Spanish is *mar-thee-ahl' lah-lahn'dah.*

Ferruccio Lantini—Italian statesman (p. 13)—the full name is *feh-roo'chee-oh lahn-tee'nee.*

Edward Rydz-Smigly—Polish general p. 16)—the surname is *ritz smeeg'wee,* and *Edward* is *ed'-vard.*

Felicyan Slawog-Skladkowski—Premier of Poland (p. 16)—practically *feh-leece-yan' slah-voy' squad-kov'skee.*

lawyers found their cases shunted to juvenile courts. Of "female physicians" the official medical journal said: "They are double-sexed beings, to be rejected by the sound natural instinct of the people." Did Herr Hess mean all this was to be changed?

The Fight, monthly organ of the American League Against War and Fascism, does not think so. It points out that German industry welcomes those who fail to find husbands—no disgrace in a country with 1,900,000 more women than men—only in textile, tobacco, and paper factories. Many learn housework as "apprentice" domestics, working eleven hours a day for their keep.

Monetary Inducements—True, the offer of $300 marriage loans has lured many girls away from humble jobs, on their promise not to return so long as their husbands made $35 a month. The loans are canceled on the birth of the fourth child.

Considering their low position in the Nazi State, few intellectuals derived comfort from Herr Hess's blessing. Only two days before he spoke, the Reich press chamber had expelled Dr. Gertrude Beaumer, ex-Deputy and Editor of the monthly *Frau,* because she refused to join the Party.

Perhaps Hitler's aid was only reflecting the inconsistencies of his idol who, while prating about "men's natural rule as illustrated by the Wagnerian heroes," himself prefers, as *The New Yorker* remarks, "the Walküre type of lady who gets around on the public heights."

"ALLIES" FOR POLAND:

Beck Makes Round of Smaller Powers to Bid for Support

A broad smile masking the serious purpose of his trip, Col. Josef Beck, Poland's dark-visaged Foreign Minister, swung his long legs aboard an express for the Balkans in Warsaw's drab South Station one day last week. At his side were his pretty wife and three secretaries weighed down with bulging brief-cases.

The next day he alighted at Belgrade, Yugoslav Capital, and plunged into another of a series of conferences he has had with statesmen of friendly European nations.

In rapid succession he had called upon leaders in Belgium, Latvia, Estonia and Norway, broached with them problems arising out of the breakdown of the League of Nations resulting from Italy's move in Ethiopia and Germany's march into the Rhineland.

In Brussels Premier Paul Van Zeeland quickly hinted his own country's loss of faith in Geneva and welcomed Poland's cooperation in balancing the European defense scales against Germany.

Elated by this success, Colonel Beck now sought Yugoslav sympathy. He hoped to weaken the Little Entente, whose other members—Czechoslovakia and Rumania—are following France's anti-German and pro-Russian policy.

Worried Nations—Like the Little Entente members, Poland and Belgium are mainly concerned about keeping their present frontiers, while cautiously watching the big doings of the so-called "revisionist camp" headed by Italy and Germany.

Besides her hankering for *Anschluss* (union) with Austria, Germany fans the hopes of German minorities in Poland and Czechoslovakia for annexation to the fatherland, while Italy fosters Austrian and Hungarian aspirations for reclaiming part of Yugoslavia under a revived Hapsburg monarchy. Fearing Germany, Czechoslovakia befriends Russia, in keeping with the policy of France, her ally.

Aral Photo from Danfel

Col. Josef Beck: Poland would welcome a new realinement of European States

Having loosely bound Poland with Germany by a non-aggression treaty in 1934, the Polish Foreign Minister now hopes to cement Yugoslavia and Belgium by similar friendly agreements. In this manner he plans to deal a blow to the great Powers' control of European policies through the League.

Knowing that Yugoslavia is also a member of the Balkan Entente—which includes Rumania, Turkey and Greece, who are militantly opposed to any change in their political status—Colonel Beck shrewdly visualizes a new realinement in European States in northern and southern Europe that would prove most valuable to Poland.

Poland's present concern arises partly from France's act of signing a friendly treaty with Russia, whose Red agitators disturb Poland's peace by inciting her jobless, hungry peasants to revolt.

Troublesome Neighbors—Left at the mercy of Nazi Germany on the west and Bolshevik Russia on the east, Poland's statesman found his neutral policy threatened by Poland's traditional ally.

For years he managed to maintain an even balance between France and Germany, relying on France's unfailing cooperation and a strong League of Nations. In this he was supported by Ignaz Moscicki, Poland's scholarly President, until the Fascist wing of the Army came into power a few weeks ago.

Iron-fisted, the new ministry under the Premiership of Gen. Felicyan Slawog-Skladowski, stoutly opposed Colonel Beck's truckling to Nazi Germany and demanded a positive foreign policy. At home it declared war on the Nationalist opposition on the Right, and the Communists on the Left. But back of Poland's new Government looms the stalwart figure of Gen. Edward Rydz-Smigly, successor of Marshal Pilsudski as Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

Commenting on Poland's recent *rapprochement* with Belgium, the *Gazeta Polska* of Warsaw asserts that the "geographical position of Poland and Belgium makes it absolutely imperative for these countries to follow their own independent policy" so as not to become victims of the antagonisms that dominate the bigger Powers. It advises Belgium, however, to keep away from "all hostilities not affecting her own interests directly."

Further Comment—"Germany has tried to create the impression," remarks the Nationalist newspaper *Dziennik Narodowy* of Piotrkow, Poland, "that the Polish-German agreement means much more than mere normalization of neighborly relations and that Germany has won Poland as an ally and faithful partner in her Eastern European policy. Unfortunately, our diplomacy did not prevent such a view from penetrating the minds of European nations, and therefore the much-needed *detente* on our Western frontier only spoiled relations with our old allies."

Referring to Gen. Slawog-Skladowski as "the symbol of the new Government's program," the newspaper *Kurjer Poranny* of Warsaw declared that in the present international situation, in the warlike atmosphere prevailing in Europe, Poland can not fail to arm.

"SHERWOOD FOREST":

Bandit Leader in Manchukuo Helps Poor and Fights Japanese

Before mud-walled villages of Niaoning, mountainous Province of western Manchukuo, lurked bands of *hunghutzu,* patriotic bandits, last week, repairing their long padded coats, polishing their antique carbines, and tying colored tassels to their lances and Mauser pistols.

At midnight, when dark enshrouded the little thatched peasant huts, bandit leaders gave the command: "Attack! Take what you can. Shoot to kill only if necessary!" With blood-curdling yelps, the *hunghutzu* leaped the walls—and the raids were on.

Having captured a village, the bandits, in Robin Hood fashion, robbed the rich and fed the poor. Extermination expeditions by Japanese troops have so far failed to uproot them. Eventually they hope to combine their guerrilla bands in a great patriotic army to sweep the Japanese from the land of the Manchus.

The "brains" behind one of the most dreaded of these marauding gangs is a Mukden school-teacher named Wang Lichuan, who, because of anti-Japanese agitation, had to take to the hills.

Writing in the current *Asia,* Wang Lichuan tells how a wise friend, hearing of his disgust that the Nanking Central Government of China made no move to dislodge the invaders, advised him to join "Old Ladder," a patriotic bandit in the Dark Mountain district, where the fertile plains of the River Liao sweep up to the craggy ranges of Jehol. Starting with this nucleus, the school-teacher dreamed of "building up an anti-Japanese force among the lower classes."

"Old Ladder," with fifty or sixty adherents, he learned, wandered freely about western Niaoning, because the common people loved him and warned him of pursuit. Tho for ten years he had been a robber by profession, "Old Ladder" had never "killed a man, burned a house, or raped a woman." But two or three times a year, acting on the advice of the poor peasants, he kidnaped a merchant or a banker who could afford to shell out $50,000 to $500,000 for his freedom.

Charitable Outlaw—For himself "Old Ladder" kept little. The rest he distributed to the destitute.

"If such is the character of this man," said the school-teacher who wanted to be a bandit, "I wouldn't call him a bandit. He is really a hero of the people."

"Under a corrupt Government, there are many such heroes of the people," answered his wise friend.

Disguising himself in beggarly attire, Wang Li-chuan set out to find his bandit hero; and after many adventures, during which he was nearly slain as a Japanese spy, he discovered that the bandits had a language of their own. Only by mastering it, could he be accepted.

"You must speak to them thus," counseled an ancient peasant on the roadside. "When you meet them, you say: 'Which mountain head—meaning gang—do you report to; and who is your blue handle—meaning bandit chief?' If they say that their blue handle is 'Old Ladder,' then you say you are rowing to—meaning trying to find—'Old Ladder.' Thus you will find your way."

Having learned these passages by heart, Wang Li-chuan set out again, subsisting on the open-portaled hospitality of the peasants. Near the village of Sung Chia Oh Pao, far in the west, a group of horsemen blocked his path.

"I am rowing to 'Old Ladder,'" piped the novice. "Brethren, which mountain head do you report to, and who is your blue handle?"

"Oh, no!" bellowed the bandits, leaping from their horses. "He is speaking in the wrong accent. He isn't a native of this place, and he lies when he says he is rowing to 'Old Ladder.' Let us strip him."

Lost Wardrobe—And strip him they did. They took his "sky supporter" (hat), his "kicking mud" (shoes), his pen, watch, and purse. Only after long entreaty was he spared sufficient clothes to cover his utter nakedness.

In freezing weather, too excited to feel cold, he hurried on, impervious to peasants who pointed him out as "another victim of the bandits." Finally, at Yao Chia Oh Pao, he came into the presence of his hero. So convincingly did he tell his story that he was promptly accepted into "Old Ladder's" gang.

"Don't worry about your clothes," the bandit assured him. "You will get them back."

And sure enough, before nightfall the horsemen who had stripped him returned, laid down his "sky supporter" and his "kicking mud," and humbly apologized. "Thus I saw," records Wang Li-chuan, as his first lesson, "how in the world of bandits, the leader holds undisputed authority over his subjects and commands respect."

He learned other lessons, too. That bandits, for instance, have inviolable codes of their own. To win the coveted title of "a playing man" (a fine fellow) no bandit may kill unless the victim "deserves killing"; he may not burn down a house, unless the owner "deserves to have his house burned." Above all, he must "help the weak." A bandit who slays a poor man or abuses a helpless woman is stigmatized as a *pariah* and may be killed by his fellows.

Effective Propaganda—Having learned, with anguish, to ride a horse—it was a donkey, to begin with—the former school-teacher set about writing placards with anti-Japanese slogans. These he plastered on village walls and nailed to highway trees. Villagers, reading them, at first exclaimed in surprize that bandits should thus openly proclaim themselves. Then, their patriotism aroused, they clenched their fists, stamped their feet, and cried: "Let us join 'Old Ladder!'"

Within two weeks the bandit army doubled. With recruits pouring in, and other bandit forces amalgamated, "Old Ladder" and Wang Li-chuan organized "the Northeastern People's National Salvation Army."

Soon, adjacent Japanese troops got wind of their movements, and sent planes circling overhead to spy on them. Attempts to buy "Old Ladder" off came next. A Japanese-educated Chinese offered them arms and funds if they would "remain neutral" and "maintain order." In short order 10,000 bullets and two car-loads of padded clothes were shipped into camp.

Finally a Japanese envoy bobbed up with this proposal: "An attack is being planned on the city of Sinmin (rich trading center near the River Liao). To evade the placing of any blame on the Japanese by the League of Nations, the attack must be led by Chinese troops with Japanese reenforcements behind them. Your troops are therefore invited to perform this task. As a reward, you may loot the city freely."

"Old Ladder" hemmed and trimmed, protesting that his army of 500 was still unorganized, half his men still unarmed. For weeks this jockeying went on, the bandits maneuvering for more guns and bullets; the Japanese for action.

Vengeance Taken—At length, exasperated, the Japanese tried action of their own. Trapping five bandits, the Nippon troops tortured them with bayonets. Only one managed to escape alive and limp back to camp with his story.

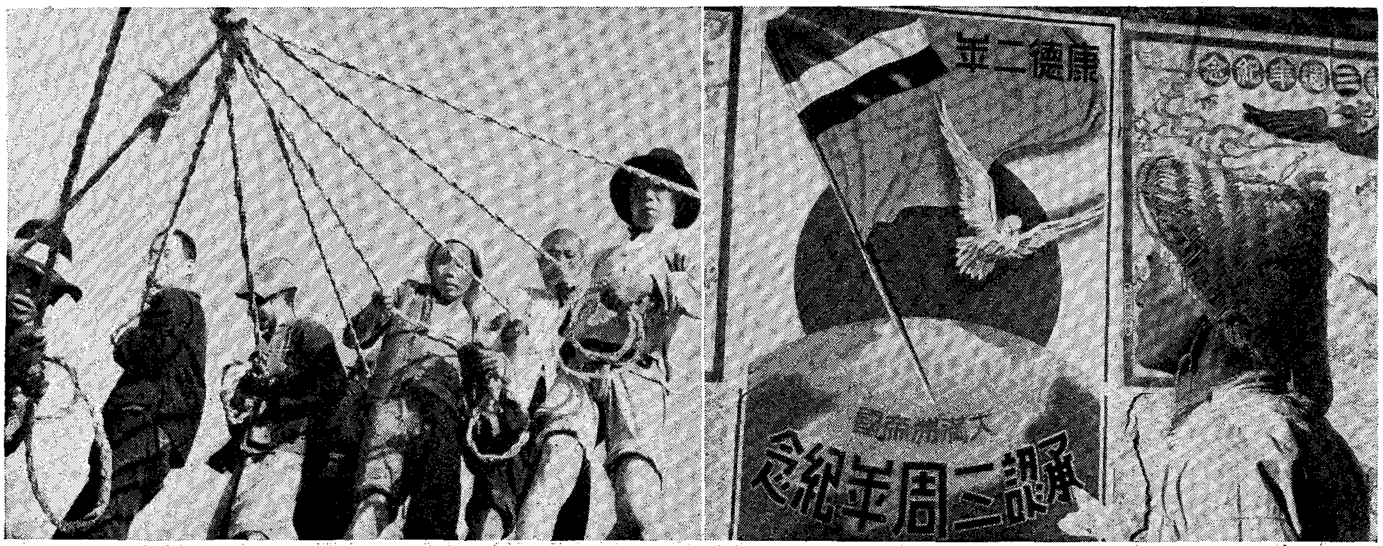
Now "Old Ladder" yearned for revenge. Hearing that the Japanese were attacking a village five miles away, the bandits galloped to its defense. They quietly bottled up the attackers in a basin surrounded by hills; and, at a signal, cut them down with a rain of lead. Only eight out of eighty-odd Japanese escaped.

Elated, they counted up the trophies of victory: four machine-guns, seventy-six modern rifles, two car-loads of bullets, sixty-four horses (including thirty-one dead ones), and a supply of heavy overcoats. More important, however, was the moral triumph, and the discovery that the "Japanese are no deadly foes."

Enraged, the Japanese sent 500 soldiers to badger them. Short of ammunition, the bandits now retreated, sleeping by day, climbing the mountains by night. Planes bombed them from the skies; cannons boomed at their heels.

Yet they managed to keep their pursuers at a distance until, by spreading false rumors of a fierce attack by the "National Salvation Army" on Japanese-conquered Sinmin, they eluded the foe. In the little village of Wang-sang-hu-tsen, where they withdrew to celebrate the New Year, villagers rewarded them with fifty-seven head of oxen.

And so they feasted and dreamed of a powerful, reunited China.


康德二年
大滿洲帝國
承詔三周年紀念

Julien Bryan Photos

Human pile-drivers in Manchukuo are potential anti-Japanese "patriots": (right) a Manchurian native glumly surveys Japan's Rising Sun, the dove of peace, and the proclamation of Manchukuo's fourth anniversary.

SUGAR SICKNESS: MANY IN U. S. HAVE IT

Diabetics Enabled to Live Normal Life-Span; Cure Is Sought

In New York a brilliant lecturer, speaking at a dinner before a thousand smartly-dressed people, bedazzles them with his eloquence. They would be shocked, probably, to know that just before the dinner he had stepped into an anteroom, taken a hypodermic syringe from his pocket, and injected himself in the arm with a colorless, clear liquid.

In England, an internationally famous author, writer of a recent motion-picture of the future, begins his day with an injection of the same bright fluid. About 200,000 of his countrymen do the same. In America possibly 1,000,000 persons depend for their very lives on this liquid, which is no drug, but a substance their bodies lack, and which must be supplied from outside.

They are diabetics. The colorless liquid is insulin, extracted from the pancreases of slaughter-house animals, purified, and sent all over the world to keep life and health in people who otherwise would have died a slow, emaciated death, half-starved, poisoned from within.

Diabetes is generally supposed to be a disease of adults, but the New York Diabetes Association this week dramatized the fact that children have it too. This summer the association will open its first summer camp for diabetic children. About three in every hundred diabetics are youngsters under fifteen; many are as young as five or six.

Bright, Tho Ill—No ordinary youngsters are these. For some unexplained reason, children diabetics tend to be big for their age, and precocious. Quickly they learn that life, for them, depends on self-control; on measured diet, regulated exercise, and just the right amount of insulin.

Every week-end next month will find New York's railway stations filled with happy, whooping children bound for summer camps or visits to the country. A little, separate group will be forming, too, at one of the train-gates; a knot of precocious, alert youngsters, as happy and excited as any. Each will carry in a handy pocket his little packet containing a syringe, a bottle of insulin, alcohol and gauze, and a lump or two of sugar in case of an accidental insulin overdose.

At the camp, near Cornwall, New York, they will be taught how to take exercise, which affects diabetics somewhat like insulin. Too little produces the dreaded diabetic coma. Too much reduces the blood sugar, and may bring on weakness, trembling, hysteria and shock.

Between these two extremes the diabetic must always live, regulating his eating, his insulin and his exercise like a wild three-horse team. After he has learned, the trick is comparatively easy. Diabetics live as long and as happily these days as any normal person—perhaps longer, for they take better care of themselves.

Normal people often ask diabetics what it is like to live such a measured life. The question was answered clearly recently by a fifteen-year-old diabetic, Letitia R. Duffy, of Quakertown, Pennsylvania. Letitia, who contracted diabetes when she was five, wrote a prize-winning essay for *Current Science,* a school newspaper.

"When I get up in the morning, I get out my insulin kit," explained Letitia. "I remove all the things from the kit. I take the wire, which keeps the needle from rusting, out of the needle . . . and rinse the syringe in alcohol, take the tweezers and dip a piece of cotton in the alcohol.

"I rub either my arm or leg, the muscle part, with the cotton. Now I measure the insulin by sticking the syringe into the rubber top of the bottle and draw the plunger back. . . . Then, stick! There, it's in. It takes only a minute and doesn't hurt at all, if the needle is sharp.

Wide World

Sir Frederick Grant Banting looked like a farmer, but got his laboratory anyway

"After all this trouble, I must wait twenty minutes until I may eat. The reason for this is to give the insulin ample time to go to all parts of my body. . . .

"For measuring my food I use a gram scale. I get 200 grams of a five per cent. vegetable [foods are graded according to carbohydrate content] for supper, which comprises 100 grams of a 10 per cent. fruit, thirty grams of meat, 100 grams of milk and fifteen grams of bread. . . .

Figuring Needed—"The doctor gave me the interesting problem of working out the number of crackers I should eat to a certain amount of exercise between meals. How would you like to figure this out?

"When the time comes for bed I have a little more measuring to do. That is, I take a sugar test to find out if I really did work out the cracker problem correctly. The testing solution I use turns different colors when boiled, according to the amount of surplus sugar I have. . . ."

Letitia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duffy, of Philadelphia, but she lives with her aunt at Quakertown to get the fresh air and outdoor exercise. She is five feet in height, weighs 135 pounds and is the picture of health.

A ninth grade student, she plays baseball and basketball for girls, rides her bicycle several miles a day, and can be found at her favorite swimming-pool any warm spring day. At school she excels in art. Popular among her classmates, she is usually the life of the group at parties to which she always goes with a box of specially weighed and prepared food.

It is possible these days for all diabetics to lead such a healthy, normal existence, thanks to the discovery, in 1921, of the precious insulin that gives them life.

Diabetes is a disease caused by failure of one of the body's glands to produce enough of its characteristic hormone. The pancreas, a beefy, tongue-shaped organ about the size of a hand, lying behind the stomach, has a double task to perform. It pours into the intestine copious supplies of a digestive ferment needed to change the food into a form suitable for the body's use. Its other task is to secrete directly into the blood a supply of insulin, which makes it possible for the body to utilize the sugar in the blood.

The insulin is produced by a million or more tiny nodules in the gland, called the *islands of Langerhans,* after their discoverer, Dr. Paul Langerhans, a German physiologist, who first saw them under his microscope in 1869.

In diabetes, something happens to these *islands*. They cease to pour out their life-giving insulin. Then, the sugar and other carbohydrates are digested and absorbed into the blood, the body can not use them. The sugar is eliminated through the kidneys. The victim, tormented by inordinate thirst and consuming hunger, loses weight and strength. Presently, if untreated, he goes into a coma and dies.

Terror Conquered—Almost inevitable was this death before 1921. Most diabetics had to choose between slow starvation or rapid death from coma.

Then came youthful Dr. Frederick Grant Banting, and insulin.

Almost penniless in 1920 Doctor Banting called at the University of Toronto and asked and received from Prof. J. J. R. McLeod, head of the Department of Physiology, ten dogs and the use of a laboratory for eight weeks to make his experiments. Dr. Charles H. Best, twenty-one, trained in the study of sugar metabolism, became his assistant.

By July, 1921, they were able to keep a diabetic dog alive by repeated injections of a crude, half-poisonous substance which Banting and Best extracted from the pancreas. They called the solution "isletin" after the *islands of Langerhans.*

At the Toronto General Hospital on January 12, 1922, a boy named Leonard Thompson, fourteen, was the first diabetic to receive the treatment. Thompson gained rapidly under the treatment—was alive until last year, when he died—not of diabetes, but pneumonia.

Doctor Banting, created a Knight Commander of the British Empire in 1934, is to-day at forty-five Professor of the Banting and Best Department of Medical Research at the University of Toronto. He was, at thirty-one, one of the youngest scientists ever to make a major discovery in medicine; the first scientist in North America to receive a government pension for his work. Canada in 1923 voted him $7,500 a year for life.

Patients Protected—Insulin now is made cheaply and quickly. To protect diabetics from exploitation, Doctor Banting patented his discovery. The patent was assigned to a specially-created organization, the Insulin Committee of the University of Toronto, which licenses drug manufacturers to make the substance under rigid control. Because of this, diabetics can get it anywhere, in standard strength, at low prices.

The average diabetic uses about forty units of the solution a day. Most mild cases require only one injection, usually in the morning. More severe cases need shots before each meal.

The cost of insulin amounts to about $1 a week. It comes in small bottles fitted with rubber caps through which the needle of the hypodermic may be plunged without spilling the liquid.

The injection does not hurt, but it is often embarrassing to sufferers. They find it wise therefore to be secretive.

Even then the risk is ever-present. A diabetic patient, accompanying his physician to a medical convention, took his insulin in a hotel wash-room. An unwitting employee suspected him of drug addiction. The physician found his patient at the police station trying to get his needle back.

Sufferers usually receive identity cards from their doctors. This often does not spare them ejection from a hotel at the hands of an ignorant detective.

Also the diabetic continually faces the danger of insulin shock. Doses are injected a few minutes before meal-time, but if the meal is delayed the remaining sugar in the blood may be rapidly used up and the shock intervene before more arrives.

Sometimes this is fatal; sometimes it produces only nervous excitement.

Organizations Formed—On account of this rigorous design for living, diabetics tend to draw together for mutual help and encouragement. England's 200,000 sufferers have their own society, with H. G. Wells as President. It is the Diabetic Association.

In the United States diabetics are less organized. There are societies, but their chief work is raising funds to help sufferers. The New York Diabetic Association is affiliated with the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association. In Philadelphia diabetics have a Metabolic Association. In Cincinnati the City Public Health Federation has a diabetic committee.

Diabetes is no respecter of persons; rich, poor, famous and unknown alike have it. Famous men who were diabetics include Thomas Edison, Georges Clemenceau, Marshal Joffre, George Eastman. All these carried their little packets of insulin and syringe.

Tho injected insulin takes the place of the substance normally supplied by the pancreas, there is this difference: the diabetic always has either too much insulin or too little, whereas normally the gland furnishes it continuously in small amounts, as needed.

However, a new substance may overcome the variation in action of the insulin on the blood-stream. It is called protamin insulin, which was announced last January by Dr. H. C. Hagedorn, of the Steno Memorial Hospital, Copenhagen, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It is made by mixing ordinary insulin with a substance extracted from the sperm of the salmon.

This new solution still is in the experimental stage, and is being tested by Doctor Best, among others, in Toronto. Dr. Howard F. Root and his associates at the New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston, said that "it would appear as if a new revolution in the treatment of diabetes must follow."

NEW COLOR AGE: Cities of Multihued Cast Stone Foreshadowed at Convention

A brown boat with a bright yellow sail bobbed on a dark blue sea o'ercast by an orange sun—all in cement.

Visitors at the wall-panel and building design show of the Cast Stone Institute in the Hotel Roosevelt last week saw this vision of "The Shape of Things to Come." And John J. Earley, pioneer in the field of cast stone, had a chance to gage the rapid development of an art to which the major part of his life has been devoted.

"Our cities will be transformed," he said, his eyes upon some far vision of his own, "into a panorama of color rivaling the Grand Canyon!"

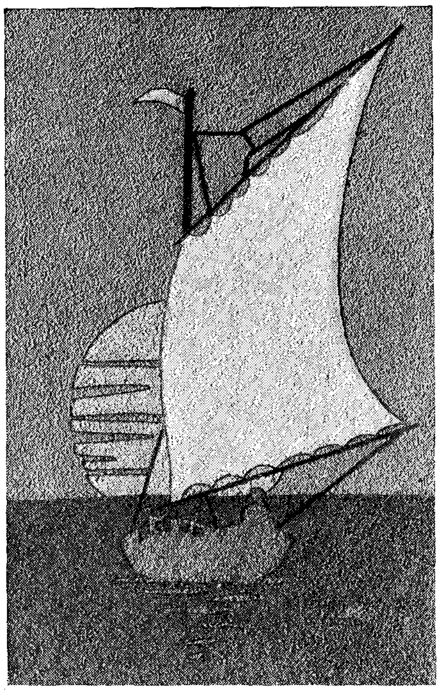
None of Earley's pieces were among those exhibited in the show because all are incorporated into buildings. To see them, one must visit the central court of the new Department of Justice Building in Washington or gaze upon the bright blue expanse of the WCAU Building in Philadelphia. In Chicago, one may see the astonishing lace-like dome of the Baha'i Temple and the Lorado Taft Fountain of Time.

Pioneers in Field—The work other craftsmen have taken up with the results shown in the exhibition last week began twenty years ago when Cass Gilbert, the architect, called in a young sculptor with the build of a football player and the eyes of a pioneer and asked him to improve the appearance of the wall of Meriden Hill Park in Washington, D. C.

That job set John J. Earley, son and grandson of ecclesiastical sculptors, thinking about the future of concrete as a building material. He began experimenting with colored cement cast with metal strips or mold ridges to separate the colors while they were wet.

After the cement set, but before it dried, he removed the mold and brushed the resulting plaque with a wire brush to bring out the brilliant colors of a new and imperishable building art form.

The use of colors is the latest step in transforming an ancient building material into cast stone suitable for highways withstanding the hardest wear or the most delicate mosaics. But the first step was made centuries ago when some unsung genius in the shadow of Vesuvius mixed volcanic ash, lime, rubble and water and obtained a cement which hardened under water. The Romans subsequently made use of this material, called *pozzulon*, in their great public buildings and highways. The Castle Sant' Angelo in Rome was built of concrete in 138 A.D. and is still in use.



A brown boat with yellow sails glides over a blue sea, under an orange sun—all in cement

But when the ancient Roman Empire fell, the secret of concrete died with it. Cast stone was a lost art until John Smeaton in the eighteenth century contracted to rebuild the Eddystone Lighthouse off the southwest coast of England. Making a thorough survey of possible materials, Smeaton burned some impure limestone at a low temperature and opened up the secret which had puzzled the middle ages.

Secrets of Science—The crude product of Smeaton's day bears little resemblance to modern, scientifically-compounded Portland* cement. Research has disclosed the complicated chemical-physical reactions through which concrete goes when it is setting. Chemists know what proportions of lime, silica, alumina and iron oxid offer the best results.

Variations in the formula yield cements which have "high early strength," superior wearing quality or exceptional resistance to stress.

The ancient Romans, for all their skill with concrete, never could have built our enormous dams; their crude mixture of lime and volcanic ash would have crumpled like mud before the water pressure.

So important to the performance of concrete is the "aggregate," the sand, gravel or other material mixed with the cement, that the Portland Cement Association in Chicago has established a "sand library" of aggregates available in different parts of the country. More than 3,000 bottle samples have been analyzed by experts and labeled as to the percentage of their ingredients.

Last year, 76,000,000 barrels of Portland cement were made in America, 20,000,000 barrels of which went into buildings and 18,500,000 into roads.

* * *

Lassen Peak, in California, only live volcano in the United States, is showing signs of internal uneasiness, breaking a period of quiet that began twenty-one years ago after a furious eruption of a year's duration. The National Park Service reports new steam-jets spurting from the mountain's slopes, and 124 earthquake shocks in ten days. Mt. Lassen signed off last on May 22, 1915, after it had fired a pair of broadsides like a battle-ship's, tearing a hole in the mountainside and instantly cutting a gash four miles long and one-quarter of a mile wide through the forest on the slope.

* * *

Plants that "smell" don't like some odors any more than animals. Scientists of the Radebeul Biological Station, near Dresden, Germany, have just reported experiments in which seedlings of rye, lupines, and cress were exposed to various scents. That of ripe apples was markedly stimulating, but peppermint had a strongly depressing effect.

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*Cement looked so much like the stone quarried on the Isle of Portland, England, that it received the name.

STAGE'S POLITICS NEVER CHANGES

The Players Revive "The County Chairman" Without a Creak

The colloquial native plays which stand the battering of time are so few as to surround them with a special flavor. Customarily, there is nothing so rickety as a ten-year-old play, nothing such an absurd shambles as a twenty-year-old play.

Apart from these, and high in the company of the elect, is George Ade's comedy on American politics, "The County Chairman."

The Players, who for fourteen years have restored the best in the theater for a brief week or two annually, chose "The County Chairman" this year for a variety of reasons. Chief among them was the conviction that a political comedy would be favored in an election year.

Secondarily, was the notion that the play was the "Of Thee I Sing" of its era. Written and produced for the season of 1903-04, it first completely won Chicago, then came East to New York to repeat its triumph.

Author's Belief—Ade always believed in his play. As he wrote it, page by page, his conviction grew that "The County Chairman" was a native play of such singular rightness that no audience could resist it. It was in such a mood of victory that he sold it to Col. Henry W. Savage. He even imbued Colonel Savage with the same enthusiasm.

Alas, the Colonel's enthusiasm melted straight down to zero when the play was tried out of town. Accustomed to musical comedies, and the incessant tinkering that goes into making them, he still believed a success might be made of the play. But he foresaw months of carpentering, hewing, smoothing and rewriting.

Ade likewise had wrestled and groaned with musical comedies and had no intention of mauling his first "regular" play. On the train back to Chicago, Colonel Savage confided to Ade his fears. Ade refused to countenance any major changes, and gambled on his uncanny sense of what audiences wanted. He won.

Altho a village audience, at the tryout, had been excessively bored, a city audience in Chicago took the play to its heart.

Two things arise to view out of the 1936 revival. One, that the years do not change an American voter. Two, that the now-celebrated and constantly discussed playwrighting formula—boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl—was as good and sound thirty-three years ago as it is to-day.

"The County Chairman" is a complexity of formulas. Its plot is a formula, its subplot is a formula, its characterizations are so safe and sound as to be playable a century hence. Even its humor is cut to formula lines.

Doubted Timeliness—Ade was not certain even that 1903 was the proper period for his comedy of rustic politics. It seemed to him that 1903 was too modern for his story. So he set it in the 'eighties.

Looking back, he would have been, in the light of to-day's opinion of 1903, perfectly safe in making the period contemporary. "The County Chairman" is ageless. All it asks for the 'eighties, for 1903, or even 1936, is that its locale be rural enough.

In all three periods politicians were motivated alike. They sought the favor of the voter, complained about what the Administration was doing or not doing for business, and wondered what political trick could be depended on to win the vote of the discontented farmers.

Straight Production—The production made by The Players is straightforward, there is no self-conscious smirking because the vehicle is an antique. And, at the head of a notable company, is Charles Coburn in the title-rôle.

There have been four exceptional *County Chairmen*. Maclyn Arbuckle, who created the rôle, never has been equaled. Thereafter, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Hamilton attempted the part with mixed success.

For the films, Will Rogers played it extraordinarily well. Mr. Coburn's performance surpasses that of any of the latter three, virtually matches the Arbuckle performance.

Critical Opinions—Burns Mantle, New York *Daily News:* "Types are still popular. 'Tobacco Road' proves that. As 'Abie' proved it some years back. Models change, but the interest in human oddities will endure to the end of time. The Players' production is complete and satisfying."

John Harkins, New York *American:* "It is field-day for The Players . . . and something of a Broadway memorial for Ade."

Ade Add—In a foot-note to the play-bill, Mr. Ade writes:

"I am wondering how it will strike a new crop of playgoers who have been getting a more sophisticated and subtle type of 'problem' drama. 'The County Chairman' contains no mystery, sex, crime, or triangular complications. It deals with neighborhood factions and local political feuds in a decidedly one-horse town.

"It is homely and it is largely an attempt to go back to the queer 'O's, which preceded the gay 'nineties, and reproduce something of the temper and atmosphere and crudities among the corn-fed natives, far from the allurements and distracting influences of any big city."

LAUGH MODEL: From "The Thin Man" Pattern Stems "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"

This would seem to be the cinema's Hilarity Week, two exceptionally fine, exceptionally frivolous new motion-pictures arriving to establish comedy triumphs.

Ever since a slick, knowing detective film called "The Thin Man" swept across the country's screens it has been the aim of

WHEELER
BOSS RULE
JUDGE RIGBY STANDS FOR HONESTY
WHEELER IS OWNED BY HACKLE DOWN WITH
WHEELER IS A KID

Culver Photo

Vandamm Studio

Two versions of "The County Chairman": (left) In 1903, Maclyn Arbuckle (sitting in front of the tree) created the title-role; (right) Charles Coburn played the same part in the 1936 production

William Powell and Jean Arthur in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," Hollywood's latest attempt to duplicate the success of "The Thin Man," in which Powell also appeared

every picture-maker in Hollywood to equal it. Long ago they ceased hoping to better it.

The nearest approach to the exact rightness of that celebrated photoplay is "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," which jumbles murder, duplicity, shenanigans and high-voltage foolishness together in an amiable success. Some critics, after careful weighing of all the values, may give the new picture place right alongside "The Thin Man."

It would not be astonishing to find a few critics describing it as better. One or two already have.

It is a crisp, sparkling picture, from a story by James Edward Grant.

Anthony Veiller took it and made of it a scenario laden with furiously witty lines, freighted with hilariously contrived scenes.

Crisp Action—In it, Dr. Bradford, through a series of misadventures mainly contrived by his divorced wife, finds himself in danger of wanting to remarry her, in danger of underworld vengeance, in danger of punishment at the hands of race-track characters, and in danger of arrest by police on charges of murder.

Having placed him in this four-way peril, she lets him do most of the work of extricating himself from the situation. He does extricate himself from three of the dangers, loses on the point of remarrying *Paula.*

As in "The Thin Man," the work of being debonair, amusing, a skilled detective, and a glamourous coiner of felicitous phrases rests with William Powell. He is the *Dr. Bradford,* and his performance in every respect is equal to that he made in the previous film.

The cinema's spinning and capricious wheel of success appears to be carrying Miss Jean Arthur on its rim. A few years ago she was in Hollywood, she was liked, but no gravely important rôles came her way.

She departed for New York, established herself in the theater, then waited for the studios to send for her, offering more money and bigger parts.

They did.

They did to such an extent that she now is one of the most sought-after leading women in Hollywood, and, within six weeks, has been leading woman in two unusually fine pictures: the still sensational "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and the present "Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

In these pictures support is given by James Gleason, Eric Blore, and others of similar caste in the upper brackets of film-work. The newest is an RKO-Radio Picture.

Critical Opinion—Leo Mishkin, New York *Morning Telegraph:* "The most elegant piece of foolery in many a long month. . . . Indeed, if I were not afraid of being blasted for heresy, I would even say that it's the equal, if not the better, of 'The Thin Man,' and greater praise hath no man."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"These Three"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures."

AAA—"Follow the Fleet"; "Desire"; "The Singing Kid"; "Sons O'Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirates."

The ratings are: *AAAA,* Excellent; *AAA,* Good; *AA,* Acceptable, and *A,* Poor.

REUNITED FUN-MAKERS:

Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in Sleep-Walking Hilarity

For three years, beginning with an episode in Paramount's engaging fantasy of the period, "If I Had a Million," one of the most successful comedy teams in the history of the films has been Mary Boland-Charles Ruggles.

The team was temporarily disrupted last Fall, when Miss Boland came to New York to play the *Queen* in the musical comedy "Jubilee." Before that production ended its run, she withdrew from the cast and returned to Hollywood to rejoin Mr. Ruggles for the first of a series starring them in light screen comedies.

The first of these is "Early to Bed," a frivol of no painstaking plot but eminently satisfying as screen fare. The plot, indeed, is so light it might almost be described in a score of words:

Married after a twenty-years' engagement, they combine a business trip and honeymoon.

Ruggles, a sleep-walker, rambles into a jewelry robbery and a murder.

His blundering bride extricates him, he lands a two million gross order for glass eyes, is promoted.

Film-Making Experts—Lucien Littlefield and Chandler Sprague, in a moment of unresisted whimsy, provided the plot.

On its slender frame, Scenarist Arthur Kober built a story which gives the comic stars every opportunity to score. Director Norman McLeod put them through the eight reels with remarkable skill and the result is very funny.

There is not in the current cinema a funnier scene than that of *Tessie,* the bride, waking to find herself deserted by her sleep-walking bridegroom.

She has hidden the key to their suite in a feather pillow.

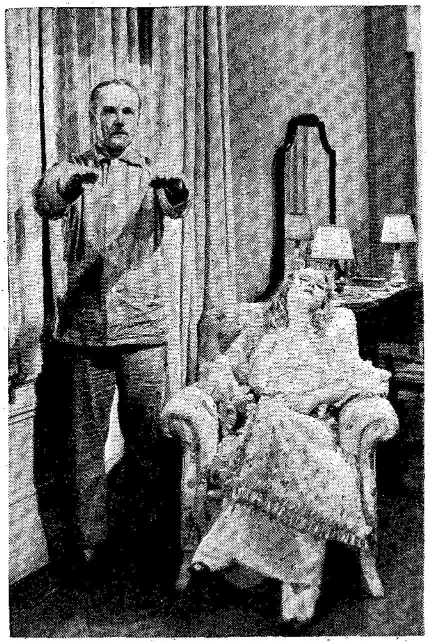
The door is locked. In a frenzy to go out and find him she starts clawing for the key, ending up in a torrent of feathers and confusion.

There are many alert, small touches supplied by the Director. Mr. Littlefield, if one wonders what an actor-author looks like, may be found in the cast in the rôle of *Mr. O'Leary.*

Critical Opinion—*The Hollywood Reporter:* "A hilarious farcical comedy that garners its laughs in a steady stream from the first scene to the last. . . . From its writing and direction to the playing of the smallest bits, this new Boland-Ruggles vehicle registers."

Daily Variety: "There is one sure test for good comedy: does it make folks laugh? By that token, 'Early to Bed' is one of the best.

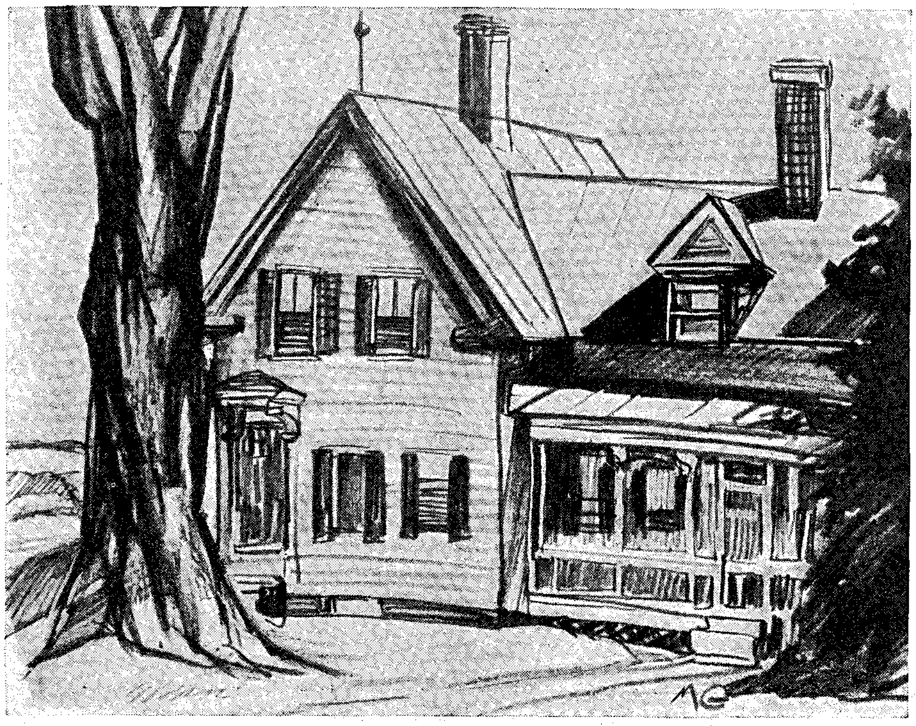
"It is filled with solid guffaws, projected by those expert comedians, Mary Boland-Charles Ruggles."



A sleep-walker and his wife: Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in "Early to Bed"

ART FROM UNDER GREEN EYE-SHADES

Harried Reporters and Editors Flash Talents on Canvas



The creator of "Louie, Dot Dope" in a more serious mood: "Farm House, Oakland, Maine," by Milt ("Dunt Esk") Gross

Behind the green eye-shades of thousands of harried reporters, copy-readers, and editors in hundreds of American newspaper offices lie talents not always revealed in the somber type that represents their daily bread and butter. Many a district man or capitol correspondent has been "graduated" from the city-room to the fame of playwrights and novelists, and in every cub's breast there stirs the passionate yearning to leave his mark upon the broad highway of literature.

Perhaps less common, but no less natural, is the creative talent that turns from typewriter-keys to brush and palet. This week, Emily Francis, gray-haired Founder President of Contemporary Arts, threw open the galleries of that organization to all New York newspaper men and women who paint. More than fifty responded with seventy oils and water-colors to line the gray-tinted walls of two large rooms.

Veteran Reporter—One of the best known exhibitors is the veteran crime reporter of the New York City News Association, DeHirsch Margules, who has his own gallery, "Another Place," in Greenwich Village, New York, tho his pastoral oils, "Rainy Weather, Huntington, Massachusetts," and "Model T at East Gloucester," are a far cry from Washington Square.

Others showing at the gallery are Ralph Fry, who describes himself as "just a reporter" for the New York *American*, whose "Ship" expresses a far-away longing for the sea; W. E. Walton, who handles Latin-American dispatches for the Associated Press, and who set up his easel under a green tree; and Henry A. Miller, advertising copy-writer for a national magazine, who also sticks to peaceful landscapes.

Hype Igoe, sports-writing master of slang, forwarded his offerings from the training-camps of Joe Louis and Max Schmeling, where he was busy watching the two heavy-weight prize-fighters prepare for their fistic duel.

George Seldes, biographer of dictators, took time off from his book, "Sawdust Cæsars," to send three oils; and Arthur Leduc, editorial writer for the New York *Evening Journal*, explaining that "it's time the old man had a break, because every one else glorifies mother," submitted a portrait of "Father."

Except for "Ringside Press," by Pedro Llanuza, only two exhibits are related to the journalist's observation of men and events in his daily routine: Albert Hirschfield's "Supreme Court," and H. H. Knight's burlesque of "Al" Smith.

The predilection of the men is toward oils. Newspaper women, including Peggy O'Reilly and Esther A. Coster, both of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, favor water-colors.

Not as a "hobby" exhibit did Miss Francis arrange this newspaper folk's show as the final one of her gallery's season. Belief in modern art, and in the ownership of paintings by as great a number of persons as possible, is the driving impulse of this keen, earnest New Zealander whose non-profit organization, since 1929, has striven to bring young artists and the public closer together.

She has sought to awaken in the tired business man and housewife an interest in acquiring canvases.

Instalment Art—She emphasizes that some of the pictures she displays can be picked up for the price of a supper or two at the Ritz. Others she sells on the instalment plan.

From her gallery full-time, established painters have gone out to the beginning of their fame. John Kane, nationally recognized as a portrayer of America's industrial cities before his death in 1934, had his first New York showing there.

This week the Press has the floor—or, rather, the walls.

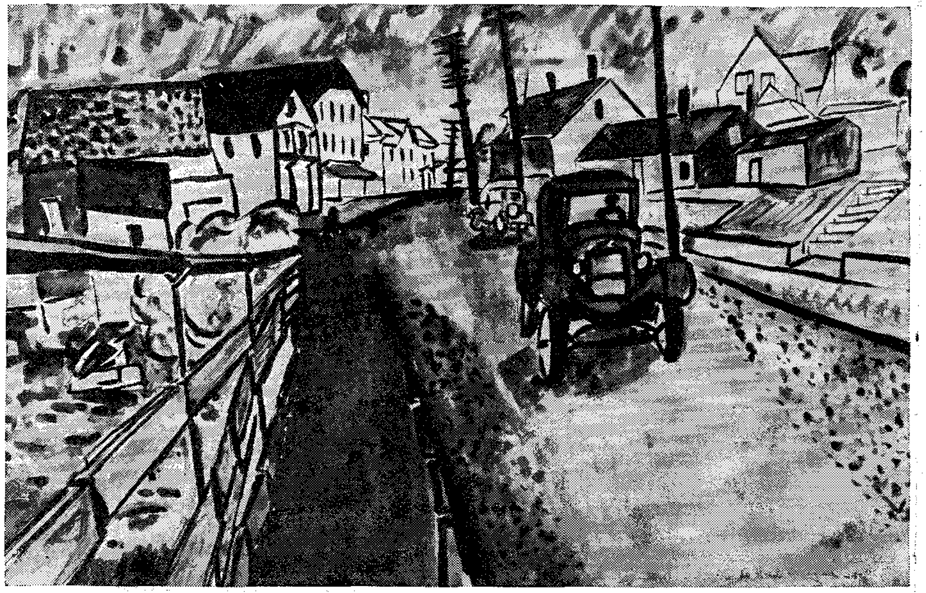
BOOKS OF THE WEEK:

Circus Life, Down East and a Surgeon's Life Find Portrayers

This Way to the Big Show: The Life of Dexter Fellows. By Dexter Fellows and Andrew A. Freeman. 326 pp. (New York: The Viking Press; $3.50.)

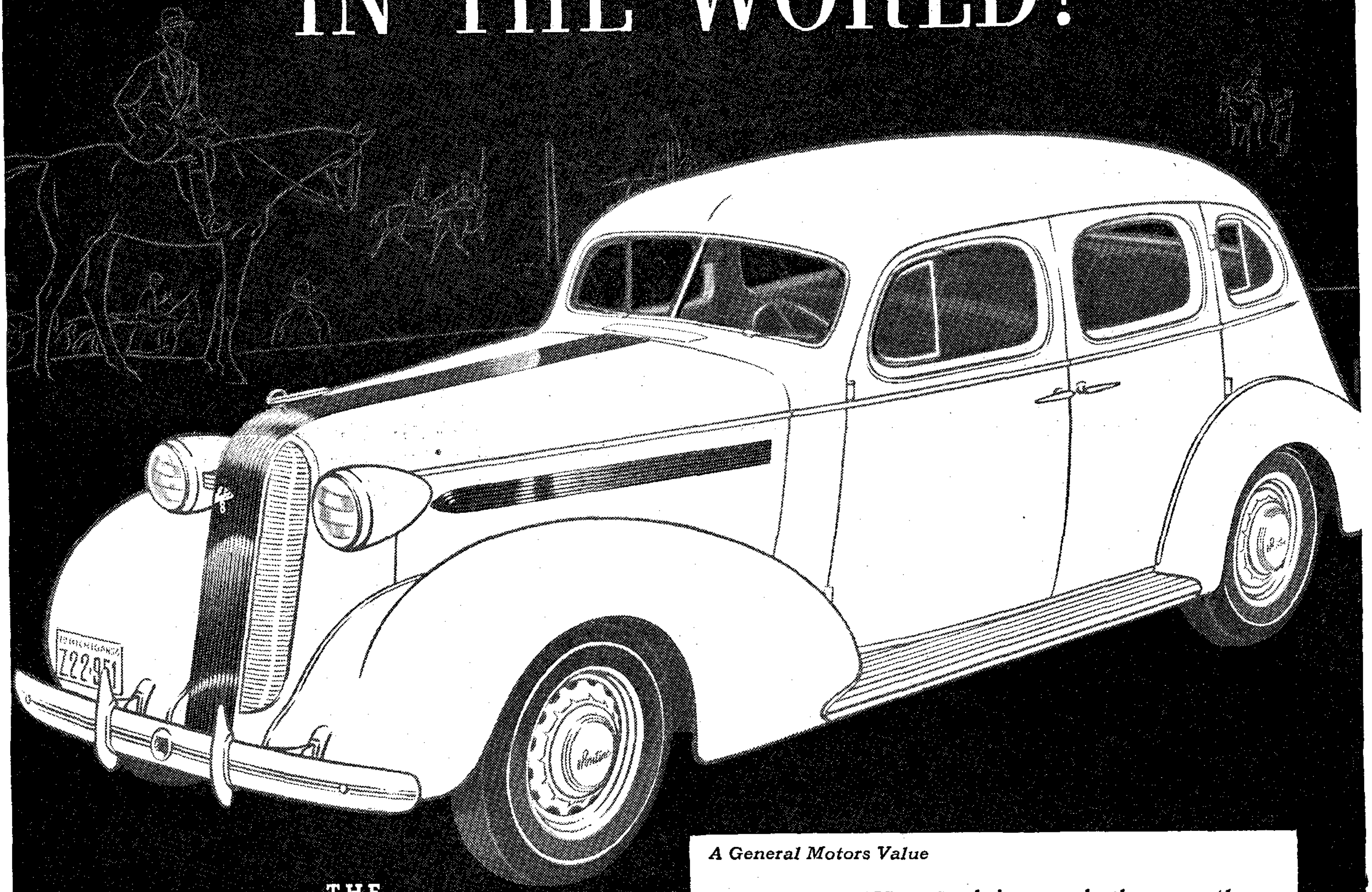
Right this way, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the one and only Dexter Fellows: the stupendous, colossal, dynamic man with the big cigar and the gaudy overcoat; the nonpareil, the *ne plus ultra*, the circus press agent without peer or equal, folks. Before your incredulous eyes he breathes blazing adjectives and flaming verbs, folks. Step right this way and hear all about the Greatest Show on Earth.

Into the Big Top of Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey went the intrepid big-name hunter, Andy Freeman, armed only with a repeating typewriter, and he brought back very much alive, the ponderous pal of the Bills, Pawnee and Buffalo; Little



"Model T Ford," by DeHirsch Margules, crime reporter for the New York City News Association

MAKING FRIENDS..WINNING FAME AS THE *Smoothest* EIGHT IN THE WORLD!



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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

Annie Oakley; Old Bet, the bibulous pachyderm; Hackaliah Bailey, and ten million kids aged two to ninety-two.

Forty-odd years ago, the amazing press agent was slapping four-sheeters of Pawnee Bill on Kansas barns. When the hard-riding Pawnee took his show to Europe, where it proceeded to languish, Fellows transferred his talents to the services of Colonel Cody, and with his own astonished eyes saw the shy quail hunter of Darke County, Ohio, Annie Oakley, put holes through playing cards at thirty paces and lend her name to the American language as a synonym for "free ticket."

Here Professor Fellows takes time out to deny with some heat the popular slander that Annie, deep in her cups, was fond of shooting out hotel light-bulbs. "During the nine years I was with the Buffalo Bill show," he protests, "I never saw her take a drink of anything stronger than beer, which she would imbibe only when some one else paid the bill."

But there were others to whom beer was only a chaser. In 1896, in North Platte, Nebraska, when the whole show arrived roaring drunk, Buffalo Bill didn't hit one single glass ball in his exhibition of shooting from a galloping cow-pony, and Vincent Orapeza, lariat soloist, got tangled up in his rope. Fellows was terrified, but the publisher of the North Platte *Telegraph* soothed him by observing that "the folks around here wouldn't know it was Bill if, when he came home, he was in any other condition."

The first elephant to set heavy foot on American soil was Old Bet, a roisterous cow with a sense of humor. Landing at Sing Sing, she lost no time in showing her criminal bent; got hold of a two-gallon jug of rum, drained it, frightened the horses into stampeding, and woke the next morning with an appropriately large-scale "hangover." After that she stuck to water.

In 1922 Old John, bull patriarch of the Ringling show, plodded from New York's old Madison Square Garden to Westchester to lay a wreath on Old Bet's grave. A traffic cop tried to give the party a ticket (and no Annie Oakley, either), but *Mahout* Fellows saved the day. "This ponderous pachyderm you see before you," he intoned, "is on a mission of honor, and I don't think it would be cricket to quibble about technicalities."

So it goes, from Maine to California: wherever Fellows traveled, he made circus news. Once he got William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, to persuade the church ladies to make 2,500 sandwiches for the Wild West Show, the cook-house having broken down.

Most of the stories apparently are true, altho the coauthor-hero admits in his "Ballyhoo" that "occasionally my tongue slipped into my cheek."

Critical Opinions—"This Way to the Big Show" came off the press already thrice blessed by an army of critics. As early as last year John Chamberlain, who had seen the manuscript, wrote in the New York *Times:* "Mr. Fellows is the last of the tall tale tellers whose lineage goes back to Davey Crockett, who could stare the bark off a tree." Edwin C. Hill calls it a "beautifully casual book" and "an arresting history of a thrilling period of our country." Frank Sullivan says: "It is the rich mine of treasure that one would expect a book on the circus by Dexter Fellows would be." Stanley Walker cries joyfully: "It is as jolly as a calliope, as stirring as an oompah."

* * *

The Islands. By Gerald Warner Brace. 314 pp. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50).

Down East rises again to meet the prolific challenge of Deep South in modern *genre* fiction, and such sturdy portraits as "Mary Peters," "As the Earth Turns" and "Silas Crockett" may rejoice to make room on the New England landscape for Mr. Brace's "The Islands."

Here is more of the wit and the strength of the unconquered folk who dwell upon Maine's rocky islands; who tend their lobster pots and trawls and mind their lighthouse lamps and their own business; who take life as they find it and make it do, and who meet death with the same clear-eyed resignation.

The author, one does not need to be told, has lived thus against this very backdrop of pine and sea. Now a member of the faculty at Mount Holyoke, he still passes his summers on Penobscot Bay, and off his board have come three ships of his own devising. Pride in good workmanship leavens his novel, and not unnaturally the building of the trim forty-five-foot schooner in *Uncle Mose's* shop becomes the climax of the tale.

For it was that lovely vessel that wooed *Edgar* back from Beacon Street, Boston, and a Harvard-bred engineer's career, to settle down in the house *Thurlow* had built ninety years before, there to await the coming of *Isabel.*

Critical Opinion—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL: "*. . . delightfully written, with some brilliant scenes . . . the chief trouble is that it points a rather thick moral . . . but any one who loves New England people, or boats, or the sea will find in 'The Islands' plenty of good material and a most interesting situation.*"

* * *

The Doctor. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 506 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2).

The Doctor lives in Elm Street, Whattown, Idaho, and in Park Avenue, New York. In truth, he lives everywhere, for he is the prototype of a professional group. His story is doctor *vs.* world on the one hand, doctor *vs.* family on the other.

Noel Arden, M.D.—plain *Chris* to the hospital staff—wanted to be a surgeon. His first patient was a dog with a chicken bone in its throat. The Scottie belonged to *Beverly Lewis,* daughter of the town panjandrum, and she was to be his first love, tho not his first wife. *Katie* saw to that. While the young doctor wrapped himself up in his profession, *Katie* set about elbowing the *Lewis* girl out of the picture; and altho her methods were direct and crude, they worked, for when her prize set forth for Vienna she went along as *Mrs. Arden.*

In her own petulant way she was in love with her husband, and in his own way he neglected her. Sometimes he was absent-minded; other times he just let things slide for the sake of peace. Inevitably, *Katie's* jealousy of his work drove her into the arms of an ambitious practitioner with a bedside manner that meant profitable practise and ample money for the parties she craved. *Chris,* bruised by an experience he had been too busy to foresee, fled to the country to fight his battle with life; when he returned, the once-married *Beverly* was waiting for him.

So much for doctor *vs.* family. In his battle with the myriad forces of stupidity, fear, weakness, and dishonesty that has been the lot of all his fellow-healers lies a story less familiar but no less dramatic. In a surprizingly literal sense, it is the saga of the medical profession in America.

Chris began his labors in a period when there were still doctors to whom Pasteur's germ theory was new-fangled nonsense. The idea of public health and of preventive medicine to ward off epidemics was being accepted grudgingly here and there. Public, as well as doctors, stood on the threshold of transition.

"There was even a new type of public conscience which denied that rivers were meant to be both sewers and sources of

Customers line up, when the circus comes to town: an illustration from Dexter Fellows's autobiography, "This Way to the Big Show" water supply, and that tuberculosis, like overweight, was an act of God."

No less a problem for society to solve was the constant struggle to lead a normal life of normal interests while on call, like three successive shifts of firemen rolled into one man, twenty-four hours a day; or the effort to maintain a certain irreducible *amour propre* while mulling over the cost of shoe-leather, walking to a call that probably never would be paid for, or resenting the somewhat too familiar nickname "Doc."

Critical Opinion—New York Herald Tribune: ". . . *written from the heart and from experience. . . . It will be a rare reader who won't find himself swallowing hard before he closes the book.*"

New York Times: ". . . *a first-rate piece of popular fiction, as well as a successful group study . . . a sure bet for the best-seller lists.*"

Washington Post: ". . . *written deftly, with sureness and dramatic skill, with virility. No one who has ever spent a night in a hospital, who has ever known a doctor, should find a dull page in this book . . . Mrs. Rinehart's best novel in years.*"

United Press News Letter: "*A popular novel which will be popular.*"

* * *

Charles Morrow Wilson, author of "**Roots of America**" (Funk & Wagnalls Company), is off on another motor-car trip, this time straight across the northern tier of States, beginning with a study of potatoes in the Aroostook district in Maine.

* * *

Winifred Mayne Van Etten of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, who won the Atlantic Novel Prize of $10,000 with her first novel, "**I Am the Fox,**" is descended from Paulus Van Deer Vort, whose marriage in 1640 was the second to be celebrated in New Amsterdam.

* * *

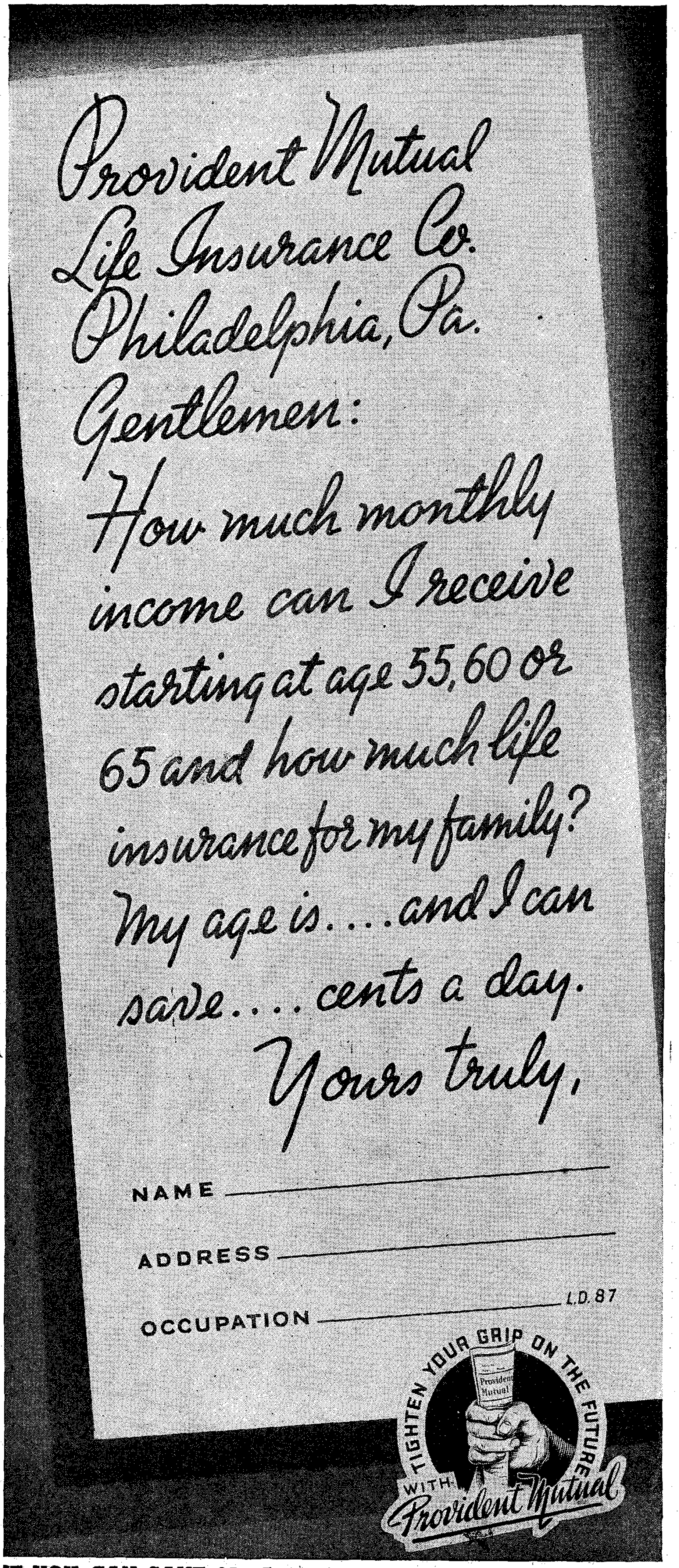
Leopold Spirling, Cincinnati musician, is composing a waltz to be called "**Sycamore Shores,**" and Clark B. Firestone, whose book of that title (McBride) caused nostalgia for the beautiful Ohio and the great Mississippi even among folks who never got nearer to a shanty-boat than *S.S. Normandie,* is writing the words. Arguing that Cincinnati is both a river town and a music center, Mr. Firestone thinks it is high time it had its own river song.

* * *

Paul Brunton has a hobby most of us will be only too happy to have him keep to himself. He charms cobras, and tells about it in "**A Search in Secret Egypt**" (Dutton). He learned how from Sheik Moussa, an Egyptian savant who wasn't afraid even to carry some of his poisonous pets around in his pockets. At his second lesson Mr. Brunton put a spitting cobra to sleep by looking it in the eye.

* * *

Roger Benton, who served three terms—in Louisiana State Prison, Atlanta and Sing Sing—for forgery, is the hero of Robert O. Ballou's biography, "**Where Do I Go From Here?**" (Lee Furman). Benton learned to make wood-cuts and is now trying to make a modest living at the art he learned in the lockup. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing has written an introduction, saying Benton was a good prisoner who "possessed the will power and the courage while in middle age to accomplish what many, with all the advantages of youth, failed to do."



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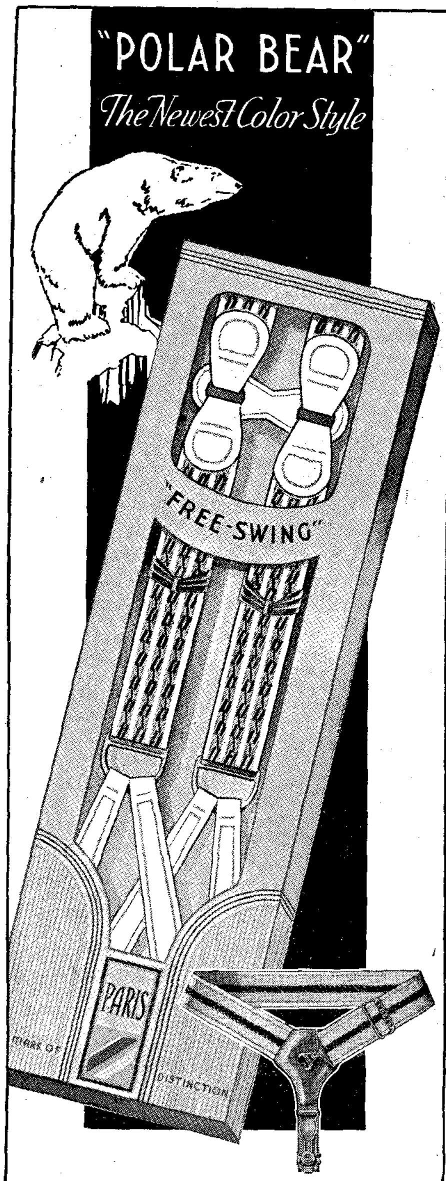

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Current Poetry

WHEN BEAUTY STRIKES TOO DEEP

BY DON BLANDING

You walk among us armored and aloof
With shackled dreams and heartbeats disciplined.
Your flesh is stilled to dulness, passion-proof,
Pulsed with a tepid blood that fear has thinned.

Your eyes are deserts where gray fantoms roam
Seeking the hidden wells of cooling tears.
Your heart is but a weary metronome
Timing the listless music of the years.

One day . . . one day when you are unaware
Beauty will strike too deep, and once again
You who have sought escape in numb despair
Will laugh with joy to feel the stab of pain.

—*Vagabond.* (Reprint from "Warp and Woof")

TO RUPERT BROOKE

(*August* 3, 1887 - *April* 23, 1915)

BY WALLACE BLANKLEY

The things that twenty-eight found sweet to say
To forty-eight might seem not worth the time.
The lovely passion of the earlier day,
The heart bedecked in sadly youthful rime,
Might to the older mind seem empty dross,
The bright illusion faded past belief.
The youthful flux might be a painful cross
Beside a later wild, impotent grief.
And so we waste no tears that you are dead
To-day. Your springtime fruit is still as bright
As when you died. It has no glory shed.
Its beauty has not withered in the night.
And we who read your lines delight to-day
In things that twenty-eight found sweet to say.

—*Westward.*

PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN LADY

BY SARAH HENDERSON HAY

Madame has put to shame the prophet's verse;
She is, I think, a very silken purse.
From what materials evolved, and how,
The lady's not inclined to mention now.
She keeps a regal manner in employ,
An exquisite disdain for *hoi polloi,*
Poor honest swine she finds it such a bore
To cast, at times, her cultured pearls before.

—*The American Mercury.*

MAN

BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

A child upon a sea beach, who has raised,
With boastful cries, a mountain crest of sand;
While azure leagues beyond, unseen, unpraised,
The white Sierras of the ages stand.

—*New York Sun.*

WINDY HUSKING DAY

BY ALBERT EISELE

O sweep, you wind, across the skies
And sweep across the miles;
And drive, O wind, your surging kine
Along those pennoned aisles.

And tho you roar you cannot drown
My husker's measured throw,
Nor steal your kine a single ear
As down the field they go.

So let me prize this feeble stroke
As low my back I bend—
For well we know, O wind, that you
Will harvest in the end.

—*Spirit.*

IF THE DREAM MUST DIE

BY MURIEL COMBS

But, if the dream must die, let it die grandly
With deep-voiced organs chanting in chords of flame.
Oh let there be no thought of a shabby ending,
Nor any shame.

Let it go simply and gallantly into the darkness
That holds forever lost and beloved things—
A star, that leaving the charted paths of heaven
Wide glory flings.

—*Rose Chalice.*

PORTRAIT

BY RUTH CRARY CLOUGH

Self-satisfied, sufficient, smug,
Repellent to affection,
Intolerant throughout her life;
Her own way right—perfection.

She sleeps to-day as smug in death,
Six feet below the sod,
Self-satisfied, sufficient, smug,
Intolerant of God.

—*Versecraft.*

DON BLANDING, author, artist, a wanderer and a vagabond. He likes far-away places and tropic skies. Once, when very young, on the spur of the moment he hopped off to the Hawaiian Islands. He has been going ever since.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

●

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

close friend; intimate friend.—"E. R., Jr.," East Orange, N. J.—In ordinary usage, the expressions, "a *close* friend" and "an *intimate* friend," mean one and the same thing; they are used interchangeably. But if we consider the exact meanings of the adjectives, we might conclude that our nearest friends could not be described accurately as more than *close*. *Close* is from the Latin *clausus*, a past participle of the verb *claudo*, to shut. A person or thing that was *close* to one was "shut in" with one; that is, was adjacent, nearby, at hand. *Intimate*, however, is from the Latin *intimus*, which is the superlative degree of *intus*, within, and which, therefore, has the meaning inmost. Consequently, in strict accuracy, an *intimate* friend is one who knows our inmost thoughts and feelings, from whom we conceal nothing whatsoever, and with whose inmost thoughts and feelings we have equal familiarity. Hence, tho there are friends with whom we can at times become extremely *close*, to whom we can express all our thoughts and feelings upon some subjects, very few of us ever seek or expect to have any friend who actually receives our thoughts and feelings upon all subjects.

founder.—"E. L. D.," Newark, N. J.—A *founder* is one who lays the foundation of, who establishes or endows, who originates. It may be that the person who originates the idea for an organization lacks the power to establish the organization and calls in some one else; or, it may be that a group of persons originate the idea. In either case, those who actually establish the organization are called *cofounders*. But the term *founder* can not technically be applied to any person who did not actually participate in the original conception. The exception is in those organizations in which monetary funds are requisite to the establishment. In such instances, the *founders* or *cofounders* are those who donate the funds which actually bring the organization into being. Those who may draft the original constitution or who may serve as first officers are usually called "charter members."

tembler, trembler.—"N. H. H.," Hynes, Calif.—*Trembler* for one who or that which *trembles* dates in English from 1552, and is to be found in Huloet's *Abecedarium*. *Tembler* is neither fish nor fowl. The correct spelling is *temblor*. The word is Spanish, and the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy lists it as follows: "*Temblor* (De *temblar*) *m* (substantivo masculino). Movimiento involuntario, repetido y continuado del cuerpo, ó de algunas partes de él." Translated this means: "*Trembler* (from *tremble*) masculine substantive. A repeated and continuous involuntary movement of the body or of different parts of it." The Spaniards use *Temblor de tierra* = Terremoto, for trembling of the earth = Earthquake.

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UNROLLING THE WORLD'S TRAVEL-MAP

Twirl Globe With Eyes Shut, Stick Out Pin, and Go Anywhere

Tickets are longer. Railroad time-tables are thicker. Buses, bulging with baggage, are thrumming north, south, east, and west. Almost every hour great transport-planes take off at Newark Air-port, and point their stream-lined fuselages toward the sunset.

Motorists pack automobile clubs to watch expert "roadcasters" glide red pencils over maps, tracing a four-week automotive holiday in four minutes. As this year's holiday time rolls around (see cover), travel horizons are widening, and the traditional flow from East to West is being shifted to North and South as well.

Many intermediate points for the first time are assuming the healthy status of junctions and terminals. Transcontinental highways are becoming more complex, therefore more flexible, each year.

Air-lines are blazing new sky-trails. Never before has the world traveler been better able to pick his itinerary to conform to whim, time, and pocket-book.

New Era—This week, the United States enters a new era of rail transportation, poised on the threshold of lower fares and speedier trains. Spurred by the recent I.C.C. decision of two cents a mile coach-fare, and heavier Eastern patronage, almost every Class I line is announcing faster speed-schedules, eclipsing previous records by hours, even days.

More than 4,000 Pullmans and sleeping-cars are being air-conditioned this summer. Special equipment for lines running to the National Parks promises a record season for these preserves. In the Parks programs transportation will be coupled with air-lines and motor-services facilitating journeys from one wonderland to another.

As trade once followed the flag, travel now follows the air-routes. Air-lines, which used to specialize in commercial travel, are making unprecedented efforts this year to intrigue holiday-makers. Tho rates are higher than those for other forms of transportation, the air-plane, because of its speed, trebles the possibilities for those with limited vacation times.

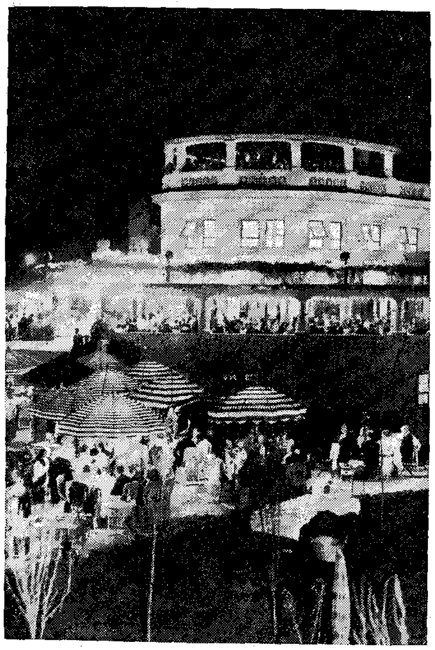
New Speeds—Newly coordinated air-schedules for this summer season make it possible for a traveler to leave New York City, or its vicinity, take in one of Minnesota's 11,007 lakes, visit Yellowstone Park for a day's fishing or climbing, glimpse Hollywood and Mexico, and return to his home, all in not more than nine days.

Flying has transformed ordinary vacations into unforgettable holidays, giving extra days of leisure, and unlocking fascinating lands which distance and time once made inaccessible.

For those wishing to go in their own cars, or by bus, there are four major routes across this Continent. Each clings rather closely to the fleeting shadows of the great transport-planes overhead.

Automotive engineering's perfection of high-speed motor-cars and high-speed highways has brought to these routes a smacking flavor of their own. Their names —Yellowstone Trail, Lincoln Highway, Santa Fe Trail, and Broadway Trail—are as well known as the motorist's Main Street.

New Ships—Right now, New York Harbor and ocean travel are holding the publicity spotlight with the maiden eastbound trips of two new liners, the Cunard White Star flag-ship, *Queen Mary*, pride of Britain, and the new Polish motor-liner, *Batory*. Bookings for all summer voyages of both new liners are so heavy that it appears they will sail with capacity lists for months.


Courtesy of Grace Line

Viña del Mar, Chile: Dining at Casino under Southern Cross

The potential Atlantic blue-ribbon race between the *Queen Mary* and the French liner *Normandie* focuses attention on luxury and speed, stimulating European travel. The luxury and beauty of these two great liners embellishes the rest of a transatlantic fleet of ninety-seven other ships, giving the most-traveled ocean its most complete service for summer voyages.

While the Atlantic entertains débutantes among liners, summer travel from Pacific ports promises to reach a new high with the Panama route, South America, and the Far East enjoying their best advance summer bookings in years.

If a world travel-map had been designed when Cook's went into the conducted-tour business in 1841, with appropriate pinks, greens, and yellows designating lands lying fallow for the tourist, it would have seemed as strange and barren to the modern travel agent as Mercator's original projection.

It would have been tinted for the British Isles, the European Continent from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, with the Balkans a glaring green for their Ottoman master. Egypt would be there in a Nile green, paler than the Turkish emerald coloring the Slav States, while only the Eastern coast of the United States would be noted as a land sufficiently interesting to the tripper's attentions.

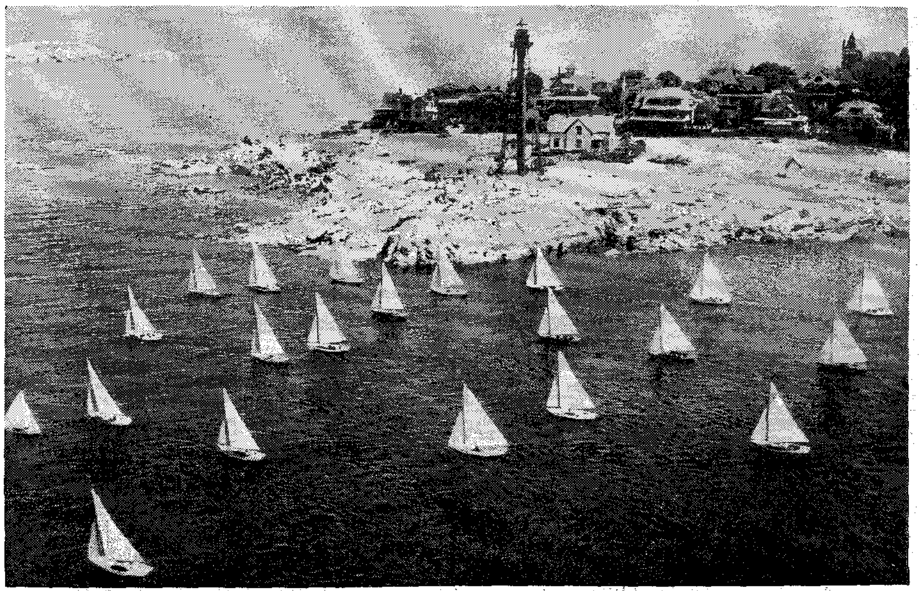
India and the Orient were not yet a Mecca for the traveler. South America and Mexico still were unknown. As for the Western United States, its gold was in the future, and its Indians untrammeled.

New Places—To-day, there are golden girls in a Golden West, along with golden sunsets and a Golden Gate, over which a giant span is nearing completion. To that land of the setting sun wagon-ruts of pioneer days have become passable roads, and passable roads have grown to modern express highways behind the lumbering progress of steam-roller and cement-mixer.

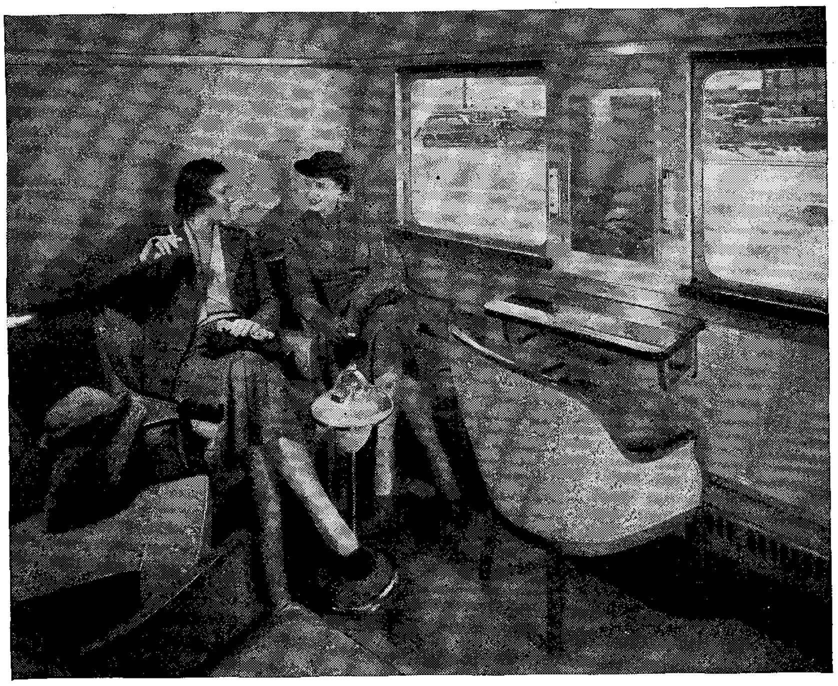
Tourists can whisk over the 3,000 miles from coast to coast for anywhere from $50 to $160, and do it in seventeen hours or seventeen days. There are alternative routes through snowy peaks and crisp mountain air, or lazy driftings through the warm, flat Southland, all reaching the same destination. One of the greatest joys of "doing" America is the infinite variety of ways to "do" it.

Travel agents who devote a whole winter to studying new trends in this tourist business say that the outstanding feature of this holiday time is the unmistakable tendency of Americans to "See America First."

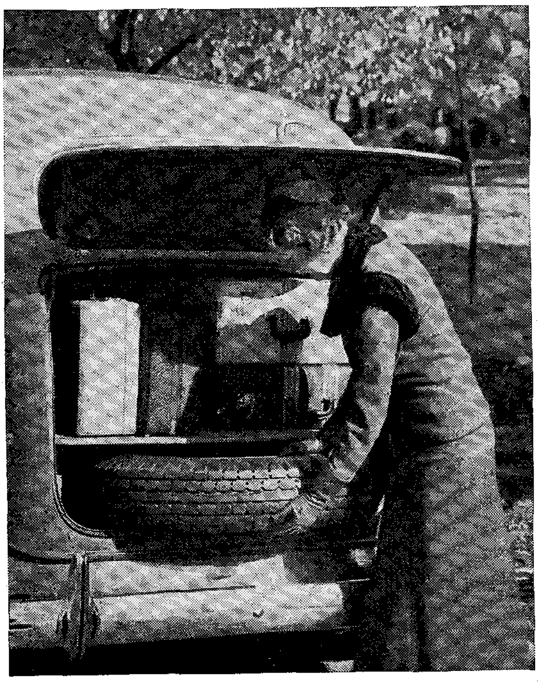
Thus has the travel agent's map grown until it covers every charted portion of the globe. To-day, he can invite his client to twirl the globe with his eyes shut, and stick a pin in it. Then, he'll sell him a ticket to go there using air-line, steamship, railway, bus, and motor-car.


New England Council Photo

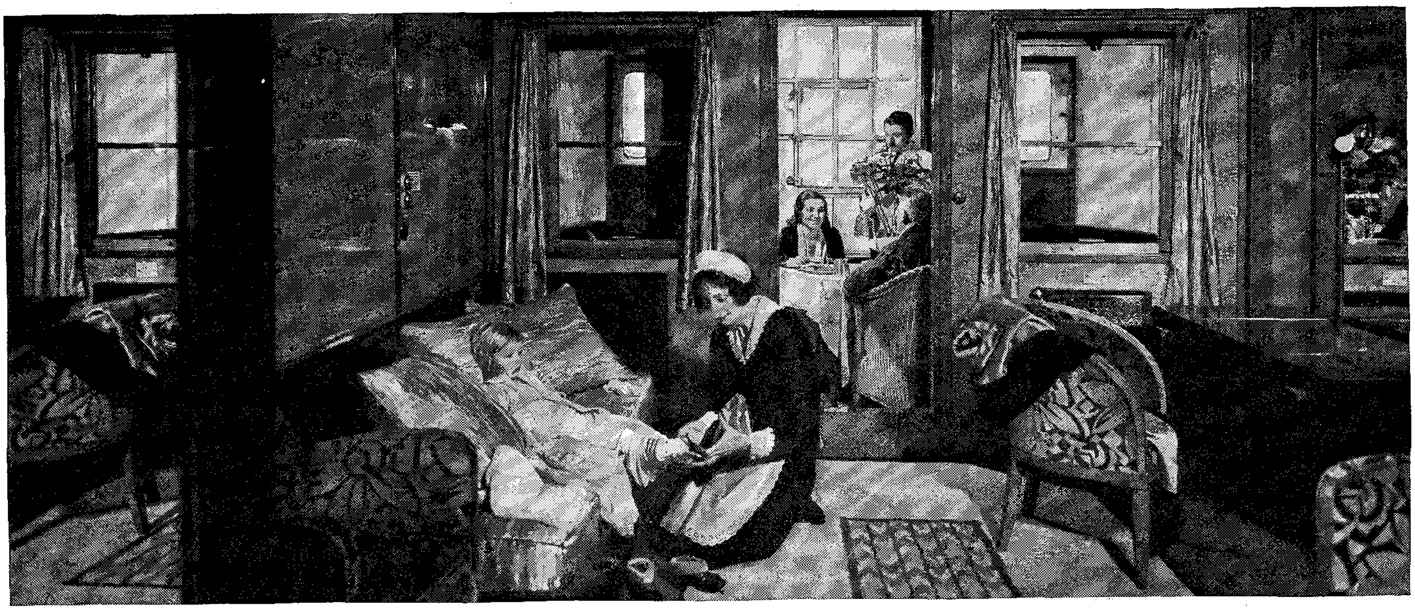
Marblehead, Massachusetts: New England's rugged coast a paradise for yachtsmen



Now the ladies have their own smoking rooms on trains



Room for luggage and spare tire



Courtesy of French Line

All home-comforts in two-bed outside stateroom with private veranda

Courtesy of United Air Lines

Courtesy of Greyhound Lines

Speed and comfort from coast to coast in transport-plane (left), and that goes for buses, too

ALL EXPENSE
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SUMMER
CRUISES
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from Seattle

In all the world there are no lands more fascinating than Japan and China and the Philippines. And you may see all three this summer for less than you ever thought possible.

All-expense cruises on famous, friendly American Mail Liners cost as little as $417, Tourist Class...for 47 thrilling days (even less if you go only to Japan, or just Japan and China). But you may see them *all* for eight-eighty-seven per day!

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No Bothersome Details

Your fare provides a real bed in an outside stateroom, use of public rooms, sports decks and an outdoor swimming pool, and splendid meals aboard ship...guides and sightseeing, hotels and meals and transportation ashore—all arranged by leading tourist agencies...at Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila.

When you sail out through Puget Sound you sail with the knowledge that your trip is all paid for...and you leave all care behind.

Your Own Travel Agent
Will Help You Plan

The American Mail Liners that sail every other Saturday from lovely Seattle and Victoria, B. C., offer many, varied all-expense cruises, Conducted Tours and go-as-you-please trips. The latter (both First Class and popular Tourist Class) allow you to stopover as you choose...continue on the next or a later ship, return via Hawaii if you wish.

See your own Travel Agent for special literature. Or write us at 604 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 110 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago; or 760 Stuart Building, Seattle (Head Office).

AMERICAN
MAIL LINE

THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

NEW FRONTIERS: National Park Service's Slogan "For the Enjoyment of the People"

America's most liberal host is *Uncle Sam.* He offers tourists the nation's best in scenic grandeur and unaltered wilderness. He provides free camps for motorists who bring their own camping equipment, pure water, sanitary facilities, and, in many parks, even free fire-wood.

Never has there been a time when the Federal Government has had so much to offer vacationists through the facilities of the National Park Service. These retreats, free from commercialism and settlement, are open to the public in the spirit of the sign blazoned over the gateway to Yellowstone National Park—"For the enjoyment of the people."

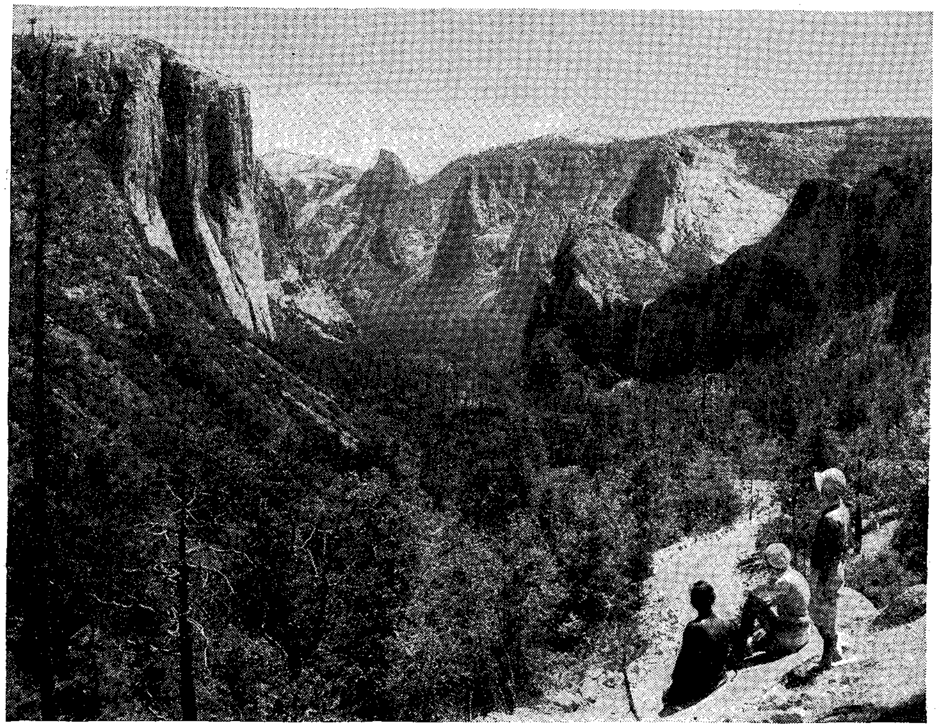


Photo from Californians, Inc.

Yosemite Valley, California: Nature carved with lavish hand

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, there are 131 Federal areas in the national park and monument system. There are mountains, lakes, and canyons. There are sites whose history begins with the advent of the white man in the New World and ends with the new chain of air-ports for the up-to-date traveler who wants to get to these scenic spots in a hurry.

Aerial Hustle—All-expense tours, principally through travel agents, are offered by air-lines from scores of points in the United States to national parks, including: Yellowstone, Grand Teton, Yosemite, Rainier, Zion and Bryce, Rocky Mountain, Sequoia and General Grant, Grand Canyon, and Crater Lake.

Effective June 10, United Air Lines will offer service making it possible for travelers to leave such Eastern centers as New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago at the close of the business day, or at the dinner-hour, and have breakfast in Old Faithful Inn at Yellowstone Park in the morning, while Pacific Coasters can leave just before midnight and breakfast at Old Faithful Inn.

Daily scenic flights over a sixty-mile area of the Grand Canyon country, approximately thirty-five minutes in duration, are among the special features offered visitors to that national park.

Magnificent Yosemite National Park, California, is a pleasure land of 1,000 square miles of concentrated beauty on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Lovely water-falls of extraordinary height, great forests of giant trees, high cliffs, granite domes, innumerable lakes, and flowered meadows are but a few of its high lights.

Then there is Yellowstone, up in a corner of Wyoming, covering 3,438 square miles, with a lake twenty miles long and fifteen miles across, crammed with fighting trout. There are fine hotels, tourist-camps, and spouting geysers. There are pet bears to play with and feed, ghostly rock formations, petrified forests, uncanny caverns that hiss and bellow, a mountain full of black glass, and boiling lakes that belch steam.

Attention is being directed to the smaller preserves, too. This is typified by the 29,306 persons who visited the Petrified National Forest of Arizona since this January 1, with indications of record attendance at newly-created parks.

Ax and Trowel—Motorists will find the Epic of America being written even now with ax and spade, trowel and hammer, on a thousand hills and dales where the National Park Service is at work.

Four great jobs of another kind are proving of great allure in attracting tourists. These are the conservation dams: Boulder, in Nevada, with Lake Mead, the world's greatest man-made lake, eighty-five miles long, 4,000,000 acre-feet of water; the Grand Coulee, in the Columbia River, near Spokane, Washington, largest concrete structure conceived by man, three times the size of the Great Pyramid; the Fort Peck Dam in the Upper Missouri River, Montana, where the world's largest earth-fill dam will make a lake 180 miles long by sixteen miles wide for flood-control and irrigation, and Bonneville Dam, hydro-electric plant near Portland, Oregon.

Those are *Uncle Sam's* new frontiers.

SPANISH TOUCH: California Adds Old World Color to Twentieth Century Progress

It's an old Spanish custom—the frequent celebration of fiestas adding Old World gaiety and color to twentieth century Southern California. That Spanish influence, dominant in California's saga, provides a mellow background for modern progress, brilliantly high lighted with sports and nautical events befitting a national playground.

Entertaining more than 1,000,000 tourists annually, Southern California has learned to cater to all tastes, and all types of entertainment are offered.

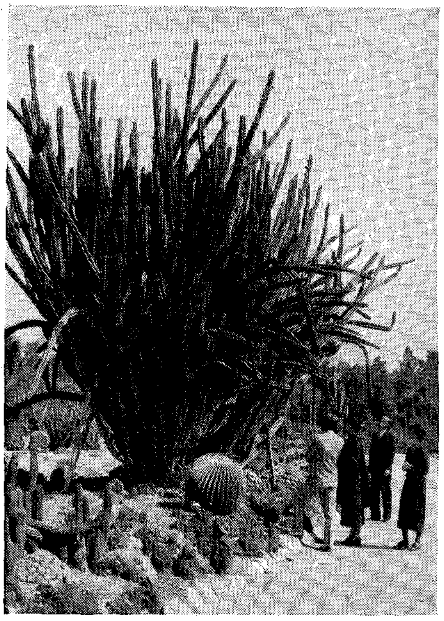
Southern California's outstanding fiesta is the brilliantly conceived California Pacific International Exposition in eternally charming and hospitable San Diego. This fair's classic beauty, grandeur, and sublime radiance delights the hearts of thousands of visitors daily.

Many who were unable to attend the spectacle last year now are gazing enraptured on a highly accented and beautified exposition. There are new surprizes, thrills, ideas, and faces.

Variable Empire — California is an ever-changing empire of infinite variety. For instance, a motion-picture company can transport an entire colony of fisherfolk to a spot on the Irish coast just north of Malibu Beach in about an hour. The Sahara Desert can become a reality on the burning sands of the Imperial Valley in less than four hours. *Robin Hood's* Sherwood Forest is but an hour from the studio gates.

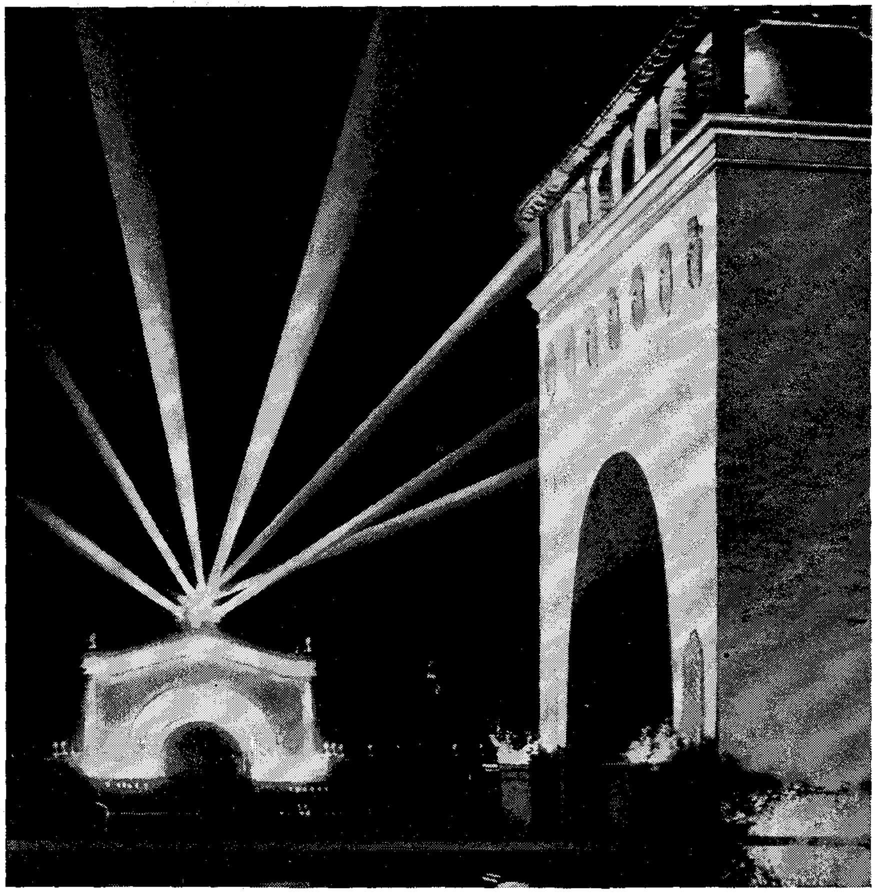
The Malay and South American coasts, just north of San Diego, can be reached in two hours. The English coast is just an hour away from Hollywood and the Italian, five.

San Francisco is the center of one of the nation's best vacation lands, an area embracing all Northern and Central California. Her attractions include the largest Chinese settlement outside China; Golden Gate Park, the Embarcadero, with its colorful Fishermen's Wharf, and the Presidio, where an adobe house, San Francisco's first building, recalls the brocaded days of the Spaniards.



All-Year Club of Southern California Photo

Huntington Botanical Gardens, San Marino, California: Twenty-year-old native of Paraguay acclimatized



Two Fairs

Both can be seen in a single Southern Pacific trip.

Powerful is the urge of cities and states to gather their works together, invite the world to come and see. Powerful is the urge of people to accept the invitation. Thus world's fairs are born.

On Southern Pacific's 16,000 miles of line, two world's fairs are being staged this year. In San Diego's 1400-acre Balboa Park, the **California Exposition** that drew 5,000,000 visitors last year has reopened with a bigger and better show. On Saturday, June 6, Dallas will open the great **Texas Centennial Exposition**, central attraction of the state-wide centennial celebrations.

Unique feature of these expositions is that both are on Southern Pacific's lines, both can be seen in a single trip.

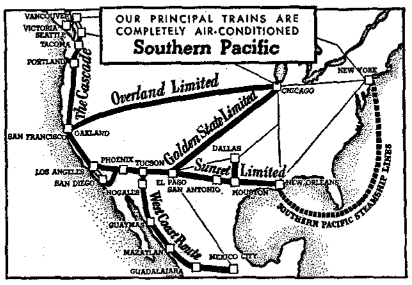
DIGEST readers may secure free booklets describing the two expositions by writing Southern Pacific's Passenger Traffic Manager, O. P. Bartlett, Dept. LD-6, 310 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

See twice as much

For many years Southern Pacific has urged travelers to go on one of its Four Scenic Routes, return on another, see twice as much. Gratifying has been the response, many the letters praising this simple way of seeing more of the country for little or no additional rail fare.

Easterners interested in the two expositions may come west on Southern Pacific's Sunset Route, stop over at Dallas and San Diego, continue up the California coast to San Francisco and return on the Overland Route, or through the Pacific Northwest. Westerners reverse the process.

Low summer fares east and west are now in effect.



All our trains west are air-conditioned

Over Southern Pacific rails this summer will speed the largest fleet of air-conditioned trains in the west: *Overland Limited* and *Pacific Limited* (Chicago-San Francisco), *Sunset Limited* (New Orleans-San Francisco) and *Argonaut* (New Orleans-Los Angeles), *Golden State Limited* and *Apache* (Chicago-Los Angeles), *Cascade, Shasta* and *Klamath* (Portland-San Francisco), *West Coast* (Portland-Los Angeles), *Lark, Owl, Daylight* and *San Joaquin* (San Francisco-Los Angeles), *Fresno Flyer* (San Francisco-Fresno), *Alamo* (New Orleans-San Antonio), *Acadian* (New Orleans-Houston), *Sunbeam* (Houston-Dallas), *Owl* (Houston-Dallas), *El Costeño* (West Coast of Mexico).

Southern Pacific

Tasty OUT-DOOR MEALS So Easily Prepared!

How often you have wished for an out-door cooking fireplace in your own back yard or at your camp or summer cottage. The MASTER DE LUXE GRILL is just the thing you need.

This grill not only answers the need for an out-door fireplace at home but it folds to only 11"x12"x15" (24" high set up) and is easily carried in your car on picnic or fishing trips.

Burns charcoal, briquettes or wood. Cooks steaks or other foods to most delicious flavor due to patented vertical fires, no blazing or scorching. Large top for coffee or pan foods.

Sent, all charges paid, on receipt of money order or check for $7.50 ($7.75 Southern or Western States). *If received before July 10th will include FREE: 2 piece set stainless steel cooking tongs made especially for out-door grills.*

Send now and satisfy that long-felt desire.

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42nd year. Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera. Personal Development, Culture, Stock Theatre Training appearance while learning. For catalog write **Secretary LIPTON, 66 West 85 St., N. Y.**

WHAT YOU'LL SEE IN TEXAS DURING THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS

Just off the press. Free, 32-page booklet, illustrated with more than 150 photographs, many in four colors. Send for this pre-view of Texas. Then see it all as you attend the Texas Centennial Celebrations.

TEXAS
TEXAS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS

free NEW BOOKLET MAIL COUPON

Plan to see the $25,000,000 Centennial Exposition now open, Dallas. America has proclaimed it the most beautiful, most interesting ever held in the United States. The nation's foremost industrial concerns are all represented. The art, historical and agricultural exhibits are among the finest ever assembled. The Midway offers a wide variety of carefully picked attractions; including the "Cavalcade of Texas" pageant with cast of 600. See the Exposition, then travel to other sections of Texas. Wherever you go, you'll find Texans celebrating. Mail the coupon for literature.

TEXAS CENTENNIAL 7-E
State Headquarters, Dallas, Texas
Please send illustrated literature on Texas and the Centennial Celebrations to:
Name________
Address________
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TEXAS FIESTA: Lone Star Land's Centenary; Southwest in Gala Mood for Parties

No motorist humming through the vivid, natural pageantry of the Southwest this summer will escape the conviction that his rubber wheels are taking him to a party. On every side he will see evidence that the territory—principally in Texas—is giving itself over to hospitality and excitement.

The hub of this excitement will lie within the thirty-mile area encompassing Dallas and Fort Worth. In the former, $25,000,000 is being spent for the Texas Centennial Exposition, a show matching in aim and architecture the wonders of A Century of Progress at Chicago. In Fort Worth, at least $5,000,000 will go to provide acres of sheer amusement under the nimble egis of Billy Rose.

In Dallas, it will be education, culture, exhibits, and science—in Fort Worth it will be the Fort Worth Frontier Centennial and amusement.

Century Passes—Bound together in celebrating a century of Texas's independence from Mexico, Dallas and Fort Worth none the less are preserving their ancient rivalry. Dallas is having the best advice of the executives who made a success of the Chicago exposition. The buildings will be startling models of modernist design, housing the newest in science and the arts. The Dallas show in every respect is the Southwest's first world's fair. It opens this week, and closes on November 29.

The business men of Fort Worth were not dazzled into a gesture of folly. Fully recognizing the gigantic size and scope of the Dallas exposition, they concentrated on the best features of entertainment available. To Dallas they left the task of instructing patrons; for themselves they conceived an exposition devoted to keeping patrons happy.

Reaching northward to New York, they hired Mr. Rose, ordered him to bring "Jumbo," the musical comedy circus, to Fort Worth, and surround that central unit with anything else he might think of to amuse customers.

The Frontier Centennial, having hired Rose, reached out and took the cream of his staff. John Murray Anderson was brought down to stage a night-club show with 250 chorus- and show-girls. They will dance and sing on a revolving stage three times larger than the one in the Radio City Music Hall, New York.

The night-club will seat 4,500, the stage will revolve on a circular pool of water, a moat separating patrons and performers. Another huge building will house "The Last Frontier," a rodeo with plot and music. Other mementos of the old, impetuous West will be found in the Pioneer Palace.

The Fort Worth press has described the site as the "largest area ever devoted solely to amusement," and has coined a slogan: "Dallas for education—Fort Worth for entertainment."

Dallas Cavalcade—Dallas, however, is not staging $25,000,000 of exposition trinkets without taking entertainment into account. Daily it will offer the "Cavalcade of Texas," a dramatization of the 400 years of history of the State. More than 300 performers will be in the pageant. In addition, the Midway will have "The Rocket Speedway," "The Street of All Nations," "The Black Forest," a pigmy village, and other gauds.

Seriously, Dallas has become host to the leading industrial concerns of the nation, as did Chicago. The great oil companies, motor companies, electric corporations, and railway systems are spending fortunes to take space and exhibit their wares. In addition, there will be live stock and agricultural shows, art exhibits, grand opera, museums, an aquarium, and a hall of domestic science.

Bus, railway, and air-plane lines are cooperating to bring patronage to both cities.

State historical societies, chambers of commerce, and State funds matching other grants are paying for the Texas Centennial Exposition. It is more of a local financing job in Fort Worth, where a committee headed by Amon G. Carter, newspaper publisher and financier of Fort Worth, is pledging $5,000,000 for fun and Fort Worth. A million was put in Rose's hands at the beginning, another million is on tap to start the show.

The Frontier Centennial begins three weeks after Dallas gets under way. Its opening day is July 1; it will close on Armistice Day.

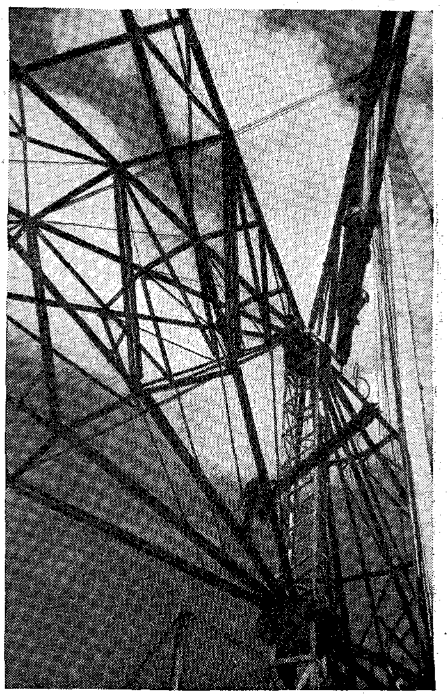
Redskin Fête—At Gallup, New Mexico, late in August, there will be the Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial. This fifteenth annual meeting of the tribes will be their largest.

More than 7,000 Indians, representing thirty tribes will gather on August 26. Tribal games, dances, sports, and rituals will continue through August 28, when the Indians will return to their homes. No money coming through the box-office goes to the white man at this show.

The show was started to encourage the Indians to help themselves and to keep alive the customs and crafts of the tribes.

Meanwhile, Mexico and the United States are cooperating in the creation of the Big Bend International Park, 1,500,000 acres on both sides of the Rio Grande. Of this vast acreage, 800,000 would be in Texas, the remainder in Mexico. The area abounds in scenery, wild life, and natural grandeur. Completion of the proposed park is contingent upon acquisition of the tract in Texas by the Federal Government.

Visitors to the park, Dallas, Fort Worth, Gallup, or any other celebrating centers of the Southwest probably will turn in numbers to San Antonio, site of the tragic Alamo, where Texas history was made.



Beneath these girders "Jumbo" will romp

VIVA MEXICO: Its Accessibility Is One Reason Why This Vivid Land Is Popular With Americans

Across the Rio Grande is a charming, amazing, vivid land—Mexico. It attracts 1,000 tourists a day, during the summer, nearly all of whom are Americans. Six out of every ten American visitors are women.

There are two reasons explaining this interesting travel side-light: One is the idiosyncrasy and intelligence of American women; the other is Mexico itself—its natural beauty, its delightful climate, its accessibility, and the marvelous social transformation of its people.

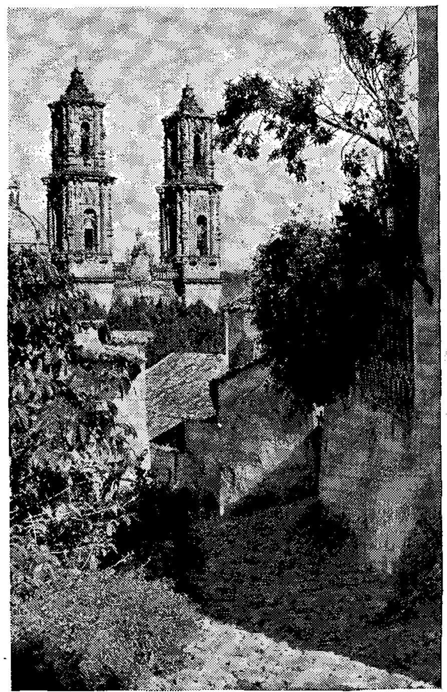
At the end of Cortez's trail, to-day as then the hub of the land, lies Mexico City. The Capital is located on a plateau 7,300 feet above the sea; surrounded by mountains, some nearly 20,000 feet high, and crested with eternal snow. The weather is a perpetual spring, and a mean annual temperature of seventy degrees makes weather forecasting a needless luxury.

Near Mexico City are the fragrant floating gardens of Xochimilco (the place of flowers), built centuries ago by an Aztec tribe seeking to escape heavy taxation. It is a region cross-hatched with eucalyptus-lined canals almost as full of water-lilies as water. Here all the world seems to blossom into color and fragrance.

These enchanting islands were built of interwoven reeds and packed mud. They became more numerous, bridges were erected connecting one with the other—so the scheme evidently was a success. Few who see them are prepared for the lovely Venice-like canals which wind through shady, perfumed gardens.

From here, an exhilarating twenty-mile drive over splendid highways and through fine mountain scenery leads to the resort-city of Cuernavaca, where the wealth and fashion of Mexico gather.

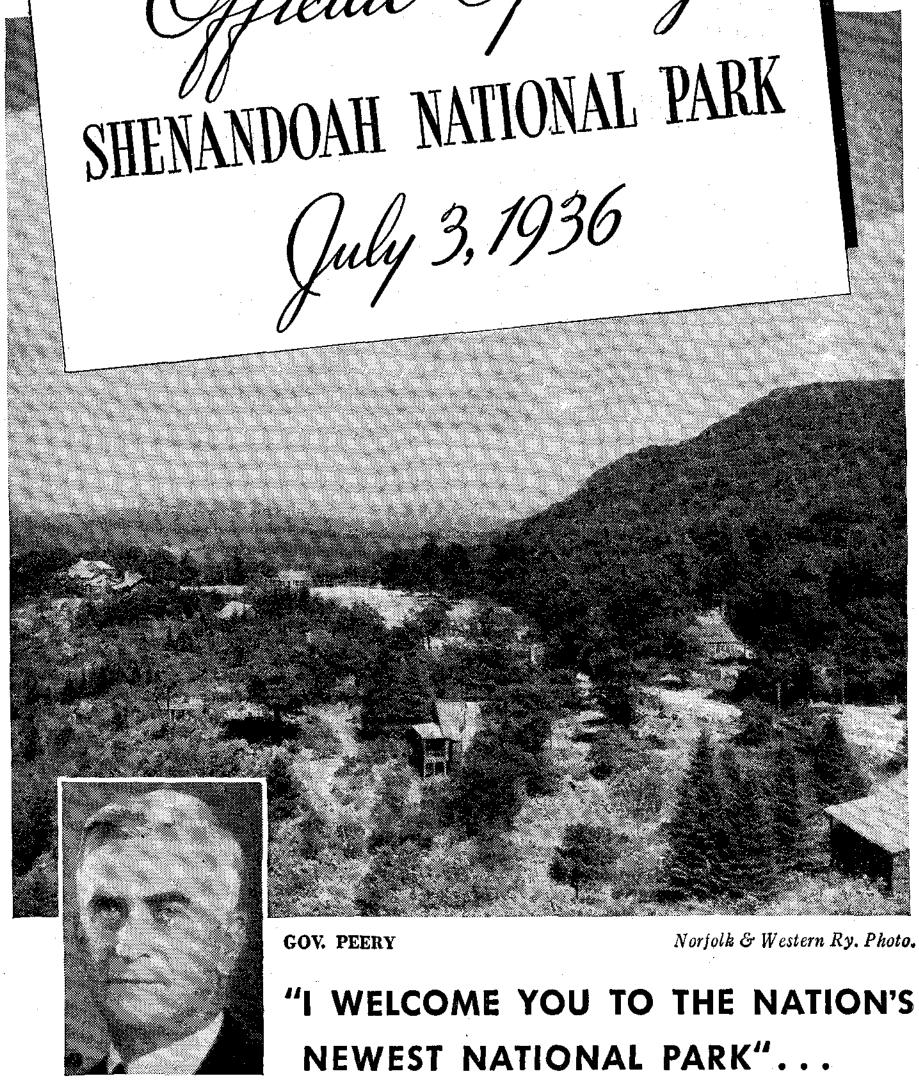
Near at hand, too, are the pyramids of Teotihuacan, wonders of design and workmanship, with magnificent carved stone ornaments, and picturesque Taxco, a tiny town of brightly colored houses and narrow cobbled streets nearly a mile above sea-level.



Courtesy of Grace Line

Taxco, Mexico: Shadows and towers

Official Opening
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK
July 3, 1936



GOV. PEERY

Norfolk & Western Ry. Photo.

"I WELCOME YOU TO THE NATION'S NEWEST NATIONAL PARK"...

● *As Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia,* I welcome you to the Dedication of this great and beautiful Mountain Park as a playground for the people of America.

"Close to the great centers of population, yet an area of unspoiled natural grandeur, this Park, with its mountain vistas, green forests, camp sites, trails and spectacular 'Skyline Drive' motor road, has already taken its place as one of the most popular in the National Park System. Come and enjoy it.

"Dedication Ceremonies will be held in the Park at Great Meadows on Skyline Drive on July 3rd, 1936, at which exercises the President of the United States has accepted an invitation to speak. Ample accommodations have been provided for all visitors."

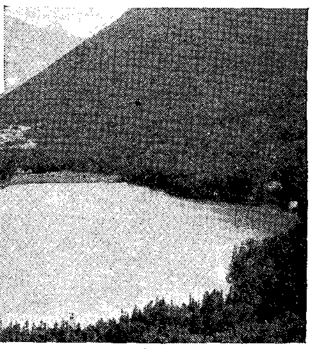
SIGNED
GOVERNOR

Motor Clubs and Tourist Bureaus will gladly route you to Shenandoah National Park and help you plan a Virginia vacation; or write State Commission on Conservation & Development, Dept. "C", Richmond, Va.

In VIRGINIA

PLAN A VIRGINIA VACATION

NEW HAMPSHIRE
vacation guide
FREE



Do you want for your vacation mile-high mountain peaks, tree fringed lakes, the roar of surf along sandy beaches, a cool climate which averages 67 degrees or less during July and August? Then the first step is to send for this beautiful free guide to New Hampshire. Fully illustrated. Also sent free on request: The New Hampshire-Vermont map folder. Clip the coupon now.

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Please send me my copy of the FREE, fully illustrated New Hampshire guide. Also map.
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Enjoy Every Meal...
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A real camp on Lake Champlain for those who appreciate rest and quiet among the beauties of nature. Milk and vegetables from camp farm. Home cooking. Swimming, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, etc. Booklet on request.

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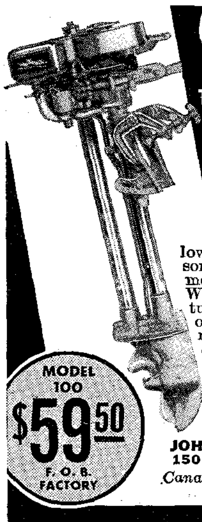

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THE LOWEST PRICED
JOHNSON
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JOHNSON HISTORY

HERE'S one outboard motor that combines *quality* with low price—a DEPENDable Johnson Sea-Horse. Ideal for fishermen, campers, cottagers, tourists. Weighs 24¾ lbs. 15 quality features, many not in any other outboard. Highest *certified* h. p. rating in its class.

WRITE for details on this and 6 other 1936 Sea-Horse Models. Most Johnson dealer names are in Classified Phone Directory under "Outboard Motors."

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150 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd.
Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON *Sea-horse*
OUTBOARD MOTORS

YANKEE HOLIDAY: New England Offers Mountains, Seashore, Woods, Lakes, and Sports

By June 30 there will have been 93,000,000 imprintings in newspapers urging New England as the answer to the vacation question. Then, there will have been 52,000,000 more "ads" in national magazines, and thirteen Thursday evening broadcasts, not to mention a comprehensive direct-mail campaign covering key-cities.

The six-State New England Council, headed by the Governors of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, is spreading a message of ocean bathing, cool summer climate, sea-food, mountains, Plymouth Rock, Cape Cod, and Boston, Hub of the universe, where the Harvard accent is heard in pristine purity.

Two Tercentenaries—Harvard and Rhode Island are celebrating their 300th birthdays this summer. The reduction in basic railroad fares to two cents a mile brings New England's historic vacation-lands almost one-third nearer the rest of the country in terms of travel expense.

A region of superlative differences, these six small States comprise a mere 2 per cent. of the United States, yet that area holds an intriguing variety of ways to enjoy life. There are mountains, seashore, countryside, lakes, and virgin forests close at hand for the recreation-seeker.

It's easy to get around in New England. Modern, improved highways are everywhere. Rail, bus, air, and water lines are coordinated carefully to give the traveler the best possible service. In fact, this is the only section of the country where a time-table showing rail, air, and bus operations is published in one folder and under the same management.

Warm Glamour—While maintaining its commercial and industrial importance, New England is more and more coming to be regarded as a wonderful recreation area. There is an Old World charm to the villages, and a warm glamour pervades the fields, streets, and buildings where early American history was made.

Nor is New England devoid of sport for those who believe a vacation means the strenuous life. Mountaineering offers every variation from rock-climbing for the experienced alpinist to casual hikes up well-marked trails.

Famous golf-courses, facilities for tennis everywhere, hundreds of miles of marked bridle-paths, smart yachting centers, surf-bathing at the beaches, or swimming in pine-shaded, spring-fed inland waters are only a few of the diversions New England offers to those who must be on the go all the time.

On four feet instead of two, over a 2,000-mile network of bridle-trails winding through six States, "Down East" visitors will rediscover vast tracts until recently known only to farmers, hunters, squirrels, chipmunks, and deer. It's a newly-found horseman's paradise.

If the visitor prefers solitude, New England offers opportunity for a holiday miles away from the nearest human habitation, literally out of touch with civilization.

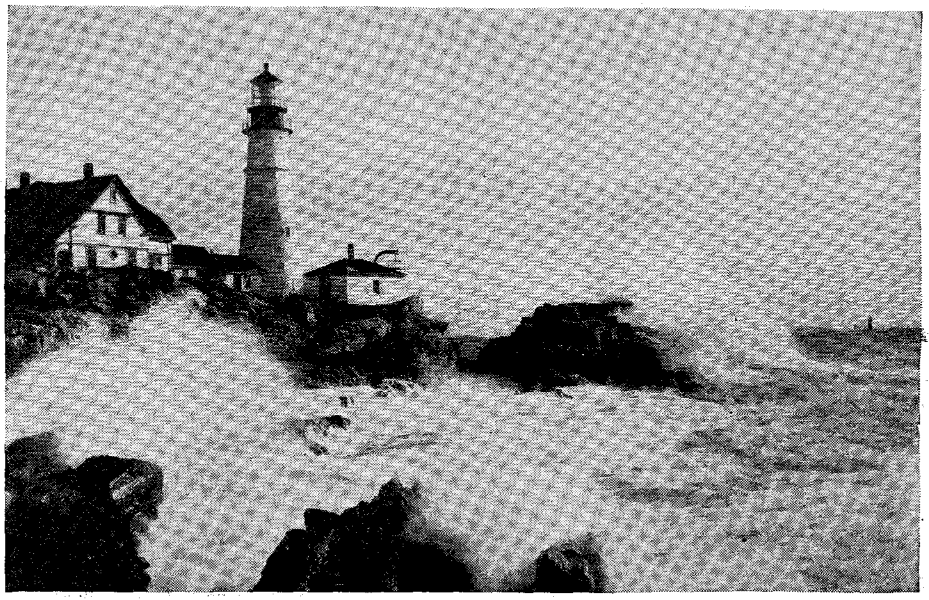
Rambling Motoring—Motorists need not lay out an itinerary and keep to it with conscientious fidelity. The driver may ramble along, doing as many miles as he likes, or as few, with assurance that when night falls he can reach an excellent hotel or other resting-place.

There are rich farming areas, thriving cities, neat towns, and white-spired villages. Educational institutions and cultural centers offer combined facilities for summer recreation and study. Summer theaters present new creative talent in new plays, as well as the old favorites.

Some of these summer theatrical organizations have become known so widely that visitors drive scores of miles to attend a performance, often staying overnight in order not to miss the final curtain, buying their hotel accommodations along with their orchestra seats.

Dry Humorist—In the traditionally stern and uncompromising New Englander, the stranger finds, in actuality, a friendly and thoroughly human personality. Not effusive, but none the less genuine, the New Englander possesses a dry humor, much common sense, inbred appreciation of another's dignity, and a determination never to be intrusive.

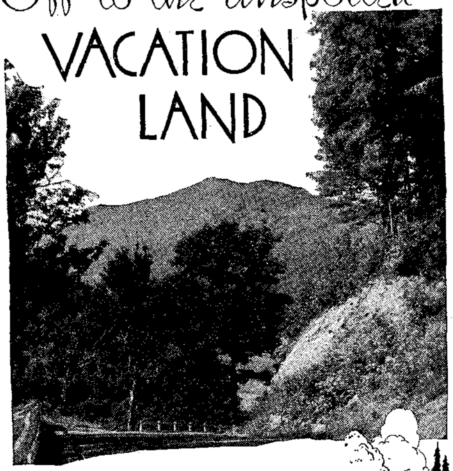
Types, varying even over small areas, present the stimulus of variable human contacts adding greatly to the pleasure of a New England vacation. In the atmosphere of its communities and in its people, there are subtle qualities, difficult to define, adding zest to a holiday among the Yankees.



New England Council Photo

Combers break and boil on New England's lighthouse-guarded shore

Off to the unspoiled
VACATION
LAND



THE GREEN MOUNTAINS OF VERMONT

are a challenge to the travelwise. For here is a land of greenery and grandeur where rural beauties are so varied and continuous that natural charms need never be compromised. Splendid motor roads wind through mountain passes, thread narrow valleys and flirt with quaint New England villages. Always nearby is your favorite sport at its uncrowded best—with hospitality that you'll long remember at hotel, inn or tourist home. Come to Vermont for your 1936 vacation and have an outing exuberant with wholesome, restful country fun. FREE BOOK — Send for "Unspoiled Vermont," a pictorial preview of a summer in Green Mountain land.

Summer Home Paradise

If interested in property for summer residence we will gladly send you Vermont's official invitation, "Vermont Summer Homes," written by Dorothy Canfield.

Dept. of Conservation and Development
Publicity Service, 41 State House,
Montpelier, Vermont.

VERMONT

When You Go to Europe
By EDWIN ROBERT PETRE

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Funk & Wagnalls Company
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SUNSET COAST: Pacific Northwest a Land of Mountains, Forests, Lakes, and Rivers

America's sunset seacoast again awaits the annual influx of tourists. From the crags of the Rockies to Pacific breakers stretches an expanse of scenic grandeur as large as a handful of European countries.

In this Pacific Northwest the wayfarer finds a region of abrupt changes. One hour the traveler spins across dusty desert; the next he whirls through mountain passes flanked by snow-shrouded peaks.

To-day the West is the mecca of Eastern tenderfeet who would go the Alpine way without bothering to visit Switzerland, or who would trudge endless miles of sand-dunes without crossing half the world to reach the Sahara.

Scenic Wonderland—Nature has crammed the Pacific Northwest with samples of scenic wonders from all over the world. There are many inducements for the sportsman who would wield either reel and line or high-powered hunting-rifle. Mountain streams in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho teem with trout. Anglers eager for larger prey can seek the Chinook salmon as it fights its way up the Columbia.

For the huntsman there are deep-baying hounds to track the grizzly and cougar to their lairs. Virtually every Western State abounds in deer and elk, while Montana offers the mountain-goat, which, leaping from crag to crag, offers the hunter an arduous chase.

Travel-wise Americans know about Washington, land of mountains, forests, lakes, and rivers, with 500 miles of coastline along the vast Pacific. It's a land, this Evergreen State, of great industrial import, with gigantic shipping, lumber, mining, and agricultural resources. Its cities serve great inland empires; its seaports make contact with Orient and arctic alike.

The old pioneer spirit carries on in this generation. They still are a people planning to settle great territories, building colossal dams across mighty rivers, and roads piercing forests and mountains.

From the waters of Puget Sound, near Seattle, can be seen the low-lying, green foot-hills of the Cascades, and, behind them, in rosy splendor, snow-crowned Mount Rainier, almost three miles high.

Real Wilderness—Due west of Seattle and Tacoma, across the Sound, is the Olympic Peninsula, a real wilderness accessible in a jiffy by stream-lined ferry-boat. This farthest-west arm of land belongs to another world.

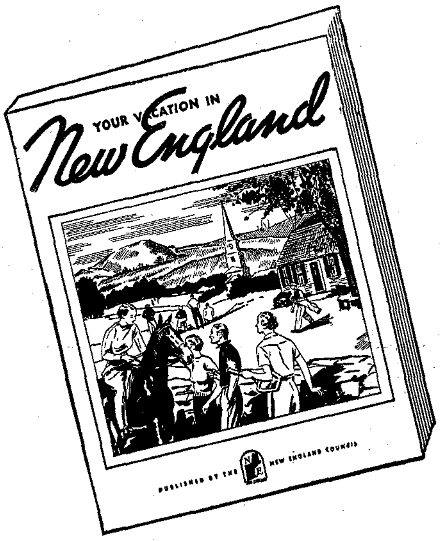
There, the traveler may explore untapped forests of fir and hemlock; visit deep, sea-green tarns set high in the mountains; toss a line into tumbling, glacier-fed streams jammed with steelheads; fish-lakes abounding with gamy Crescent and Beardslee trout, bass, and tyee.

South, in Oregon, Portland is playing host at its annual Rose Festival, June 10 to 14. New events this year include a spectacular outdoor ballet at the coronation of the Festival's queen, a Junior Rose Festival, a casting tournament for bait and fly fishermen, an international ski-tournament on Mount Hood, thrilling exhibitions by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and their trained horses, and an air-mail rose-show.

For this, roses will be sent from all over the nation by air-mail to Portland, the Rose City. It's like carrying coals to Newcastle.

New England

40-Page Illustrated
VACATION GUIDE
JUST OFF THE PRESSES


YOUR VACATION IN
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PUBLISHED BY THE NEW ENGLAND COUNCIL

IF FOR your vacation you want mountains, lakes, and seashore convenient to one another . . . historic houses and quaint cobbled streets . . . Revolutionary shrines . . . summer theatres . . . New England food, cooked in native style . . . sports in an invigorating climate, fresh and sunshiny . . . if you want all these and more, the first step towards enjoying them is to write for this

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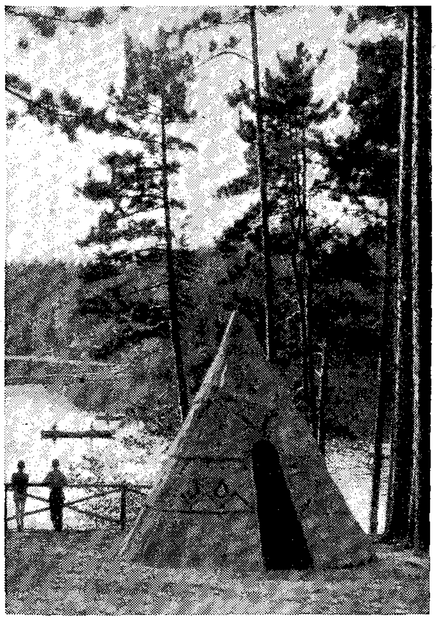
CANADA BECKONS TO VACATIONISTS

Lake and Mountain Playgrounds Offer Many Attractions



Travel & Publicity Bureau, Toronto, Canada

Lake Timagami, Ontario: Where youngsters play Indian amid the pines

Fifteen million Americans spent holidays in Canada last year—a striking evidence of the popularity of Dominion playgrounds. This is a greater hegira than crosses any other international boundary.

A variety of ingredients contribute to Canada's charm. Among them are the replicas of Old World countries which have been transplanted in her soil. Cape Breton Island is reminiscent of the haggis and burr of Scotland's Highlands. In Quebec Province, from Gaspé through the St. Lawrence Valley, Brittany lives again. Victoria's homes and gardens suggest England. A pageant of explorers, *coureurs des bois*, black-robed Jesuit missionaries, soldiers and empire-builders have woven historical romance.

Outside this human interest, nature stages attractions to satisfy almost every vacation fancy. It is a land of opportunity for the angler, canoeist, hunter, golfer, mountain-climber, and motorist.

A few swift glimpses over the 4,000-mile sweep from ocean to ocean may give some hints of the Dominion's attractions.

Maritime Bid—Vacationists fond of the seashore seek resorts in Canada's Maritime Provinces.

Nova Scotia has notable reminders of her dramatic past—romantic Grand Pré in the land of Evangeline; the bastions and barracks of Annapolis Royal, and the remains of the French fortress at Louisbourg.

During summer months there is a trek of vacationists from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia across Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island. Altho Canada's smallest Province, it has almost 100 miles of white beaches.

To the Crown Colony of Newfoundland generations of veteran sportsmen carry their fishing and hunting paraphernalia. From Port-Aux-Basques, or St. John's they plunge into forests and inland waterways for moose, small game, and fresh and salt water fish.

Sportsman's Land—Other sportsmen penetrate the forests and rivers of New Brunswick. Miramichi and Restigouche Rivers are famed among disciples of Izaak Walton. Big-game hunters seek caribou, moose, black bear, and deer.

The Matapedia Valley provides an approach from New Brunswick to Quebec, and directly to picturesque Gaspé. In no other part of the Dominion is the atmosphere so distinctly foreign. Gaspé is pure French in origin, population, customs, and habits.

This hitherto remote land of tradition and folk-lore is accessible by completion of the Perron Highway encircling the Baie des Chaleurs, Atlantic, and Gulf of St. Lawrence coasts.

On the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, steamers provide cruises to Murray Bay, where fashion foregathers at the Manoir Richelieu, and to Tadoussac, gateway to the mountain-walled Saguenay River.

All the colorful phases of Canadian history flow through Quebec, "The City of Remembrance." A stroll through Sous le Cap, typical narrow winding street of the lower town, suggests medieval France. Towering in vivid contrast above is the imposing Château Frontenac.

Open Road—From the gates of this walled city, Provincial highways invite the motorist to tour French Canada, with its *chansons* and folk-lore.

From the St. Louis Gate one ancient pathway follows the St. Lawrence to Montreal, which began in 1642 as the tiny settlement of Ville-Marie. Living under two cultures, French and English, it has unusual interest for the visitor.

From Montreal, routes radiate to Laurentian lakes dotting the country from Ste. Agathe west to the Gatineau Valley, and north to Mt. Tremblante Park.

Over the "blue-water" country from the Thousand Islands to the Lake of the Woods, Ontario, is a land of summer playgrounds. Canoe-trips are mapped through mazes of lake-channels and rivers. Gamy pickerel, trout, and fighting "muskys" abound. Government reserves provide great areas of unspoiled nature.

Park and Lakes—Thousand Islands Park borders fifty miles of St. Lawrence islands. The Rideau chain of lakes and canal lead to the imposing Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. Kawartha Lakes form a part of the Trent Waterway between Lake Ontario and Lake Huron. The Lake of Bays attracts those who seek water-sports in sequestered surroundings.

Algonquin Park is a vacation playground of 3,000 square miles. Muskoka Lakes are in high favor. In the Georgian Bay there are nearly 50,000 islands, forested and rock-bordered. Timagami and Nipigon Forest Reserves, Quetico Park, Lake of the Woods, and Minaki preserve nature unspoiled.

At Niagara Park, Ontario shares with the United States the heritage of this great cataract. From Toronto—"the meeting-place"—routes fan to all parts of the Province.

Amid the tremendous uplift of the Canadian Rockies, 7,000 square miles have been set aside for national parks. Snow-capped peaks, glaciers, virgin forests, emerald lakes, and rapid waters are the natural characteristics.

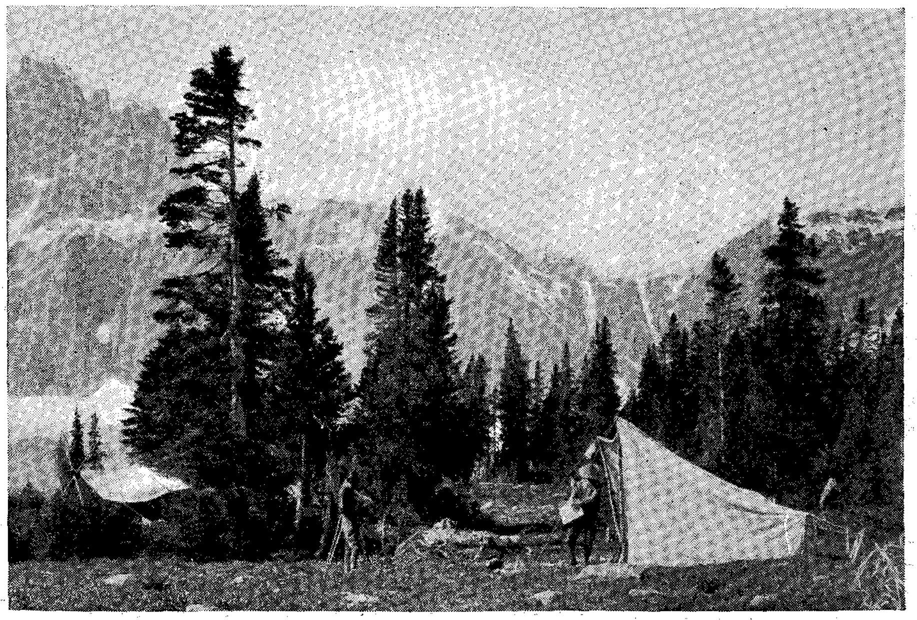
Banff is headquarters for the Banff National Park, including Lake Louise region. Jasper Park Lodge is the center for visitors to Jasper National Park, with its wild Athabaska Valley and Maligne Lake.

Waterton Lakes National Park adjoins Glacier Park of the United States, a new highway connecting the two.

In a cross-Canada motor-tour, the Rockies may be traversed except for a gap between Golden and Revelstoke. Over this break the Canadian Pacific Railway transports automobiles in a daylight trip.

Beyond the Rockies are the "Evergreen Playgrounds" of British Columbia. An inclusive insight is provided by the Canadian National Railways Triangle Tour. For westbound travelers this diverges from the main route near Mt. Robson Park, follows foaming rivers to Prince Rupert, on the coast, thence brings the tourist by steamer through 500 miles of inner passages to Vancouver.

This Canadian port for the Orient and Alaska will stage its golden jubilee between July 1 and September 7. Across the Strait of Juan de Fuca, looking over its island-dotted harbor, is Victoria, British Columbia's Capital, a city of homes and gardens.



Courtesy of Canadian National Railways

Amethyst Lake, Jasper National Park, Alberta: In the heart of the Canadian Rockies

MIDNIGHT SUN: Alaska, Rugged Land of Glaciers, Mountains, Totems, and Flowers

Men still pan Alaska's gravel. Stamp-mills still thunder, trappers seek pelts, and thousands of fishermen turn silver salmon to gold. Yet Alaska—termed "Seward's Folly" when the War-time Secretary of State bought it from Russia in 1867, for $7,200,000—has more than paid for itself from tourists alone, not to cite its vast mineral resources, furs, and other wealth.

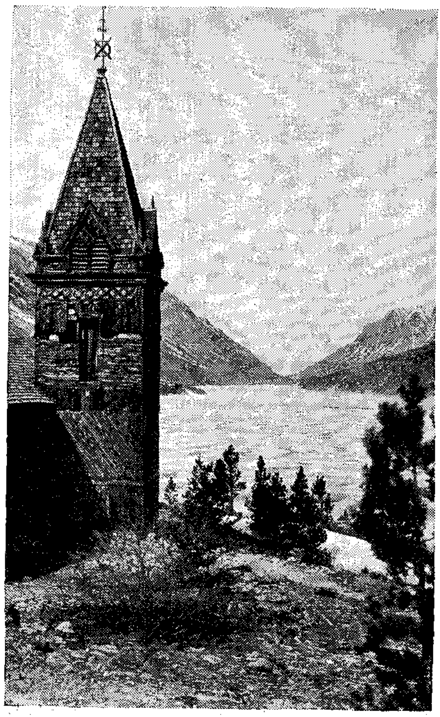
To the tourist seeking rest and health, sport, and adventure, Alaska is a veritable *Sindbad's* Cavern. Scenically, it is a land of rugged grandeur, with glaciers, mountains, totem-poles, wild flowers in profusion, unique little cities, many of them with board sidewalks, a picturesque coast-line with a maze of mountainous islands.

Yachting Eden—Yachtsmen may cruise for weeks in land-locked security amid a tranquillity broken only by the rush of leaping water-falls, plaintive mewing of gulls, and the sullen rumble of a breaking glacier. Bottomless fiords lead back into the core of the stately coastal range, a region of perpetual snows.

Probably the most remarkable sight on the Alaskan voyage is Taku Glacier, reached about noon of the fourth day out of Vancouver or Seattle. As the liner approaches this great frozen river, she sounds her siren, and often huge chucks of ice are dislodged by the vibration to tumble into the water with a cannon-like report.

Sitka, Alaskan Capital during the Russian régime, is an interesting port of call, as is Juneau, Alaska's present Capital, and a veritable storehouse of native history.

No "Ice-Box"—No longer is Alaska called an "Ice-Box," for travelers have found a summer climate which is warm in midday, but tempered pleasantly by breezes from the sea or from off the snow-capped peaks. In summer, this "Land of the Midnight Sun" is a paradise of flowers and fruits, and soft, warm days that beguile the visitor into extending his stay. Bookings for various Alaska cruises indicate that Alaska will enjoy a banner season this year.



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

Lake Bennett, Alaska: Steeple and fiord

Fly United's "Main Line"

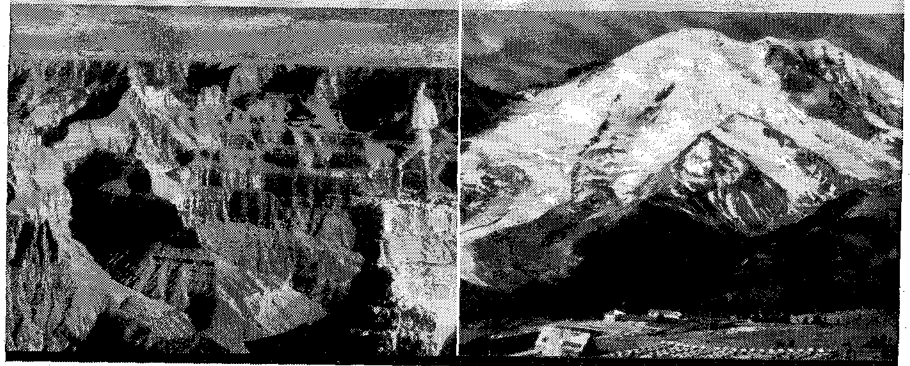
TO THE NATION'S GREATEST PLAYGROUNDS

FLY TO AND OVER YELLOWSTONE *Yellowstone Park is now only an overnight flight from New York, Chicago and major cities east and west. Coast-to-coast passengers are allowed stop-over privileges, permitting a special side-trip flight from Salt Lake City circling over Yellowstone National Park—the most magnificent scenic spectacle offered to travelers in the United States today.*

TO CALIFORNIA VACATIONLANDS *United Air Lines operates daylight and overnight schedules from the East to seven principal points in California, the all-year vacationland of America. Enjoy California's beaches, mountains and famous climate. See the mighty San Francisco Bay Bridge. Visit both Los Angeles and San Francisco at no extra fare.*

OVER AND THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON *Stop-overs allowed at Las Vegas, Nev. (reached via United Air Lines and Scenic Boulder Dam Airway) for side trips by plane and boat over and through the magnificent Grand Canyon. See the Canyon from the air. Also circle the gigantic $160,000,000 Boulder Dam project. Special "between planes" side trips.*

TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST *Fly and spend a leisurely holiday in the Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest. Visit Seattle and Tacoma—twin gateways to majestic Rainier National Park. See the Columbia River Gorge wonderland enroute by air to Portland. Fly to Spokane and Vancouver, B. C. Ask about United's connections with steamships serving Alaska.*



On your next trip coast-to-coast fly United! Visit one of these famous playgrounds on the way!

★ United's "Main Line" New York-California Airway, coast-to-coast, goes straight through the heart of the parks country—*and stop-overs are allowed on all United coast-to-coast tickets for visits to these great national vacationlands.*

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Find out about the many side-trips United can offer you on your next flight coast-to-coast, and learn about United's new time and money-saving Circle Tours serving all Pacific Coast cities. See your travel agent, or mail the coupon now!

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UNITED AIR LINES

FASTEST, SHORTEST BETWEEN THE EAST AND MOST PACIFIC COAST CITIES

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TO THE
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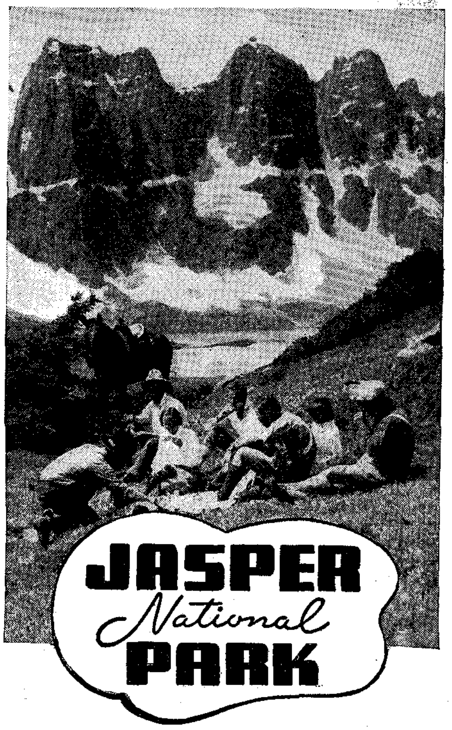

Come to Jasper, America's largest National Park, for golf on a course that is second to none in America—riding, hiking, motoring, climbing and fishing. In this unspoiled world you'll laugh at today's worries! Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge with its warmed outdoor pool—and informal social life, music, dancing, offers all you can desire in accommodation. Rates are low—from $7.00 per day including meals.

Jasper is on the Canadian National's main line, the route of the famous Continental Limited. Through sleeping cars from Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul to Jasper and Vancouver. *Special cruises to Alaska from Vancouver by palatial Canadian National Steamships. All outside rooms.*

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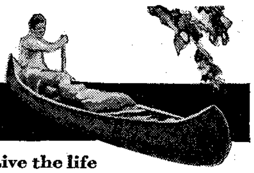


Hunt. Fish. Camp. Live the life of an Indian. Own your own Old Town Canoe. (Prices start at $68.) An Old Town is sturdy and steady for years of hard use. No expensive upkeep. Write for a free catalog, showing models for every use. Also outboard boats, rowboats and dinghies. Address: Old Town Canoe Co., 246 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

LAKES FAIR: Cleveland Centennial Will Take Many to Headquarters for Holiday Land

Cleveland is buzzing with activity preparing to play host to a nation with the Great Lakes Exposition from June 27 to October 4. International in scope and significance, the Exposition was conceived to celebrate Cleveland's 100th birthday, and is dedicated to the advancement of the art, science, industry, and commerce of the Great Lakes region.

This fair will attract a conservatively estimated 4,000,000 of the 26,000,000 people living within a day's easy driving of the Ohio metropolis. They will be treated to a foreign atmosphere in "Streets of the World." More than forty European lands will be represented in this colorful portrayal of Europe's arts and crafts, including native cafés of each nation.

Many millions in indirect contributions from Federal, State, and municipal governments—more than $25,000,000 from the latter alone, in lending for permanent structures forming the key-buildings for the enterprise—constitute the foundation upon which the Exposition will rise.

Foreign Streets—There are only twenty-five Belgians in Cleveland, but countrymen from Chicago, New York, and Detroit will come in with the Clevelanders to make a sizable village with novelty shop, specialty food-shop, café, and restaurant.

In Cleveland there are only seven Hindus, but there will be a Hindu village with tea-shop, restaurant, and two stores. New Yorkers and Detroiters are helping out.

Krakow's famous *rynek* (public square) is the outstanding feature of the Polish village. The *Sukkienice* (Cloth Hall) will occupy the middle of the square. There every conceivable Polish product will be found.

The original, at Krakow, is a well-known bazaar. One of the two best-known Krakow restaurants is being transported bodily to serve food just as it is in the old country.

A truly old-time German village will be erected, its Old World structures to be reproductions of typical buildings.

Czechoslovakia's characteristic Bohemian café is to be one of the largest fixtures of the "Streets of the World," and will occupy 2,000 square feet, while the Austrians of the Tyrol will stress entertainment—colorful music and dancing. Chinatown will be another high spot. There will be Danes, Hollanders, Armenians, Lithuanians, Norwegians, Swedes, Swiss, Serbs, Latvians, Finns, Italians, and Afro-Americans to bring their native treats to Cleveland.

Federal Show—But the biggest show of all is *Uncle Sam's*. The liberal-handed old gentleman is spending $275,000 on his 30,000 square feet of display-space. The Government is the largest single indoor exhibitor. Florida's Building, costing $250,000, will bring the near-tropics to Lake Erie's shores.

Horticultural gardens, covering three and one-half acres, and costing $200,000, will accent the three-story Horticultural Building with an elaborate outdoor-garden display. This will remain intact as a permanent civic plot after the Exposition closes in October.

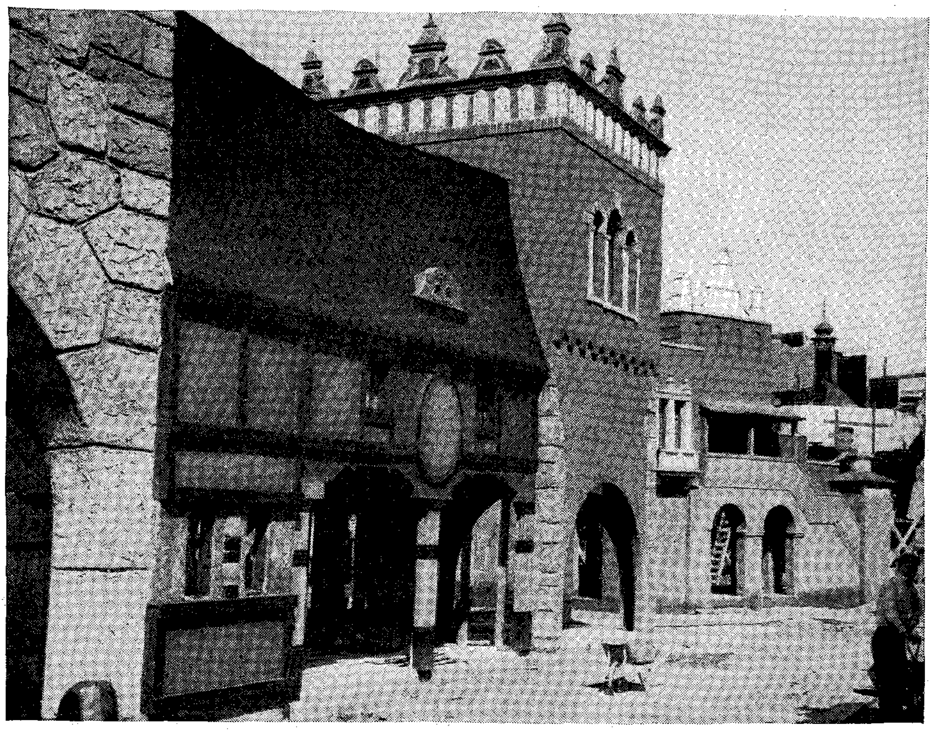
Beginning with the opening day, Cleveland will have virtually a convention for each of the 100 days the Exposition is open.

The largest of the national meetings will be the American Legion's September gathering. That will bring more than 250,000 visitors to the shores of Lake Erie.

Western Holidays—Cleveland, in a sense, is headquarters for the Middle West's vacation land—the Great Lakes. Many travelers to the West have learned that a pleasant variation from the usual type of trip by rail, motor, or air, is to make part of the journey one way or both on the vacation by steamship through the Great Lakes.

There are excellent, modern ships in these services, frequent sailings, and, in most cases, facilities for the transportation of automobiles. Several lines have services between many of the Lake ports from Duluth to Buffalo.

Whether one begins the westward journey by Lake ship or by rail, there is an infinite variety of travel possibilities in cool Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and the fishing's fine.



Great Lakes Exposition, Cleveland: Austria, Italy, and Poland neighbors in "Streets of the World"

ALOHA LAND: Entertaining Visitors Is Hawaii's Third Industry; Treasure-Trove for Travelers

Once, Hawaii primarily was known as a winter resort, but globe-trotters soon learned that the Islands were not uncomfortably hot in summer. Eighty-eight degrees is the highest temperature ever recorded in Honolulu. Now, June, July, and August are peak months for travel.

Hawaii's unique climate advantages are major factors in winning a steady year-round flow of visitors. Entertaining-travelers is Hawaii's "third industry."

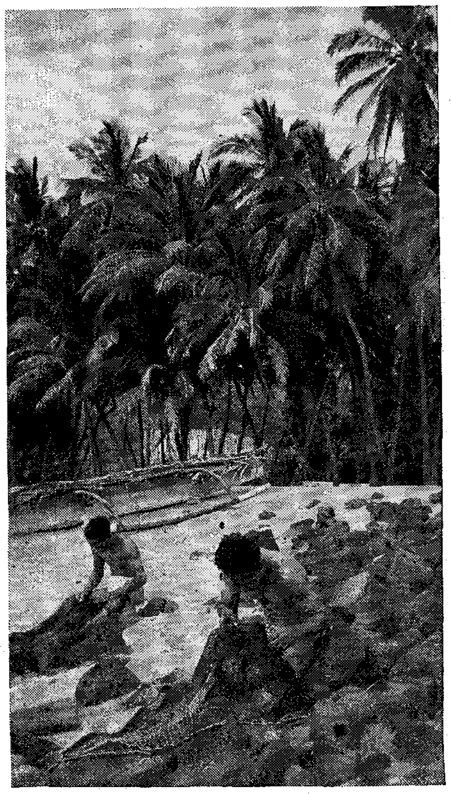
It is a treasure-trove for travelers, this land of the ubiquitous ukulele, haunting melodies, and expert swimming technique. There are delightful brown natives, romantic memories. and the beach at Waikiki, celebrated in song and story.

San Francisco and Los Angeles are approximately equally distant as jumping-off places for Honolulu, which, with Buddhist and Shinto shrines, is as cosmopolitan as Singapore.

Hero's Day—On June 11, the islanders will celebrate the 200th birthday anniversary of their hero, King Kamehameha, "Napoleon of the Pacific." In addition to a night water-pageant and a big parade in the morning, the program will include an outrigger canoe-race featuring Hawaii's most skilful paddlers.

These islands stretch for nearly 400 miles. Hawaii proper is the largest of the archipelago, with Hilo as its port. Oahu boasts wondrous Honolulu, where East and West meet in a delightful harmony which Kipling never suspected.

Maui, the valley isle, is noted for Haleakala, great dormant volcano, while Kauai, with its tinted little canyons, is the "garden island." There are 350,000 Hawaiians of thirty races waiting to be discovered. The trip out varies from four to six and one-half days by smooth, happy boat-trip under blissful skies, lolling along to soft melodies in the spirit of *Aloha*.



Pan-Pacific Press Bureau Photo

Island of Hawaii: Mending nets

ALL AMERICA IS YOURS

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Know It
Enjoy It

BETTER times, better roads, lower fares . . . everything has conspired to make domestic travel more enjoyable this summer. Go North or South, go East or West, but go somewhere in America.

Historic New England . . . gay, thrilling New York . . . Philadelphia, Cradle of Liberty . . . the romantic, hospitable South and Southwest . . . Chicago . . . the National Parks . . . the Rockies and the Pacific Coast — it's a grand country, this America of yours, and this is the year to see it.

And wherever you travel, however you travel, be sure to stop at a recognized hotel, where you'll be certain of comfort, safety and service.

BOSTON IS A BROWSING TOWN

It is hallowed ground, this Boston . . . stirringly reminiscent of midnight hoof-beats, gallant Minute-men and masquerading Indians. Its Revolutionary landmarks are shrines no American should miss. Centre of all this historic territory is the famous Parker House, in itself a New England tradition. Superior service and grand "vittles" make it ideal headquarters for a few days of poking around fascinating old Boston. Every room has private bath, shower, and circulating ice-water. Many singles at $3 . . . doubles at $4.50. The noted Dickens Room, with its interesting exhibit, is a good place to start your browsing.

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EUROPE IS AMERICA'S NEW WORLD

Flags Fly Abroad in Colors Unknown Twenty-Five Years Ago

Photo by F. Hutzli, Reichenbach, Switzerland; Courtesy of Swiss Federal Railroads

Kiental, Bernese Oberland, Switzerland: Alpenhorn-blower pours native melodies into valley below

Europe is the New World. That expresses the conclusion of many Americans who have crossed the Atlantic in recent years.

Europe is a continent of new nations. Flags are flying there with colors and designs not known twenty-five years ago. The map has been changed. Even languages are being spoken which a generation ago were almost unknown tongues.

With the political changes have come economic and social changes. The people are different. Their rulers are different, and, what interests the tourist, the places where they live are different.

"Off the beaten track" was a favorite mode of expression once. To-day most of those trails are beaten and macadamized. The radio has listeners in the most remote mountain-valleys. The spread of education due to freeing political institutions has increased the demands for knowledge and newspapers to an extent which no one dreamed about two decades ago.

Of course, increase of literacy does not make Europe a New World for Americans, nor does an increase of political democracy.

What is new, however, and comes as a surprize to visitors from other continents is the new spirit in the people which causes them to be not only pioneers in their own lands but world pioneers. There is something happening in Europe to-day which is causing Americans to go overseas to learn about it, and bring it back to America. Europe is fast becoming a "First" to our "Second."

Europe's Firsts—We have made much of late of what Diesel engines can do, but it was new Europe that had them first. We are now keen about stream-lined trains, but, again, it was Europe which had them first.

Throughout our Middle Western States there is now a renaissance in consumer co-operation, but this is an old story, and a very successful one, in Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, and Russia. Our New Deal is causing us to boast of our slum-clearance projects, but Europe is far ahead of the United States in cleaning out its slum areas.

Here it is new, but England started seventy-five years ago, and in Germany the major cities are practically clear. We started to build planetariums after Europe showed us how, and so the story might be continued from the start of youth movements to the establishment of old-age pensions, all new to us, all old to Europe.

Facts of this character are changing the entire tourist traffic. At the beginning of the century the passengers on transatlantic steamers were much older than to-day.

To-day it is youth which goes abroad and comes back with so much to tell about a world it never expected to see. Russia is to-day in the forefront of such lures. The remaking of human beings by advanced social methods, and the democratization of art and literature in that land is of such interest that American teachers find inspiration watching the process in close-ups

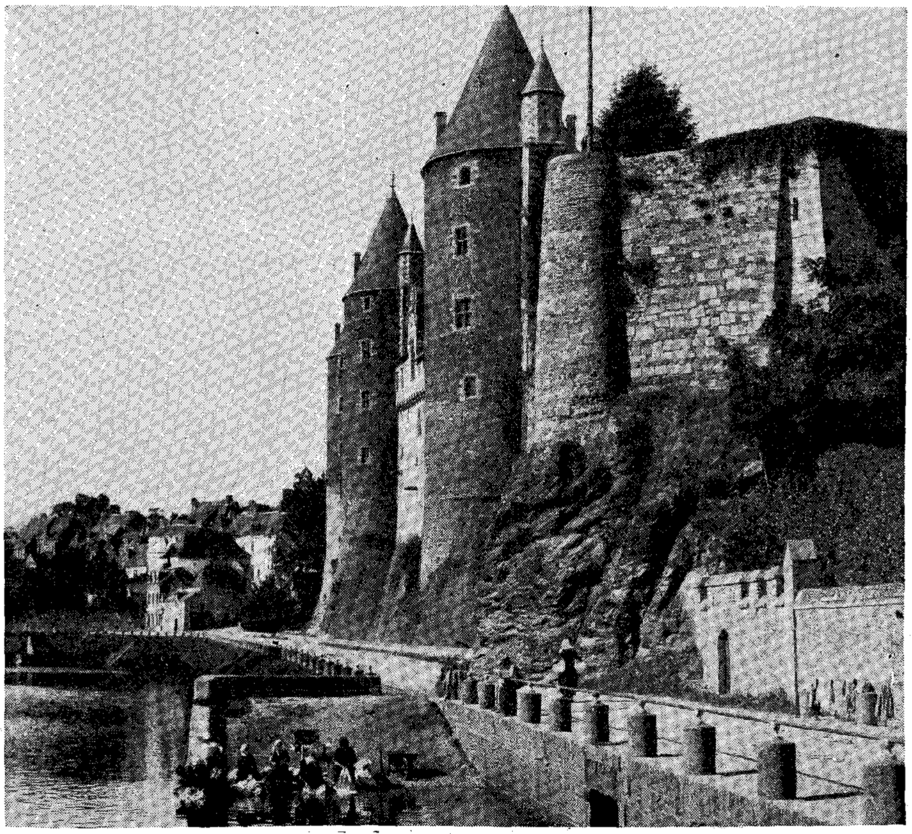
Success Stories—American executives now frankly admit that it pays to send over to Europe several staff members every year so that they can brighten up and come back to old America with aspirations for success learned in the New World across the sea.

Older Americans sometimes look askance at the politics of some of these new European countries, but the young men and women going to Europe only smile and say, "Would a Pennsylvania Republican refuse to see Niagara Falls because it was in a Democratic State?"

It is a fact that one can travel through Ireland and seldom hear of Eamon de Valera, through Germany and not be constantly reminded that Hitler is in charge, through Italy and hear nothing but good of Mussolini. These lands are all busy creating a new world with enthusiasm, and the modern tourist rejoices that at last a trip to Europe means good roads, fine trains, conveniences, splendid hotels, and prices not made for the rich.

Modern travel to and in Europe is changing the moods of men, and prejudices born of lack of acquaintance are breaking down. As the gentleman from the Orient expressed it, "One lookee-see is worth a thousand tells."

Cruises are leaving for the North Cape and for the sunny Mediterranean, and passengers' destinations this summer range from Ireland to Greece, some for Northern Spain and the French and Italian Rivieras, but hosts for Czechoslovakia, the British Isles, Germany, Poland, Belgium, Holland, the Baltic Republics, Russia, and all Scandinavia. The New World is there, and Americans are its discoverers.



French Government Tourist Information Bureau Photo

Chateau de Josselin, Brittany: Wash-day under the ramparts

BRISK BRITAIN: Glories of Holiday in Two Islands Can Not Be Scribbled on Picture-Postcard

Frank Brangwyn, probably the best known of modern British artists—his latest big commission was to paint the four murals in Rockefeller Center, illustrating the Advance of Man—has recently written, "To me the chief attractions of the British Isles are the natural beauties."

For him there exists "an unspoiled England," bits of country where one may find "England's typical glories."

The suggestion is good in that it can warn us away from the common practise of filling paragraphs on the Britain which everybody knows. No need to tell the visitor to see Stratford-on-Avon, Westminster Abbey, Edinburgh Castle, and the Lakes of Killarney.

He will see them as a matter of course. The trouble is that these, and a few other "high spots," form the only pictures of the British Isles which thousands of travelers receive. They could have *read* about them and saved a trip across the Atlantic.

Two Authors—The British holiday which one can not read about, which must be taken to be enjoyed, can not be put on a picture-postcard, nor snapped in a camera, G. K. Chesterton once said that if he were asked to show England to a tourist he would take him on a walking tour in a small county, let him talk to the country folk, and sleep in village inns.

A. A. Milne had something of the same thought when he said he would like to introduce an American to Royalty, and later let him profit by seeing a London policeman in action.

The American who returns from his holiday in Great Britain this summer and entertains his friends with stories of a trip to see the sun rise at Stonehenge on great Salisbury Plain, who with the light of Arthurian legend still haunting his eyes, can tell of a visit to Cornwall, whose people still are remote enough as to speak of "going to England" when they cross the county-line into Devon, will know something of the glory of England that may be envied.

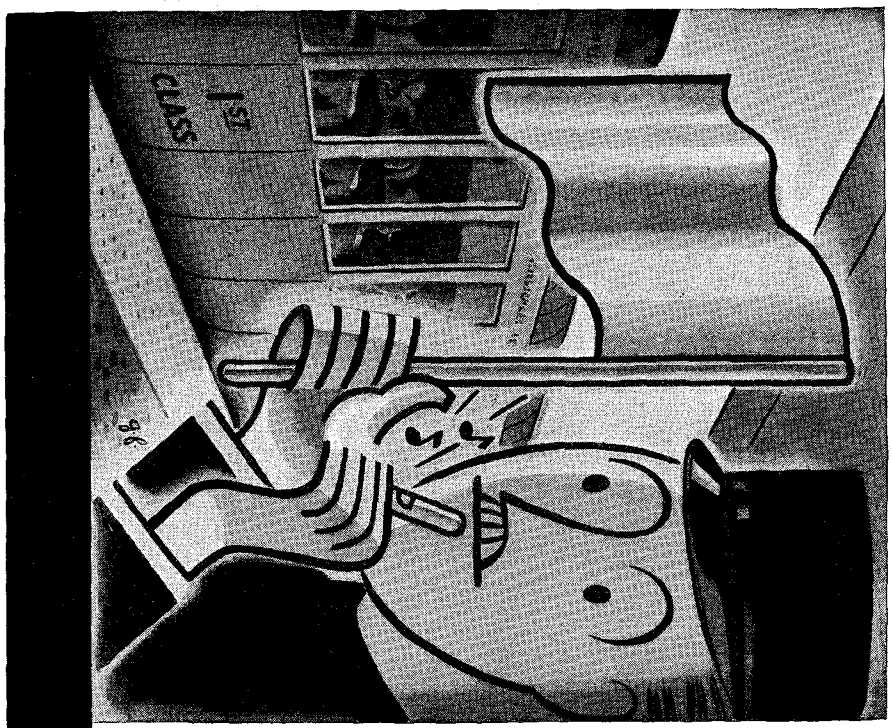
Getting Acquainted—So in Scotland and Wales, the thing to do is to get acquainted with the folk who live between the mountains and by the lakes.

Better escape the crowds at Edinburgh after a day there and go to places like the new national park at wild Glencoe, or journey to the Hebrides. In Ireland give Killarney or the Giant's Causeway its day, but run up and see that unspoiled Ireland of the glens of Antrim or to Aran of the saints, and Donegal.

To help travelers who have to cover the "tight little isle" in a hurry, England's and Scotland's train-service has been speeded up. For the last month, 747 trains have been going a total of 2,016 more miles daily.

It still is one of the great charms of the British Isles that the sophistication which post-War years brought, and the influence of the speedy motor-roads and radio have not destroyed the strong, natural simplicity of the ordinary Britisher.

He is friendly and hospitable. He thinks that if you have taken the trouble to cross the ocean to see his country that he ought to do something for you in return. From John o'Groats to Dover and from Galway to London the reception is the same.



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Consult your travel agent or the nearest office below for fascinating literature.

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ROADS TO ROME: Every Day New Things Are Happening in Italy, Where Past Bows to Future

Normally, Italy entertains a quarter of a million visitors every month. They average a two weeks' vacation in the land, and every year leave three-quarters of a billion dollars behind them.

Such a record is the best testimony to the popularity of Italy. At the beginning of the economic depression its tourists increased rather than decreased, and, during the recent Ethiopian war, tourists continued to arrive daily.

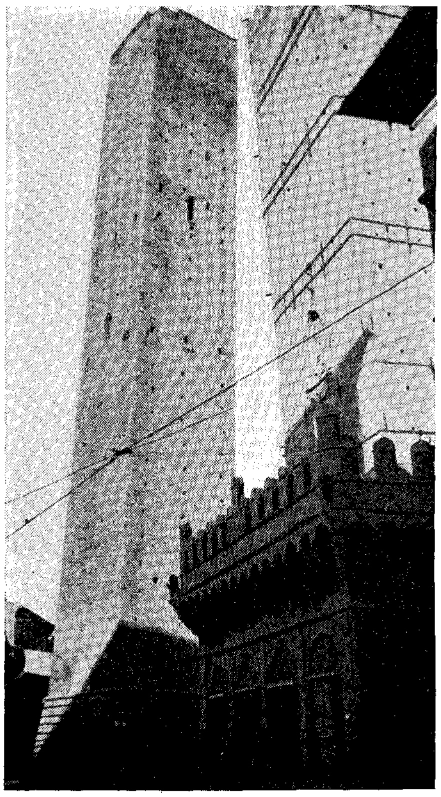
While many Americans permitted themselves to be scared away from Italy this last winter, and Mediterranean cruises were not run in consequence, the people of Europe, who knew the situation better, went into the Mediterranean for their winter vacations the same as in other years. Neither war nor depression can stop the traffic on the seas and the roads that lead to Rome.

Italy's Rome—It frequently is an item of attraction in other lands to be able to indicate that it has Roman remains. Italy has Rome. Other lands often boast of the famous men who in all ages have visited them, but when one seeks out why they were in these countries, it develops that they were on their way to Italy.

It was a cynosure for men in Cæsar's days. It was the end of the journey for millions of pilgrims in the Middle Ages. It was the cradle of the Renaissance, and the artists and scholars who glorified that period have kept travelers coming every year to the shrines of the great works then created.

It is easy to describe Italy in the past tense. The very language of the past has been created by Italy, so that all things old become "as old as Rome."

Yet, as elsewhere in Europe, the really significant emphasis should be on the Italy that is. Its military aspects have leaped on the front pages of our newspapers the last six months, but back of all this are new economical and social aspects which are none the less dramatic because they are not publicized.



Courtesy of Italian Tourist Information Office

Bologna, Italy: Where there is another leaning tower

Courtesy of Italian Tourist Information Office

Amalfi, Italy: At the foot of Monte Cerreto, its panorama is known to globe-trotters

Civic Splendor—One does not need to be partizan in view to appreciate the renaissance which has come to Italy in industry, transportation, and civic splendor. Even in archeology there have been recently such vast excavations that a modern tourist using a guide-book but ten years old would miss some of the best.

All who knew the pre-War Italy are under an intellectual obligation to see the new Italy. The obligation is to themselves fully as much as to Italy. No one can journey there to-day in the great Fascist greyhounds of the sea, or, while there, traverse the land in its great new railway system, or sweep north and south on its fine new motor-roads, without exclaiming in wonder at the difference which ten years of progress have accomplished.

Every day new things are happening in Italy. Is it a nuisance to the tourist to change from train to steamer to reach Sicily? Then the train is ferried across the Straits of Messina.

Is the population of the land congested? Then a whole new Province, Littoria, comes into existence from the Pontine Marshes.

Vast engineering projects, revolutionary changes in homes, sanitation, and education, insure that every visitor will not only get more than he pays for, but will have tales of accomplishment to take back home which will seem almost unbelievable. Italy no longer is the land of the dead past. It is breathing, even panting with the zest of youth to outstrip all nations in progress and good things to see.

Azorean Lure—The journey to Italy from America, like the journey to all Mediterranean lands, provides the traveler with pleasures which other lands often wish they could offer.

It is a journey nearer the sun, and, before passing Gibraltar into the tideless sea of the ages, the ships pass the Azores, truly "fairy isles afar," which stand at the gateway to lure passing vessels to Italy.

CORDIAL NORTH: It Is Easy to Feel at Home in Scandinavia, Where Life Is Like America's

The right way to think of a trip to Scandinavia is to sit before a globe instead of an atlas and see the miles grow less. The great tourist lands of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Finland are all much nearer than many maps show.

Because the longitudinal line which runs through the Baltic also runs through the Adriatic, it does not follow that it takes as long to go to Scandinavia as to Greece. The top of the world narrows and cuts away hundreds of sea-miles for those who sail to the lands of the midnight sun.

In these days of fine vessels it is as easy and as short to go to Scandinavia as to go to the countries of Western Europe, where flock most of the tourists.

Secret Joys—Actually, there are travelers who do not want to have these northern countries talked of too much. The charm of being unspoiled by crowds, the secret joy of seeing fiords, castles, and cities of renown not known to the common tourist causes many to lament any public announcement of how easy it is to go there.

One thing at least appears—large numbers of visitors now are annual trippers. They look forward to a summer's holiday in Oslo, Copenhagen, or Stockholm, in much the same way as a New York or Chicago family looks forward to moving out to the summer place. They would never dream of going anywhere else.

Guide-books and steamship companies' literature can tell what to see in these lands, and how to go to them, but they can not convey the cordiality of the people toward visitors.

As many say, they seem the least like foreigners of any people of Europe. Their civilization is ours, their ways of living are ours. It is so easy to feel at home among them.

Those who are fortunate enough to voyage into Norway's fiords, and cruise to the North Cape to view the Midnight Sun beyond the arctic rim will feel that Scandinavia really offers that "different" vacation which they always have believed they would some day enjoy.

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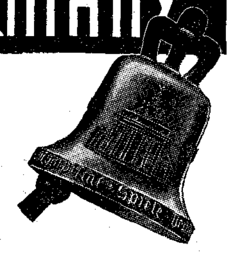
OLYMPIC YEAR IS THE WORLD'S FESTIVE YEAR IN GERMANY



When the Olympic Bell calls the youth of the world to Germany, it summons as well lovers of art, music, the drama ...lovers of beauty and lovers of life.

For, this year, Germany plays the leading role in the itinerary of transatlantic travelers:

XIth OLYMPIC GAMES—in Berlin, August 1 to 16. The Olympic Regatta at Kiel.

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OLDER FRANCE: Thousands May See a Splendid Country Long Before They Get to Paris

Of course, Paris will see you this summer as it sees thousands of Americans every summer. You will shop there, see its great historic buildings, take trips to the surrounding places of interest such as Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Chartres, and, if you like, on the excuse of doing everything once, experience some night-life.

Paris will be glad to see you, but don't hurt the feelings of your host by imagining, as so many do, that Paris is France.

Names of Past—There is a splendid France which thousands may see long before Paris is reached. It is the France which stretches from the shores of Brittany and the coastal towns of Normandy.

Here the visitor may range from the ancient village where the half-pagan and half-religious *Pardons* are still the festivals of the year, to the grand cities of Rouen, Amiens, and Rheims, where the names of William the Conqueror and Joan of Arc are yet names with which to conjure up the past.

Just a few hours south of Paris is the château region of the Loire, easily reached by buses from Lyons, when, in a few days of excursions, one can visit castle after castle redolent with the history of ancient France from Francis the First to Rabelais.

If one wants to get really into the heart of France, the sun-swept southern regions of Provence should be sought. Hereabouts the days will be full of experiences at places like Avignon, where the Palace of the Popes still can strike awe into visitors who only think of sky-scrapers when they think of massive buildings.

This is the region of Roman France where yet stands the arena at Arles, the open theater at Orange, and the vast aqueduct of the Pont du Gard at Nimes. In these Southern Provinces is battlemented Carcassonne, an American's best chance of seeing a walled city.

And here is the *Carmargue*, where gipsies and cowboys older than our own Wild West can put on a show with ropes and bulls which is hard to match elsewhere.

Polished Paris—Of course, every one goes to Paris before he dies, but while life is yet thrilling in the veins we go to the French Riviera to rest at Nice or Mentone, Cannes or Monte Carlo, for the blue Mediterranean comes across from Africa to meet us there.

The queenly French Capital, however, will be hostess with her thirty-year-old Paris Trade Fair. Thirty-five European countries, exclusive of France, will have exhibits up to the middle of July. Every part of France and all her colonies, will be represented.

Virtually every manufactured product will be on display. These will include the newest interpretations in jewelry, fine ceramics, art-enamels and bronzes. Delicate embroideries, rare tapestries, women's accessories, and European trends in decorative art and house furnishings will be shown.

To really enjoy the splendor of Paris one needs the background of the France which is older and greater.

After we have mixed with the folk who knew Cæsar in the South, who knew the Conqueror in the North, and who yet reveal prehistoric influences in Celtic Brittany, Paris becomes more than a light-hearted metropolis. Its polish becomes grandeur, and its mirth the civil philosophy of ages.

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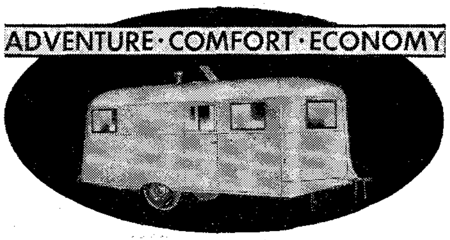

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PAMPAS AND PEAKS: History-Drenched South America Draws Tourists for Fiestas

South America rapidly is becoming a travel field so important that it falls into a category of its own. As a whole, it is looked upon by the up-to-date globe-trotter exactly as the European of a century ago looked upon the Mediterranean as the cynosure around which he built his Grand Tour.

It is a continent of contrasts, geographical, racial, historical, and industrial. Its mountains are ice-capped, and its *pampas* are magnificently broad tropical plains, lush and mellow. There are gigantic rivers and thousands of square miles of cattle-lands, sugar, coffee, cotton, and rubber plantations.

Courtesy of Grace Line

Puno, Peru: Balsa on Lake Titicaca

Racially, its people are diversified, ranging from the descendants of the Incas to the rude savages of Patagonia, from the proud scions of the Spanish conquerors to later comers from all over the Latin and Anglo-Saxon map.

South America is crammed with historic memorials, ancient fortresses which commemorate the power of the Inca Empire; cathedrals and public buildings raised to glorify ruthless Spanish viceroys and conquerors.

Summer Fiestas—The West Coast is fairly drenched with history. There are celebrated, during the summer months, fiestas both sacred and profane which in their colorful and distinctive manifestations are furnishing North American travelers with more and more interesting overtones to their vacation cruises.

Thus, on June 29, in Ecuador's great tropical river-port of Guayaquil, the fiesta of Saint Peter and Saint Paul is celebrated in the suburb of Sabana Grande, which is glorified for the occasion with every type of bunting and flowery festoon available in coastal Ecuador.

The inevitably fascinating native *venta* displays articles and foodstuffs for sale for a song, and live stock from miles around, up and down the jungle fringed Guayas, are on show.

Of even more interest, however, is the Fiesta de la Raza which occurs on October 12. As the name indicates, this celebrates the virtues and characteristics of the race and extends over several days.

A temporary village is erected around the Estero Salado, a salt-water arm of the sea which extends many miles in from the Pacific, and here native customs, dances and music, games and exercises, provide perhaps the most unique spectacle to be seen in South America to-day.

At the Estero Salado the North American interested in native airs will hear for the first time the "Amor Fino," a strictly native Ecuadorean song sung endlessly to the plaintive and haunting accompaniment of guitars.

First Saint—Farther south, in Peru, the Fiesta of Santa Rosa de Lima is celebrated on August 30 each year with an extraordinary mixture of piety and joy. The first saint to be canonized in the Western Hemisphere, "Dear Little Santa Rosa," is one of the most beloved of religious figures, and on her feast-day her silver image is carried in veneration through Lima's streets while all people in them kneel in prayer, and women scatter rose-leaves on the procession from ancient balconies.

For two days the capital resounds to music and laughter and the lilting melody of the "Marinera," most typical of Peruvian folk-dances.

Still farther south, in Chile, fiestas celebrating the people's prowess as an equestrian nation take place in September.

At these the ranchmen from the great *Fundos,* or properties, engage in South American versions of the familiar Western rodeo which prove the Chilean *huaso* to be peer of the North American cowboy or the Argentine *gaucho.*

Chile, too, has a Fiesta de la Raza when "La Cueca," Chile's national dance, is enthusiastically performed, and the annual pilgrimage to the Virgin of Andocollo, a little town near Coquimbo, always is attended by thousands.

From the traveler's standpoint, the West Coast is a region of superlatives. Andean peaks rise to greater heights than any other summits except the Himalayas.

The remains of prehistoric civilizations with those of the Inca Empire of Peru and Bolivia are of absorbing interest. And over the civilization of to-day hovers the romantic atmosphere of Spain.

Modern East—In many respects the East Coast is the antithesis of the West. Instead of age-old reminders and the Andean massif it offers tourists visits to famous modern cities.

Facing a crescent-shaped bay surrounded by mountain peaks, Rio de Janeiro has a spectacular setting. With its marble public buildings, red tile roofs, mosaic sidewalks, and palm-shaded boulevards, it is a colorful city.

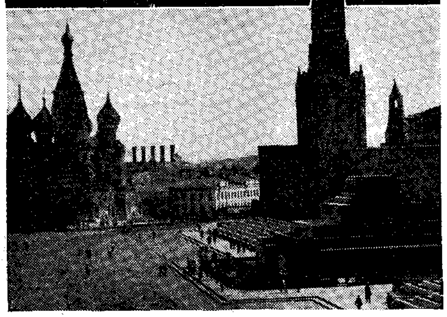
Farther down the Coast other cities are rich in travel interest.

Atop Monte Serrat a quaint monastery looks down upon Santos, where ships from the Seven Seas call for cargoes of coffee. Two hours inland by rail brings the traveler to the palatial homes and parks of São Paulo.

A tourist objective is the world's only snake-farm at Butantan.

Cosmopolitan Buenos Aires is the largest city of South America. Its fashionable Calle Florida gives the impression of having a dash of Rue de la Paix with another of Fifth Avenue.

A brilliant opera-season will greet tourists who visit this sumptuous city during our summer months.



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FOURTH THEATRE FESTIVAL

Again celebrities and students of the theatre will gather in Moscow and Leningrad from September 1 to 10 for the brilliant Festival that presents 12 outstanding productions. Low rates include ten-day stay in two cities, transportation between, theatre tickets and sightseeing.

A number of special interest theatre groups are being organized by leading travel agents to visit the Festival under the leadership of outstanding authorities on the Soviet Theatre. Ask Intourist for details.

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QUEEN'S TASTE: British Style-Ambassador Brings New Fashions of Ten London Designers

Atop the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, supper-dancers were to whirl and spin between the tables on the star-lit roof-garden in the late evening of June 4. They were to be there to oh and ah while London's ten foremost dress-designers try to snatch some of the laurels of Paris, the poet's "woman's town with flowers in her hair."

From the closely-watched trunks were to flash forty exclusive gowns that had come along in a dozen *de luxe* cabins of the Cunard White Star flag-ship *Queen Mary* with a score of earnest Britons. These jealously-guarded frocks cloak a melodramatic story of intrigue, spying, and counter-spying.

So carefully were they shielded from the prying eyes of copyists, eager to steal a march on rivals, that no photographs were issued at their recent London showing, and no sketching was permitted. The accompanying illustrations are the first to be published in this country.

Older Challenge—These proud Britons know that the *Queen Mary* is challenging the French Liner *Normandie* for the ephemeral Atlantic blue ribbon of highest speed, but their challenge to Paris is an older one which can not be translated into knots, that is, a seaman's knots.

They are headed by H.M. Queen Mary's own dressmaker, Edward H. Symonds, handsome, energetic Chairman and Managing Director of Reville, Ltd. He is not in the least like the popular conception of a style-ambassador. He couples keen business acumen with a well-disciplined artistic flair for fashion. An enthusiast for British styles, he believes the young designer just starting in deserves a chance.

That explains why ten designers cooperate in the first serious British effort to wean away from Paris the most important market in the world for styled merchandise—America. Their forty models present the whole range of British clothes and fabrics.

Sport and Leisure—These vary from the typical burly British tweeds crafted by Digby Morton, youthful master of London tailoring design, and riding-clothes fostered by the Hon. Mrs. Freddy Cripps, devotee of hard riding to the hounds, to the downy leisure-time frocks of Victor Stiebel and Reville.

Outstanding among the models are the royal blue silk tussore in a tailored dinner-dress with ascot scarf and belt in green spotted red cloque silk, and the evening gown of heavy black crinkled silk crape with a sash tied in front in a huge bow of bayadere satin-striped faille, like the waist-length jacket which closes in a bow under the chin. Both these models, by Victor Stiebel, are shown on this page.

Two tailored suits which look as if they were made of woolen suiting, but actually are of net, and the evening gown of white silk with long, matching cloak edged all around with ostrich-feathers are from Reville. The last of these is shown herewith.

One of Norman Douglas's riding-habits sponsored by the Hon. Mrs. Cripps is in a new beige fabric which resists the sun, and is suggested for summer wear.

Tailored Tweeds—There are strictly-tailored tweed suits in combinations of greens, reds, and heather hues, with jackets varying from hip-length to long coats. These are Digby Morton designs, while Norman Edwards, young American who has established himself as a creator of London fashions, is presenting a new British fabric making its début at the Waldorf-Astoria showing in a cocktail dinner-suit of brown astrakhan cloth with blouse of chartreuse silk chiffon.

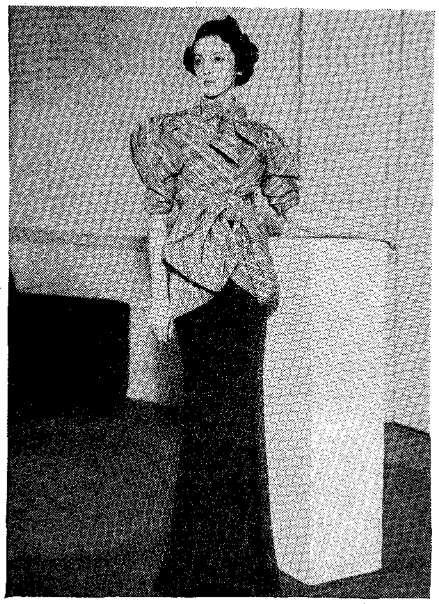
Other London dressmakers who are displaying their wares here are Ronald Morrel, Charles James, Peter Russell, La Chasse, and Winifred Mawdsley, under the direction of Lady Earl.

They all know theirs isn't an easy task convincing American women that they should "Buy British," at least for some of their clothes. London, it's true, has a reputation as a style-center, but it's a fashion capital mainly for men.

Other Markets—Furthermore, the American woman has been handing copious bouquets to her countrymen who are designing piquant original styles.

But the Britishers note that, in the last year or so, buyers in the Paris market have been stopping off in London, looking, appreciating, buying, and coming back again to advertise that there are British fashions.

And that's all these ten London designers are trying to do, too.



Sasha Photo

Tailored black dress with organdie bib (left), and Victor Stiebel's evening gown of heavy black silk crape with striped satin sash tying in front in huge bow

© W. A. Rouch

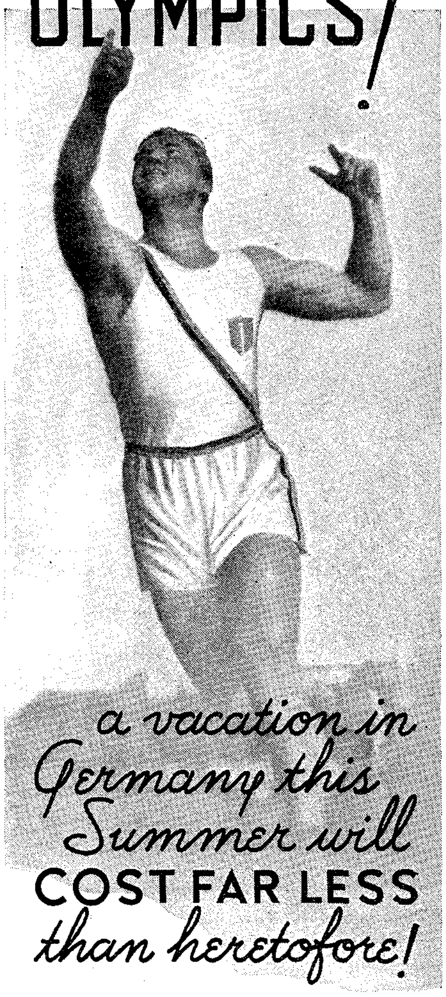
The Hon. Mrs. Freddy Cripps of Norman Douglas, Ltd., in her sun-resisting riding-habit

© Reville, Ltd.

Magnolia-white Rosalba evening gown with ostrich-feather bordered cape

Sasha Photo

Stiebel's tailored dinner-dress of royal blue silk tussore with scarf and belt



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Sport and Sportsmen

NEVER A CROWN: America Sends 400 to Olympics; Championship Impossible

If you plan a junket to Germany this summer for the single purpose of watching the United States win the Olympic Games, you might as well cancel your reservations.

No matter how successfully America's 400 muscled athletes compete in the nineteen events against fifty nations, they cannot possibly hope to bring back the world's championship to this country.

If this sounds like the gloomy forecast of some modern Schopenhauer of sport, just bear in mind one fact: there is no such thing as an official Olympic Games team championship.

The first six winners in each event receive medals and diplomas. Their names are inscribed on the Roll of Honor. But, according to strict Olympic rules, "there is no classification according to points." In short, no nation has ever won the Olympic Games.

True, there is a scoring system, invented years ago by the press for the benefit of reporters and sports fans who like their championships nicely defined.

Under the system, ten points are awarded for first place, five for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, and one for sixth.

Leading Nation—On that basis, the United States is defending champion, having won the 1932 Olympiad by a handsome majority.

And Norway leads the 1936 parade by reason of its victory in the Winter Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps.

Both titles are mythical.

Offhand, such hair-splitting distinction between official and unofficial championships is unimportant. Actually it is significant of the very spirit of the modern Games, revived in 1896 out of the scandalous debris of the ancient Greek athletic carnivals.

And scandalous they were in their later years. Originating in Greece more than a thousand years before Christ, the Games continued, off and on, for untold generations.

Eventually the Greeks grew weary of losing and started investigating the amateur status of their Roman rivals.

Playing Halts—Lacking an ancient counterpart of the Carnegie Foundation, the Romans replied to charges of professionalism by wrecking the elaborate Athenian sports plant. In 392 A.D., by mutual consent, the Games were abolished.

When, sixteen hundred years later, Baron Pierre de Coubertin of France, sold the idea of reviving the Games, officials of the first International Olympic Committee were determined to avoid a recurrence of such active bitterness. Since the first modern Olympiad in Athens, each sport has been given equal importance, amateur regulations have been strictly defined, and no nation has been declared "the winner and new champion."

Every four years, except in 1916, the outstanding athletes of the world have competed in practically every recognized sport. Since Athens, Olympiads have been held in Paris, St. Louis, London,

ZION

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If time permits, include cool Colorado or Magic Yellowstone; or spend a few days on a Dude Ranch. Union Pacific's air-conditioned trains serve them all; also *Boulder Dam*, California, the Pacific Northwest-Alaska.

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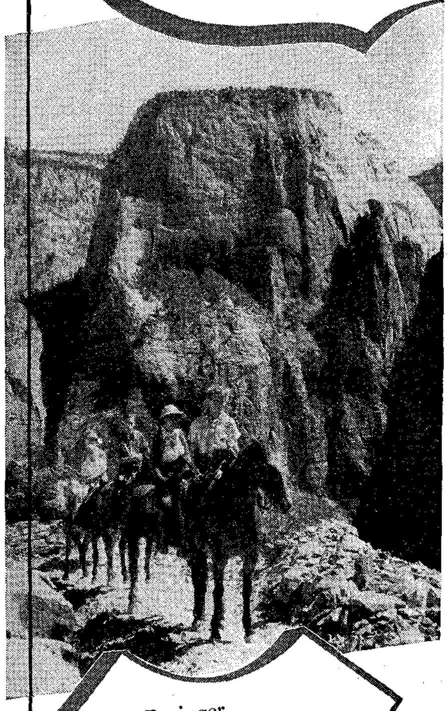

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POPULAR MECHANICS

Stockholm, Antwerp, Amsterdam and Los Angeles.

From an original entry list of 484 athletes at Athens in 1896, participation in the Games has grown rapidly. At Amsterdam 3,905 men and women participated in 1928. For the XIth Olympiad at the gigantic Reich Sports Field near Berlin this year, preparations have been made for 5,500 athletes and more than 500,000 spectators, the largest totals in the history of the Games.

Intricate Moves—With this increasing participation and growing recognition of the Olympic Games as the greatest sporting event in the world, preparations have become vastly complicated. No phase of the selection and training of athletes representing the various countries is left to chance.

For the Games themselves, huge sums of money and four years of preparation are spent by the "host nation" to make conditions at the scene of action as nearly ideal as possible.

The Reich Sports Field, five miles from the center of Berlin, is the largest concentration of stadia, gymnasia, fields and buildings ever constructed in one unit. Sprawling over the picturesque German countryside, the gigantic sports plant will accommodate more than half a million people. Nine-tenths of the activities of the Games from August 1 to 16 will be held here, the notable exceptions being rowing and yachting regattas.

For the impressive Parade of Nations, German Army engineers have constructed a vast Assembly Field, covering more than twenty-four acres and accommodating approximately 400,000 spectators. During the Games the field will be used for polo.

The largest of the stadia is the Olympic Stadium, or Deutsche Kampfbahn, whose sloping, oval grand-stands hold 100,000 people. Atop the stadium tower on opening day, officials will light the Olympic Torch from a flame carried by 2,000 relay runners from Olympia in Greece to Berlin.

Like Exposition—A swimming stadium holding 18,000 people, a Sport Forum containing six vast gymnasia, outdoor basketball courts, special training fields, open-air theaters, auditoriums and dining-halls make the recently completed *Reichsportsfeld* an athletic World's Fair.

Sports gear alone for this tremendous outlay of halls and stadia furnishes a considerable item of expense.

For track and field events, 320 javelins will be required, 300 high-jump crossbars, ten starting pistols, and more than 1,000 starting numbers.

But visitors to the scene of the 1936 Olympics will probably be more impressed by the elaborate living-quarters constructed for the athletes. Under Army supervision, and on Army land approximately nine miles from the Sports Field, a huge Olympic Village, complete even to a "Mayor," has been completed.

The value of isolation of athletes was first appreciated by the Greeks, who sent their heroes into enforced seclusion for three weeks prior to each Olympiad. In modern times, the first attempt of this kind was made at the 1932 Games at Los Angeles, where a temporary "village" of 500 small cottages was built.

Permanent Buildings—Inspired by the success of the Los Angeles experiment, German Olympic officials have constructed a permanent village of 159 buildings near the suburb of Doeberitz, on the Brandenburg marches. After the Games the expensive

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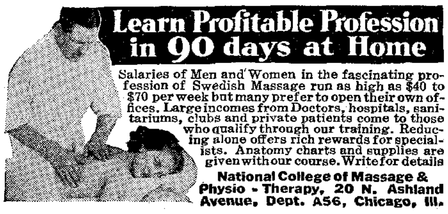
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layout will be used as a training school for Army officers.

Approximately 3,500 male athletes will be housed in 140 red-tile roofed, stone, one-story cottages. With a fine appreciation of the value of free publicity for the Fatherland, officials have named each cottage for a large German city and have installed mural paintings of the city, its major industries, and its historical significance.

Equipped with two stewards, each cottage will house from eight to twenty-four men. Every room is provided with a radio, but current will be cut off at 10:30 in the evening.

Built horseshoe-form in the midst of a pine forest, the miniature city is completely equipped with a police station, bank, post-office, travel bureau, baggage-room, shops, restaurants, hospital clinics, and an auditorium for plays, movies and vaudeville.

Officer Set-Up—Affairs of the Olympic Village will be under supervision of a German Army officer, who will serve as commandant or "mayor." Other Army officers will act as official hosts. Two hundred selected members of Hitler's Youth Organization will serve as pages.

To satisfy the assorted tastes of their guests, German Olympic officials have imported 200 cooks of various nationalities. Exotic fruits and vegetables from India, Ceylon and Brazil, Swedish hard bread, French claret, tropical fish, and sixteen brands of chewing-gum have already been requested by nations sending delegations.

Probably the strangest request in Olympic history came from an English official. Something, he pondered, was lacking in this typical German village. Finally he thought of it, and with their scrupulous attention to details, German officials filled his request for three tame storks to perch on the village chimneys.

SEAGOING GAMES: Tennis on Full-Size Courts Joins Large Company of Deck-Sports

Match point!

The crowd along the side-lines is tense, excited by the brilliant tennis it has been watching for the last hour and a half. A dozen times the lead has changed hands. Now, the crowd senses that the championship rests with the next serve.

The player with the green visor is serving. The score is five-six, advantage out, in the deciding set. The serve is fast and low.

Miraculously, his opponent returns it, and the man in the visor drives the ball back again, barely skimming the net.

Then, as he races to return a backhand-shot near the base-line, he stumbles. His racket smashes into the ball at a cockeyed angle. The ball bounds high over the green wind-screen to his left, and disappears from sight.

Winner at Net—The man with the visor gets up, smiles, and walks to the net to congratulate the winner. There is the usual patter of applause. Slowly, the spectators amble off toward the exit, exchanging post-mortems on the match they have just been watching.

The ball-boys gather up their equipment and walk off the court. They have been chasing tennis-balls all afternoon.

Yet, not one of them has made a move to retrieve the ball that went over the wind-screen.

They know it wouldn't do any good even to peer through a slit in the screen to see where it went. That tennis-ball is gone, gone forever, or until, possibly years later, it drifts some 1,500 miles to shore.

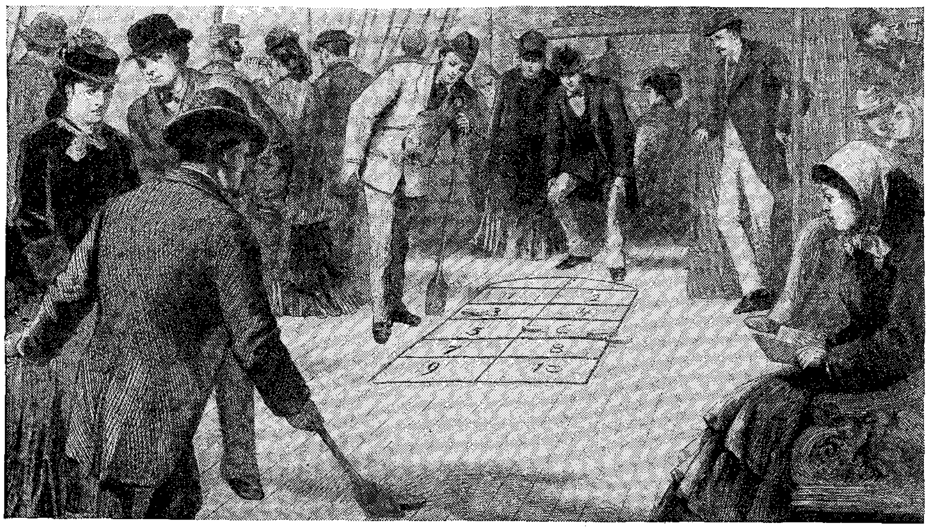
Instead of wasting their time trying to see it before it drifts far out of sight, they would rather join the passengers who are going below decks for the presentation of a trophy to the latest tennis champion of England's newest luxury liner.

Latest Project—Regulation tennis, played on full-size courts, is the latest and most ambitious project attempted by steamship officials of the "floating-hotel" school. Until someone builds a ship big enough for a polo-field, or an eighteen-hole golf-course, tennis at sea probably will remain the eighth wonder of the deck-sports world.

Its invention, reaching a new high in the three full-size courts of the Cunard White Star *Queen Mary*, represents the greatest achievement in the seventy-year history of sports at sea.

How sports first developed on shipboard is a question swathed in the mists of the Atlantic. But most old-time seamen and steamship officials agree that games on ships originated out of the appalling boredom of ocean travel of the past.

Sailors were weary of sleeping and reading, passengers were equally fed up with walking mile after mile around the cramped



From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Courtesy United States Lines

Shuffle-board, popular as a ship-sport in 1874, when this picture was first published, still is a favorite pastime on ocean liners

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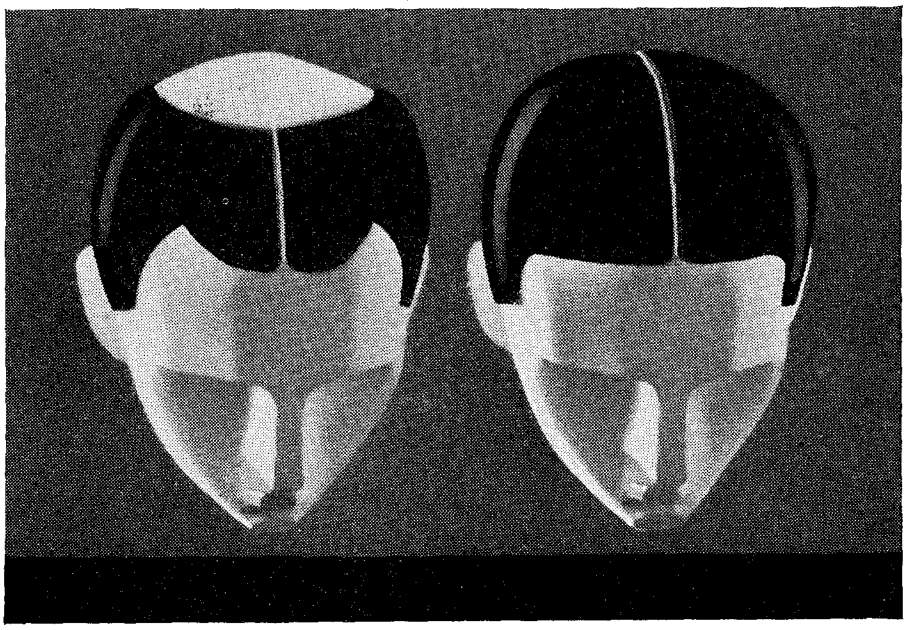

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LUXURIANT HAIR
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decks, and consequently both groups jumped at the idea of competitive games

Probably the first deck sport was shuffle-board, a sedate, somewhat unimaginative pastime which involves shoving heavy wooden disks along the deck with a long, crutch-like cue.

This grown-up version of shove-penny requires a certain amount of skill in placing the disks in scoring areas, and a negligible amount of energy in bumping opponents' disks out of the way. For sixty years it has been a favorite time-killer and is now widely played on land.

The original shuffle-board players, according to some authorities, were bored sailors, the first disks were porthole covers, and the first propelling instruments the sailors' scuff-shod feet.

Expert Guides—From such humble beginnings smart steamship operators now man their vessels with trained sports directors

Luxurious swimming pools, gymnasiums stocked with mechanical bicycles, rowing-machines, electric horses, and other muscle-making paraphernalia, and costly layouts of sporting gear, make the modern liner as complete an athletic plant as any club or hotel ashore.

From a financial view-point, the expenditure is more than justified. Individual athletes and teams going abroad for competition must keep in shape constantly They naturally seek out the ships offering the most up-to-date training facilities.

While gymnasiums, swimming pools and decks are frequently the scene of intensive workouts by junketing athletes, most of the sports equipment on shipboard is designed solely for the entertainment of passengers. In recent years steamship officials have increased interest in deck games by staging championship tournaments.

One of the more popular tournament sports is deck tennis, a compromise on the lawn game and, like shuffle-board, a fairly recent addition to the landlubber's program. Instead of using a racket and ball, players toss a round rubber ring back and forth across a high net.

Other Favorites—Ping-pong and deck golf, a nautical interpretation of the midget putting insanity that swept this country a few years ago, were also favored.

One of the most difficult and exasperating games played on shipboard is squash rackets. Even on land, in a reliably anchored court, squash balls pop off the walls every which way, and bounce crazily.

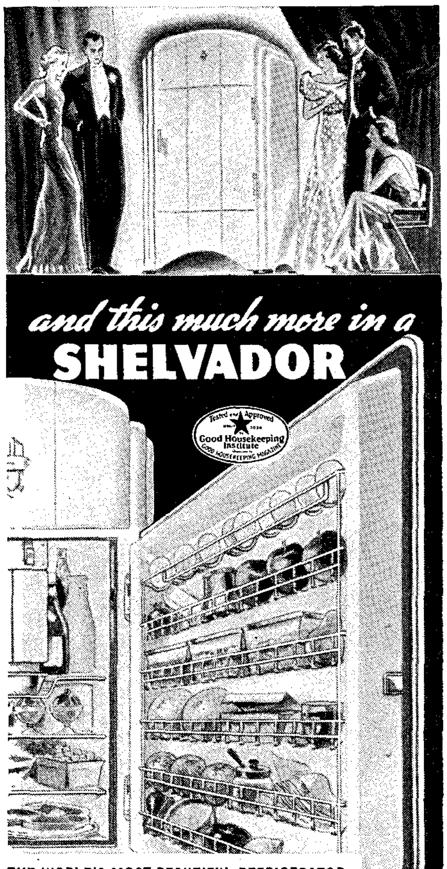
But at sea the slightest pitch or roll of the ship throws a player off balance, giving him the sensation of laboring up-hill one moment, and careening down-hill the next.

Clay-pigeon shooting is an innovation on some of the larger ships, but has been abandoned on many of them as too expensive and too dangerous.

Competitive games attract the active participation of at least 50 per cent. of the transatlantic passenger trade. On the Pacific runs, according to Matson Line officials, horse-racing is far and away the most popular diversion.

The "horses" are wooden, and they don't move an inch around the miniature track until their number comes up on the dice. In every other way, however, their races are as thrilling as the Derby or the Preakness.

Interest in betting on the spurious bang-tails has reached such proportions that daily programs are issued aboard transpacific liners. So far, officials say, there have been no complaints of "doped horses" or "fixed races."



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Off-Side

Film Hero Only—While burglars broke into his master's house, recently, Rin Tin Tin, Jr., dog hero of the movies, slept. In his latest movie, he captured a whole band of robbers single-handed.

* * *

Parked Horse—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, an officer tagged a horse because it was standing too far from the curb. It was "PARKING IMPROPERLY."

* * *

Modernistic Hair-Cut—To cheat the barber, Prof. W. T. Astbury, of Leeds University, England, advises: "Expose your head to X-rays for six hours, then to steam for two hours. Your hair will contract to two-thirds of its original length and you won't need a hair-cut for a considerable time."

* * *

Slow-Driving Fine—Charles G. Broughton of Portland, Oregon, was fined $10 for driving eight miles an hour. Cars were lined up a mile behind him. He said relatives in the back seat made him drive that way.

* * *

Complicated Rescue—Some ten days ago, James Edwards of Greenview, Illinois, drove his tractor through a bridge. Machinery pinned his legs to the bed of the stream. While his wife held his head above water, neighbors sent miles for heavy jacks and built bases to put them on. After ninety minutes Edwards was freed. He's recovering.

* * *

"Puptuplets" Champion—Zipper, an English sheep-dog of Salt Lake City, has just become "puptuplets" champion. She has twelve puppies instead of the usual six.

* * *

Law-Breaking Ants—To settle a current election dispute, Philippine investigators called in a ballot-box from Batangas near Manila. They found the ballots unreadable. Thousands of white ants have been tampering with them.

* * *

Healthy Prison—Dr. Joseph F. Kaspar, sixty, former State Senator, fresh from a year in the Nebraska Penitentiary, is recommending it to every one. "That's a wonderful place," he says. "I gained fifty pounds while I was there."

* * *

Stork on Job—One night last week, Dr. M. E. Rumwell of Palo Alto, California, went into his garage and found a stork perched on his car. Next day his daughter-in-law gave birth to an eight-pound boy.

* * *

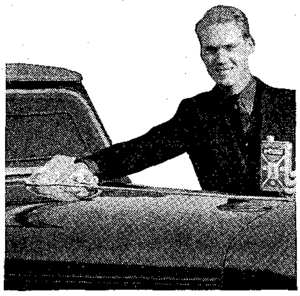
Smoking Baby—Rosemay Vasquez had her twenty-two months' old baby returned to her recently when she promised Los Angeles juvenile authorities to break him of the smoking habit. He's been smoking cigarettes for almost a year.

* * *

A Regular Life—Charles Brown of Chatham, Ontario, just ninety-five, boasts that he has never taken a drink, smoked, gambled, lost an hour of sleep or visited a doctor. He was fifty before he learned to read or write.

* * *

Parks for Petters—The Park Commission of Lowell, Massachusetts, announces that neither policeman nor light will be placed in its Fort Hill Park, because "It's the people's park and the people's prerogative to pet."



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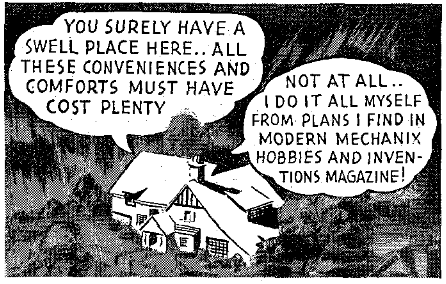
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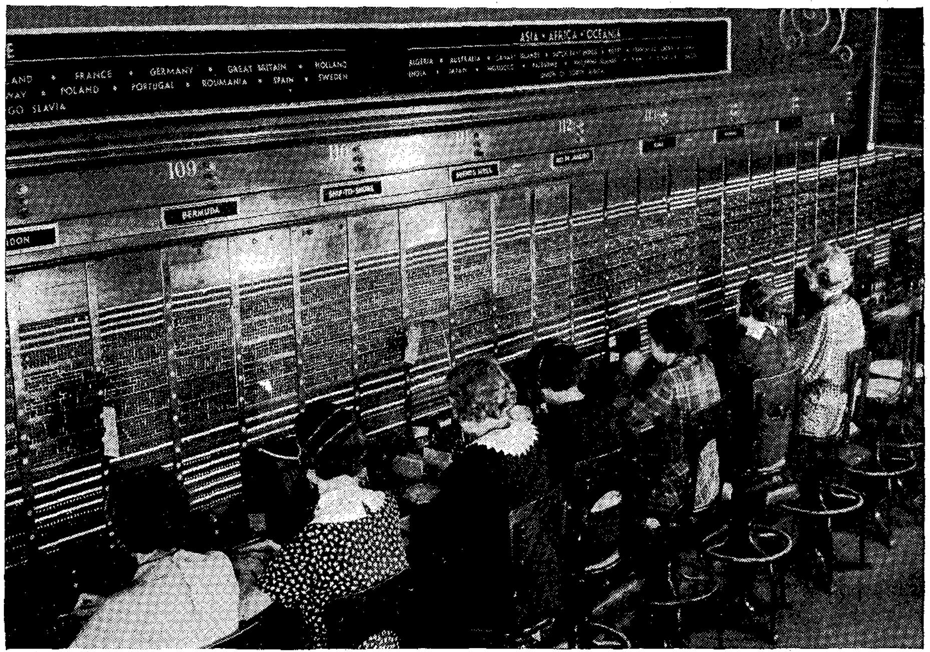
Finance and Industry

OVERSEAS PHONE RATES ARE FALLING

Voices Across Atlantic Scrambled Into Grunts and Squeaks



The overseas telephone switchboard: After July 1, rates will be cut

How's that sweetheart in Paris? What's happened to that business agent in Rio de Janeiro? Why not a cheery "Many Happy Returns of the Day" to that married daughter on her anniversary in London?

To spur foreign telephone calls the American Telephone and Telegraph Company announced last week that it had filed with the Federal Communications Commission a schedule of reduced rates from all places in the United States to forty-five of the sixty-seven foreign countries that may be reached from Bell System telephones.

Effective July 1, three-minute calls from Eastern seaboard cities to Paris and London will be reduced to $21 in the daytime and to $15 on Sunday and at night. The cuts reduce three-minute calls to countries in Europe by $9 on week-days, $6 at night and $15 on Sunday.

Further Reductions—Similar calls to many South American countries will be cut $9 on week-days and $15 on Sunday. Central American countries come in for reductions of $9 on week-days and $12 on Sunday, while Cuba and other nations share in the general rate cut.

When the A. T. and T. inaugurated radiotelephone service to Europe in 1927, it cost $75 for a three-minute conversation between New York and London. In 1928 the rate was dropped to $45, and in 1930 to $30.

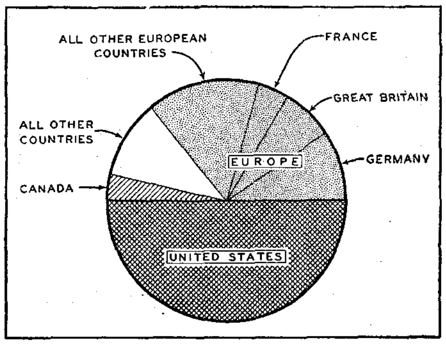
Overseas calls filed to all foreign countries average about eighty-five a day, altho only about sixty get through for one reason or another. On Christmas Day, 1935, the operators established an all-time record, putting through 360 calls.

If a broker in New York wishes to trade in stocks in London, he merely dials the long-distance operator who connects him with the Overseas Telephone Operator for the Continent in the Long Distance Building at 32 Sixth Avenue, New York City. The operator gets the name, address, and telephone number of the person wanted.

In an average of fourteen minutes she will have made the connection with the London party, and the conversation is carried on virtually as instantaneously as that of a local call. In a demonstration test last year, the voice of one speaker traveled around the world *via* wire and radio circuits, reaching the listener in an adjoining office in New York in a quarter of a second.

It takes the operator about twenty minutes to make a connection with Paris, Berlin, or other European capitals, and she needs to speak only English to hold down her job. Operators in New York talk only with the London Trunk Exchange, the English operators dealing with the Continental operators in French, Italian, German, or whatever tongue is necessary. Similarly the onus of being a linguist falls on home operators in Japan, Central and South America, and other foreign nations, for the official language of all radio circuits operated by the A. T. and T. is English.

System of Sending—Once connected, the New York broker's voice, first scrambled, goes by wire from the New York exchange to Lawrenceville, New Jersey, where a short-wave radiotelephone transmitter projects it on the air for its trip across the ocean. At Baldock, England, a short-wave receiving station picks it up and sends it along by wire to London, where it is unscrambled.



Distribution of the world's telephones as of January 1, 1935

Scrambling, a mangling of words in such fashion that intelligible speech becomes gibberish, is done deliberately to prevent listeners from picking up secrets if they should happen to strike the same short-wave length with their radio. High-pitched sounds in a voice come out as guttural grunts, while deep chest tones are transformed into squeaks. But the broker, who can deal in perfect secrecy, hears nothing but regular tones when the operation is completed.

Whether the broker shouts or whispers into the telephone, the power behind his words must be magnified millions of times to hurl the syllables across the Atlantic The principal apparatus in this process is a double-ended water-cooled vacuum tube with a power capacity of 10 kilowatts.

In addition to its foreign rate cuts last week, the A. T. and T. released a survey showing that the world had 33,539,890 telephones on January 1, 1935. Since 1900 the population of the world has increased 33 per cent., while telephone service, less than a quarter of a century old in 1900, has increased over 2,100 per cent.

Telephone subscribers in the United States can be connected with any one of more than 17,000,000 telephones in this country and any one of some 15,000,000 in foreign lands.

American Lead—The United States, with 13.36 telephones for each 100 of its people, far outranks any other country. Canada comes next with 11 telephones per 100 population, and Denmark follows with 10.31.

Altho New York City with 1,493,374 telephones on January 1, 1935, had more instruments than all of France, it comes fifteenth on the list of big cities when measured by telephones per 100 inhabitants. Washington leads in point of telephone density with 35.80 for each 100. San Francisco follows with 35.08; Stockholm, Sweden, ranks third with 32.64. Next in order come Denver, Vancouver, Los Angeles, Omaha, Chicago, Seattle, Toronto, Minneapolis; Zurich, Switzerland; Copenhagen, Denmark; Oslo, Norway, and finally New York.

ON ROUGE, NOT IN RED:

Ford Statement Shows 1935 Contraction of Indicated Profits

Over the massive stone fireplace in the living-room of Henry Ford's estate on the River Rouge, near Dearborn, Michigan, there is a motto. Carved in the heavy wooden mantelpiece, it reads:

"Chop your own wood, and it will warm you twice."

Perhaps those words express as well as anything else the guiding business principle of the thin, agile septuagenarian who rules the Ford Motor Company and its tremendous River Rouge plant a few miles downstream.

Long ago Henry Ford made the $681,000,000 corporation a family affair by buying the shares of outside stockholders. Now he divides ownership only with his wife, and with his son, Edsel B. The only non-relative director of the company is P. E.

Martin, Vice-President, who has been with the firm since it started with a cash investment of $28,000 in 1903.

In fiscal matters, the Fords also chop their own wood. The corporation publishes no voluntary statements of earnings to let competitors or a curious public in on the secret of how much money it is making or losing.

But Massachusetts requires a yearly statement, and since the corporation does business in that State, it must file annually with the Commonwealth Commissioner of Corporations an abbreviated balance sheet. Last week accountants in Boston avidly pounced on the 1935 statement, the only tangible clue to last year's earnings of the great automobile manufacturer. They found the Fords had made money.

Statistics Given—Comparison with the 1934 statement showed that the profit and loss account had jumped to $582,977,651, an increase of $2,701,260 for 1935 operations. Reserves had increased to $10,961,346, or $864,357, during the year.

The sum of these two increases disclosed an indicated profit for 1935 of $3,565,617, equal to $1.03 a share on the 3,452,900 shares of $5 par value outstanding. In 1934 this indicated profit amounted to $6,860,462, against a loss of $3,480,331 in 1933, and a whopping red ink showing of $79,247,669 in 1932.

But Henry Ford may have smiled slyly as with Edsel he watched the three-millionth V-8 car run off factory assembly lines last week, in just eighteen days less than a year since the two-millionth car was completed.

The "indicated" figures make no allowance for any dividends drawn down by the family, which would have to be added to true profits. They do not show other charges that may have been made against surplus.

As *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out, 1935 was a banner recovery year for Ford from the production and sales standpoint. The company recaptured first rank in sales among individual makes, which it lost to Chevrolet in 1931.

Output lagged only 15 per cent. behind 1930, when the profit and loss account increased $44,460,823.

Expanding Operations—In 1935, Ford's output in the United States reached 1,193,041 cars and trucks, or about 31 per cent. of the total for the industry, as compared with 666,521, or 25 per cent. of the total in 1934. Manufacturers accounting for the other 69 per cent. of the 1935 output showed an increase of about 125 per cent. in combined profits to a total of somewhat more than $200,000,000 for 1935 from $90,000,000 in 1934.

Yet these companies registered a combined gain of only 32 per cent. in output, as contrasted with the 79 per cent. expansion for Ford.

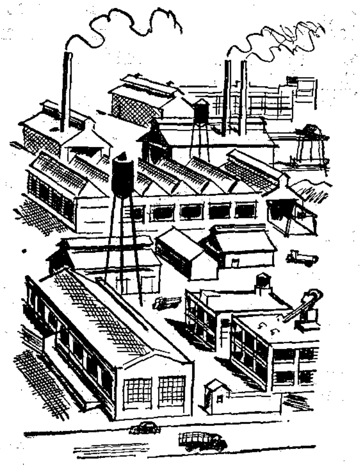
The Boston *Post* took a crack at the statements filed with the State Commissioner:

"Ford's closest competitor showed profits of $167,000,000 in 1935, an increase of $72,000,000 over 1934," this newspaper said, "and yet Ford, who made a bigger gain in sales in 1935 over 1934 than his competitor, is represented as having shown a decrease in earnings.

"The whole thing doesn't make sense. It simply shows that these financial statements filed at the State House are, for all practical purposes, worthless."

Heeding the motto above his fireplace, Mr. Ford kept his own wise counsel.

A MUNICIPAL PLANT IS NO ARGUMENT FOR INDUSTRY



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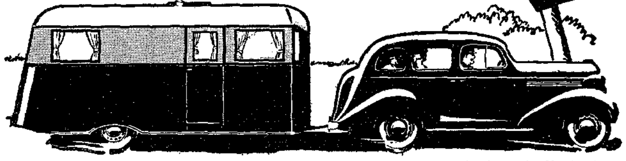

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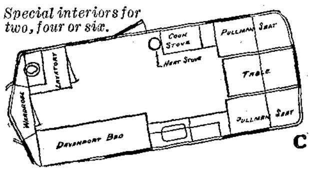

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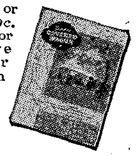

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BROADCASTING PARTY CONVENTIONS

New Devices Enable Systems to Pick Just What Tells the Story

The June night is hot, but the Republican National Convention in Cleveland is waxing hotter as delegates from the far-flung corners of the nation sweat late into the night.

A famous spellbinder is talking into a microphone, believing that the entire nation is listening.

But next to a delegate talking to a little group of coatless men far across the Convention Hall stands Tom Manning. In his hands is a box no larger than a camera, a midget broadcasting station.

And while the famous spellbinder is cut off, the delegate with important votes to swing is addressing his words to the nation instead.

Culminating in two years of experiment during the Easter Day parade in New York and at the Socialist Convention last week, NBC has perfected four of these midget stations for special service in trailing important politicians.

Midget broadcasting stations no longer depend upon assistant engineers and trailing wires to reach the choicest bits of political clowning and delegate-juggling. In fact, radio ringmasters have so perfected their equipment that political aerialists, no matter how adroit, can not escape their reach.

Easily Hidden—The new broadcasting sets, powered by half-watt batteries, can be concealed under a silk hat and yet carry their messages one-fourth of a mile to the strong mother station. The transmission is made by a micro-wave which is shorter than a short wave.

The mother station, with 50,000 watts behind it, in turn transmits the message to other stations on the network so that receiving sets can pick it up thousands of miles from the scene.

Columbia Broadcasting observers who in other conventions introduced microphones worn in coat lapels are now equipped with "photo-mikes" using one leg of a tripod for an antenna, with transmitter, amplifier, battery and camera concealed in a case resembling a camera.

Their engineers also are carefully guarding secrets of a novel midget broadcasting station with which an observer can stroll about sending messages while persons with whom he is talking are unaware of his equipment.

This instrument undoubtedly is being tested secretly at Cleveland and may be revealed at the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia.

When delegates go on a rampage on the floor, parabolic reflector microphones will catch the mass-sounds, the tumult and the music, carrying to listeners between the speeches and interviews the excitement which overcasts the scene. "Pause interpreters" will explain political maneuverings which cause delay, thus eliminating the embarrassing lulls of past convention broadcasts.

Broadcasters—Among NBC's convention staff will be Graham McNamee, veteran of past conventions; William Hard, political observer and commentator; Dorothy Thompson, author and journalist; George Hicks and Tom Manning. In addition, Lowell Thomas and Edwin C. Hill will make their regular broadcasts.

Columbia's glib staff includes Bob Trout, Presidential announcer; Ted Church, Washington Bureau program announcer; Lawrence W. Lowman, vice president in charge of operations, and Henry Grossman, operations engineer. Such commentators as Frank R. Kent, Raymond Clapper and Paul Mallon have been invited.

To give this coverage, stations are forced to cancel paid programs, hold radio celebrities idle on pay-rolls and make large expenditures in development and installation of equipment. Hence the G. O. P. Convention will come under the category of a half million dollars' worth of entertainment. Political addresses following the Convention must be paid for, but radio officials maintain that this "time" will not balance the cost of the convention coverages.

To-day a high order of efficiency prevails in broadcasting, but there is the fear that a delegation may blare forth restricted music. Californians may play "California Here I Come" and thus subject broadcasters to possible suits from the copyright owners.

Altho broadcasting officials declare the systems exercise no censorship except when a speaker violates the canons of good taste for the average household of adults and children, charges of censorship occasionally bob up. Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler was abruptly cut off the air by WAVE, Louisville unit of the NBC network, because of phrases which drew objections as he addressed the Veterans of Foreign Wars in 1934.

The Veterans' Convention adopted resolutions, in that instance, commending the radio company for its action.

Tests for Speakers—During the remarkable growth of radio there has arisen considerable confusion as to how to define profane, indecent and obscene speech. In the final analysis, radio executives hold that "good taste" is the measure and they stanchly maintain that actual censorship is virtually absent.

Politicians who wave the flag vocally, in the same breath sending the eagles soaring over mountain tops, are inclined these days to listen to the pearls of broadcasting wisdom dropped by E. R. Murrow, director of talks for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Every radio speaker is a guest in somebody's house," Mr. Murrow explains in urging that microphone barkers be folksy. "Word the message briefly; phrase it clearly. If this is done, one may be certain of an effective, interesting and convincing talk."

Altho none of the broadcasting companies maintains a coaching school, production men frequently coach a speaker prior to a broadcast, stressing distance from the microphone and urging the speaker to talk naturally as if conversing with a small group of friends.

Alfred E. Smith, in his 1928 campaign, was one of the most difficult men to handle. He was accustomed to speaking in his own way and he shoved the microphone, in one of his first speeches, out of his way.

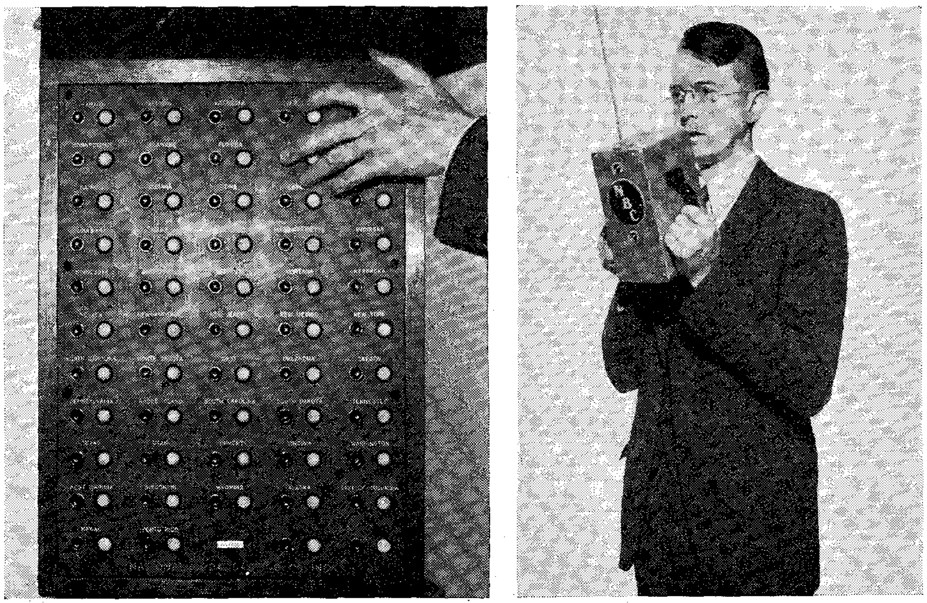
Strategy Applied—Production men sought to thwart him in his next broadcast and bolted the "mike" to the table. Smith tried to move it to one side, and when he failed he moved the table.

The next night the production men bolted the table to the floor and crowded speakers on either side of Smith so he couldn't move away.

Since those days, Smith has become microphone-broken, and to-day expert listeners, as well as his casual listeners in the homes of the nation, note that he has developed a distinct radio style of speaking.

Herbert Hoover, too, is held to have improved his radio presence.

But almost without exception, radio men cite President Roosevelt as a "natural" on the air. Hi easy manner is known to millions, many of whom recall the intimate incident in one of his "fireside talks" from the White House when he remarked about the heat, paused and audibly gulped water.



Photos by Ray Lee Jackson, NBC Studio

The largest microphone panel ever built, with buttons to control the fifty-three microphones at the Republican National Convention; (right) a micro-wave transmitter through which announcers can broadcast, while walking about the Convention Halls

Religion and Social Service

"NO MORE MORMONS ON THE DOLE"

Church to Support All of Flock on Relief With Tithing System

On the scrubby lawn before a dingy gray cottage in Salt Lake City, Utah, two tattered, underfed children were fashioning mud-pies one morning last week. In the bare kitchen they knew no sweets and pastries were a-making, for the weary mother had naught but the plainest food to cook, and little of that. For two long years the family, like tens of thousands of others, had existed on public funds.

Suddenly, the rickety gate swung open, and in from the broad, shady street stepped a smiling ward-teacher of the Mormon Church*. Into the house he went, the curious youngsters at his heels; he brought the welcome news that the Church was taking over their support, and that, gradually, it would assume responsibility for all its 88,000 members now on relief. By October 1, he told them, there would be no Mormons on the dole.

Proud of its ability thus to care for all the faithful, the Mormon Church never, in its eighty-nine years' stay in Utah, had permitted one of its members to be supported by public funds until the greatest of all depressions upset its calculations. Since 1929, when their own machinery broke down, the Mormon elders had worked toward again taking up the burden.

New Plans—Last week completed financial plans were announced by J. Reuben Clark, First Counselor. They include:

1. Continuation of the tithing-system, under which the 750,000 Mormons give one-tenth of their incomes to the Church.
2. Payment of the cost of two meals not eaten on the monthly fast-day.
3. Donation of food and clothing by prosperous districts to others where the need is greater.

The Mormon Church has seen prosperous days since that cool September night in 1823 when, according to its teachings, the Angel Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith, seventeen-year-old son of a Vermont well-digger. On the top of a hill in Western New York, not ten miles from the spot where the Fox Sisters first preached spiritualism in America, young Smith said the angel revealed the hiding-place of a number of golden plates.

Crystal "Translation"—According to the Smith legend, Moroni and his father, Mormon, had written on these plates "in a strange language" the history of America from the time of its settlement by a colony from the Tower of Babel.

Unintelligible to any human being, the plates nevertheless were "translated" by Smith, with the aid of two crystals, he claimed, after which the angels whisked them away. The young believer called his "translation" the "Book of Mormon."

Followers were attracted to the new prophet, and, as the sect grew in numbers, Smith began a trek that ended temporarily at Nauvoo, Illinois, where the Mormons' saw-mills, flour-mills, factories, and foundries prospered. But disputes, allegedly over the doctrine of plural marriage, led to rioting in which Joseph Smith was killed.

Succeeding to the leadership, Brigham Young set forth with his army of believers to conquer the West. On July 22, 1847, they had reached Big Mountain, in what now is Utah.

Plains Blossom—The land was so dry it broke the plowshares, but the colonists set up a modern system of irrigation that made the prairies flower. By 1852, the first university, and the first newspaper west of the Missouri, were launched.

The long fight over polygamy kept Utah from becoming a State until 1896, when the Church renounced the practise.

The State had grown in 1930 to a population of 509,000, and the Mormon Church had grown wealthy, numbering among its possessions mines, farms, publishing houses, and Utah's greatest general store, Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, with yearly sales of $6,000,000. Its relief-plans hardly will tax its vast resources.

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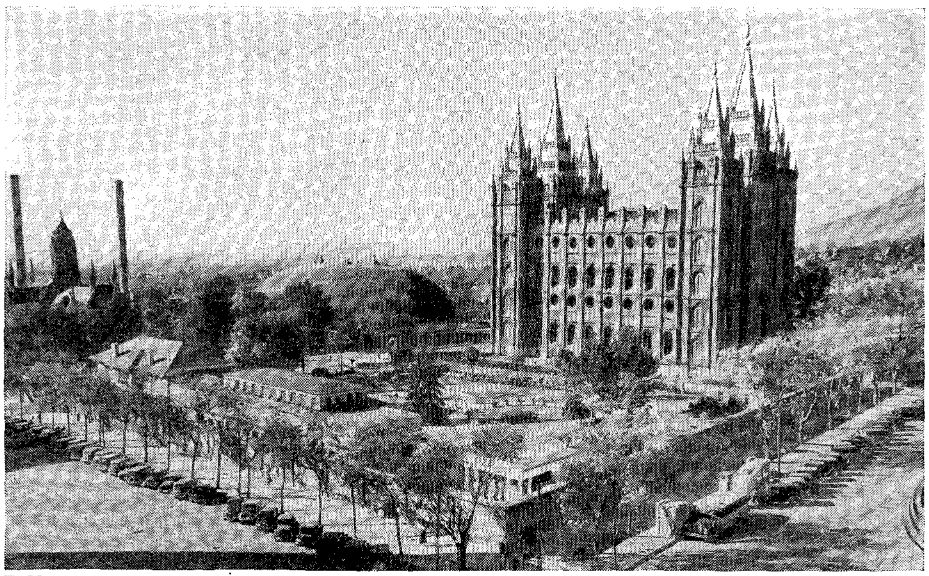
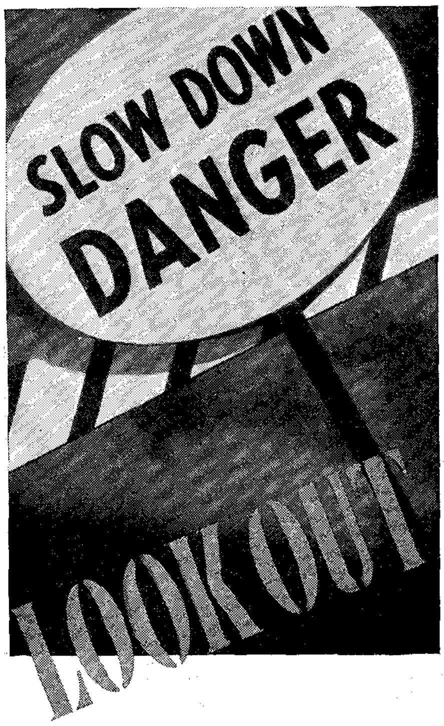
*Official name: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.



E. M. Newman Photo from Wide World

Not to Washington, but to this square, the heart of the Mormon Empire, in Salt Lake City, Utah, 88,000 of the church's members now look for relief



. . . for Cathartics that exceed the Speed Limit!

HOW fast should a laxative work? Authorities agree on the answer to that. It *shouldn't* work too quickly. It shouldn't send pain rocketing through your stomach, or nauseate you, or act violently, leaving you weak and dragged down. It shouldn't race through your system and throw it out of gear.

TIMING IS IMPORTANT

The laxative you take should *gently* stimulate your intestinal action, and take sufficient time to work!

Ex-Lax, for example, takes from 6 to 8 hours. Which is as it should be. You take a little chocolated tablet of Ex-Lax upon going to bed. And, after a normal night's sleep, its action takes effect. It is very gentle, yet completely thorough. Constipation is entirely relieved.

Ex-Lax will *not* cause stomach pains. It will *not* upset your digestion. It will *not* nauseate you. It will *not* leave you feeling weak and worn out. On the contrary, you'll feel relieved, alert, vigorous.

This is important, too. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. You'll like that better than forcing yourself to swallow some nasty-tasting, bitter concoction with its recurrent after-taste.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Cathartics and purgatives that "exceed the speed limit" are bad enough for grown-ups, but they're even worse for children. More mothers give Ex-Lax to their youngsters than any other laxative. Ex-Lax is equally good for adults, too.

You can buy a box at any drug store for only 10c. Or for 25c you can get the more economical family-size.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

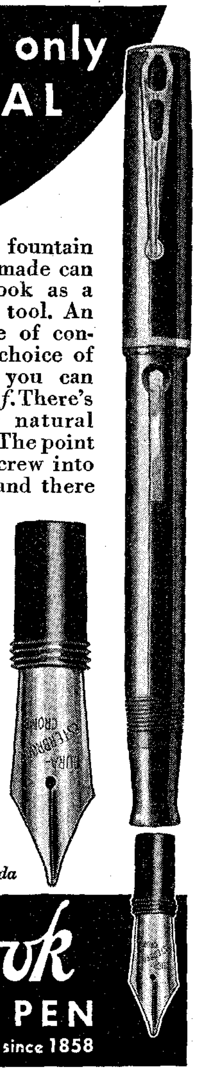
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Hand-Picked

Long signifying discriminating choice, the phrase "hand-picked" is doubly applicable to pineapples grown and picked on DOLE plantations in Hawaii. Pineapple slips are planted, ripe pineapples are picked by skilled, discriminating hands. DOLE pineapples are never picked before they are completely ripe, are never allowed to over-ripen.

Fragrant, delicious juice is crushed from these selected pineapples, and swiftly vacuum-sealed by the exclusive DOLE process to retain fine flavor, tropic goodness. Unsweetened, refreshing, DOLE Pineapple Juice is preferred by discriminating Islanders and Mainlanders.

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco, California.



Really the only PERSONAL writing tool..

No fountain pen ever made can approach the Esterbrook as a truly personal writing tool. An entirely new principle of construction gives you a choice of 12 point styles that you can screw in the pen *yourself*. There's one that suits your natural handwriting perfectly. The point you like you simply screw into an Esterbrook barrel, and there for the first time is a fountain pen you'll claim was *made* for you. At your stationer's. Esterbrook Pen Co., Camden, N. J., or Brown Bros. Ltd., Toronto.

RE-NEW-POINT
COMPLETE WITH FEED FOR ESTERBROOK FOUNTAIN PENS 25c

COMPLETE
FOUNTAIN PEN $1 and up

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Esterbrook
FOUNTAIN PEN
World's Greatest Pen Makers since 1858

Slips That Pass in the Type

For Sale—Good Work Mare, weighing 1600; weaning pigs.—*Sunbury (Ohio) paper.*

Versatile as all get out, ain't she?

E. W., who reported yesterday, will not be able to itch for another week.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Not even if we tickle?

For Rent—5 room flat with bath on Main St.—*Luray (Va.) paper.*

We may be funny but we prefer ours tucked away kind of private-like.

He was hanged at 9 a. m., after losing his final flea to the Court of Criminal Appeal.—*Miami paper.*

And very happy to get rid of it, too.

They missed the payroll, but covered a dozen employees with buns and robbed them of $250.—*New York paper.*

Yaah—bunch of softies!

The American Library Association is an association of librarians, primarily intended for Americans but attended by members from the World War.—*Atchison (Kansas) paper.*

Oh, now that seems to clear everything up.

The Board of Snupervisors' probe of WPA in Monroe County got under way yesterday.—*Rochester (N. Y.) paper.*

You've got to stop editorializing your news-stories up there.

There will be a pant exchange, so bring a spare perennial or two.—*Mantua (Ohio) paper.*

How about those old scout pants of your father's?

Country Homes—The finest value ever sponsored by us at $9,750,000.—*Wash. (D. C.) paper.*

It may be a bargain, but we'd hate to see your regular prices.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. C. announce the marriage of a baby girl, Barbara Jean, born at 8:25 Monday evening.—*Jeanette (Pa.) paper.*

We must throw up our hands. Life's been speeded up too much for us.

Really?—
MIAMI RESIDENT LIES
FOLLOWING OPERATION
—*Miami paper.*

But have you heard about *our* operation?

Warden Kenny said the ringleader would be placed in solitary confinement along with the five other recaptured convicts.—*Newark (N. J.) paper.*

Plenty of fellows alone in that room, aren't there?

It is hoped every citizen will co-operate to the foullest extent with the Board of Health in an effort to make the town clean.—*Burbettstown (Pa.) paper.*

Between the window and the garbage-can we stand, confounded.

Fourteen Socialists, arrested for pocketing theatres, are scheduled to face disorderly conduct charges Friday.—*New York paper.*

Ourselves, we'd put them on an amateur hour.

The Corpse de Ballet is to be presented in St. Cecilia auditorium Friday evening.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) paper.*

There will be an accompaniment of tolling bells.

Appointment of a master of chicanery probably will be made today by Judge K. in the suit of E. K. A. against R. K. K.—*Corpus Christi (Tex.) paper.*

So a regular lawyer isn't good enough for you, eh?

Announcing
Tri-Motor Air Liner
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
Passenger Frights Over the City Daily
—*Memphis (Tenn.) paper.*

That's no way to get business.

Mistake—
EVEN SUPREME
COURT JUSTICES
MAKES MISTAKES
Even Supreme Court justice make mistakes.—*Houston (Tex.) paper.*

Not to mention Texas printers.

The regiment then passed in review. After the review the personnel of this unit dismounted from their motor vehicles and the general had them demonstrate their deficiency in close order drill.—*Honolulu paper.*

Old Fuzzface, he's never satisfied until he's seen the worst.

And in Mississippi, a teachers' derstood tha TH TH T HTH"HM contract read: "It is further agreed and understood by parties thereto that no teacher will play society or unnecessarily frolic on school nights."—*Rapid City (S. D.) paper.*

THAY, TH, THM, THO—would it be all right to have a banana royal down at the Greek's?

Mrs. C. F. Van de W.: "The annual is exceptionally fine this year, and the pictorial part unusual. This is especially true of the ocean front pictures. The historical, part, in fact, the whole line up, is eETAOINN—*Long Beach (Calif.) paper.*

You mean simply simply SHRDLU!

B. A. P. —— **left** Tuesday night for Muskogee, Okla. . . . He will return to Joplin Thursday night.

Fred K——, 26, Joplin, Mo., received a five-year sentence on the same charge.—*Joplin (Mo.) paper.*

You keep out of that town, B. A. They don't appreciate you there.

The noodle soup, the vegetables and sour cream, the stuffed cabbage and chopped liver —Mrs. B's own—have been the fare of many of the theater stars who have come to Pittsburgh. Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, Buddy Rogers, Dick Powell—are among the headliners who have dined at the restaurant. —*Pittsburgh paper.*

The secret's out—and how do you feel, boys?

A Correction—A news dispatch from Poughkeepsie published in yesterday's New York —— inaccurately reported some of the faculty appointments announced at Vassar College. L. H. will be instructor in physiology. She will also be M. F. instructor in Spanish and B. P. assistant in the Vocation Bureau and the office of the Committee on Admission.—*New York paper.*

We thought it was better the way you had it before.